SUPERMAN

Post-CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS

Reign of The Supermen

Volume 64

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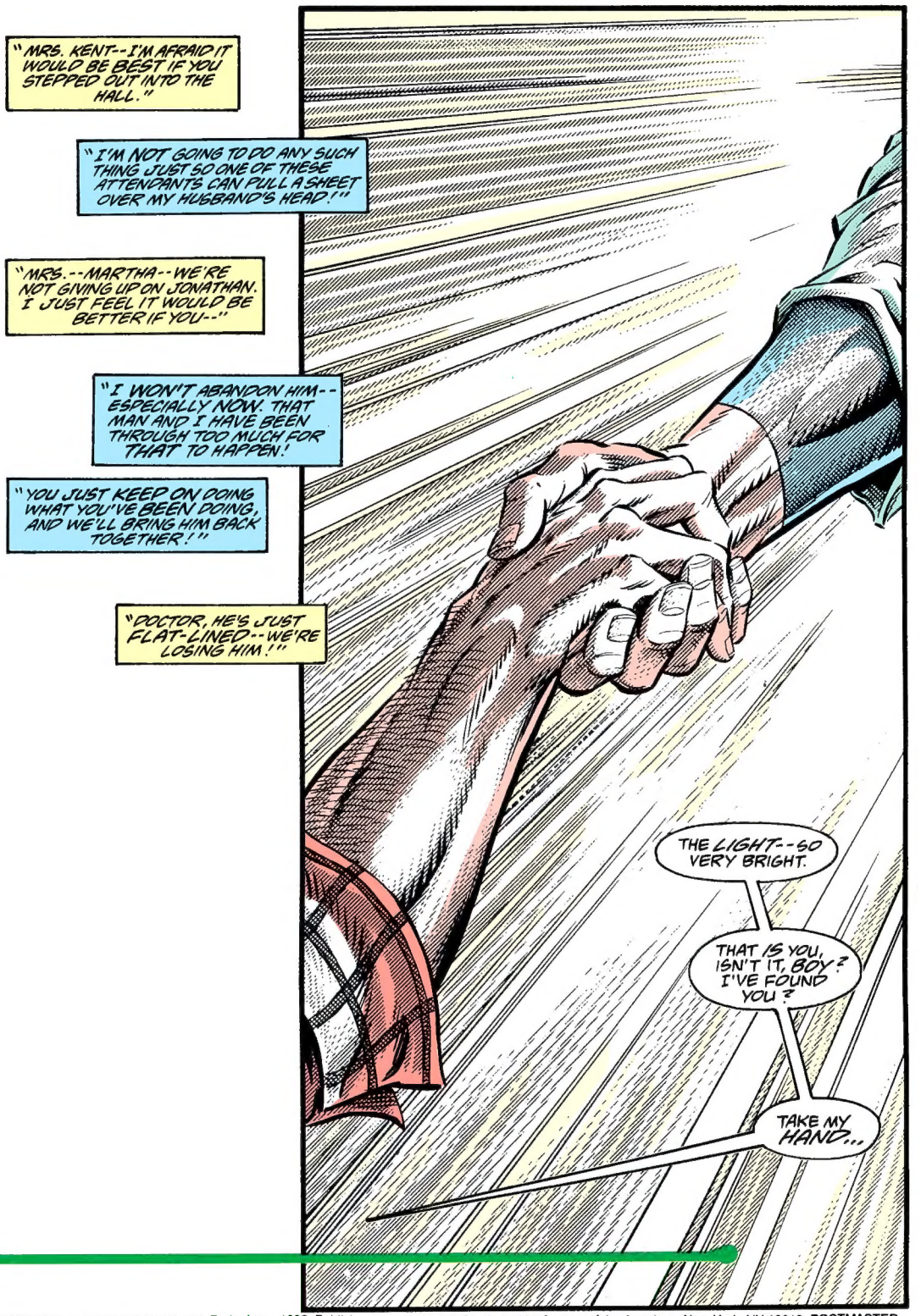

ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN 500. Early June, 1993. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1325 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN, DC Comics Subscriptions, PO. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510. Annual subscription rate $15.00. Canadian subscribers must add $8.00 for postage and GST. GST # is R125921072. All other foreign countries must add $12.00 for postage. U.S. funds only. Copyright © 1993 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. For advertising space contact: Tom Ballou, (212) 636-5520. Printed on recyclable paper. Printed in Canada.
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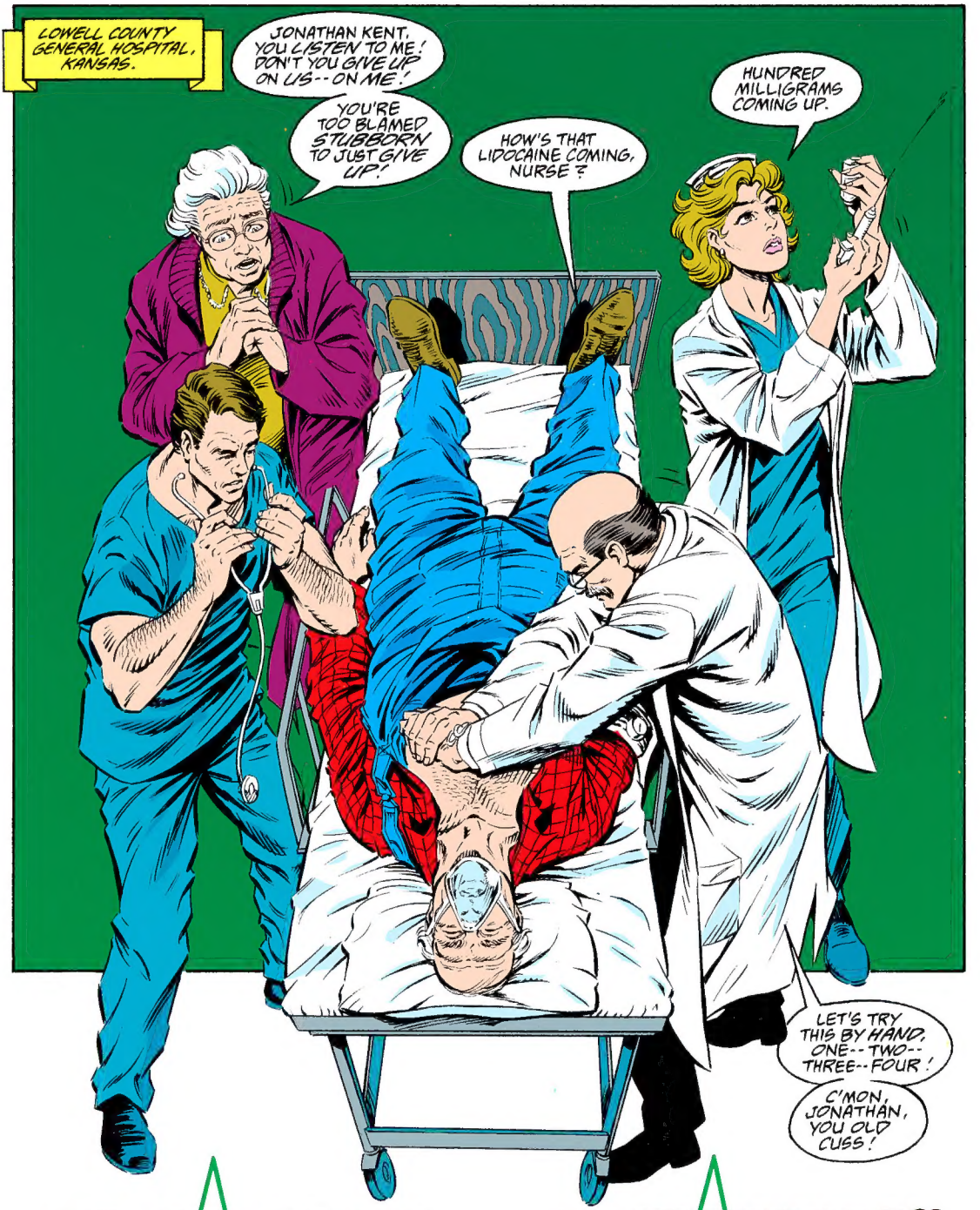
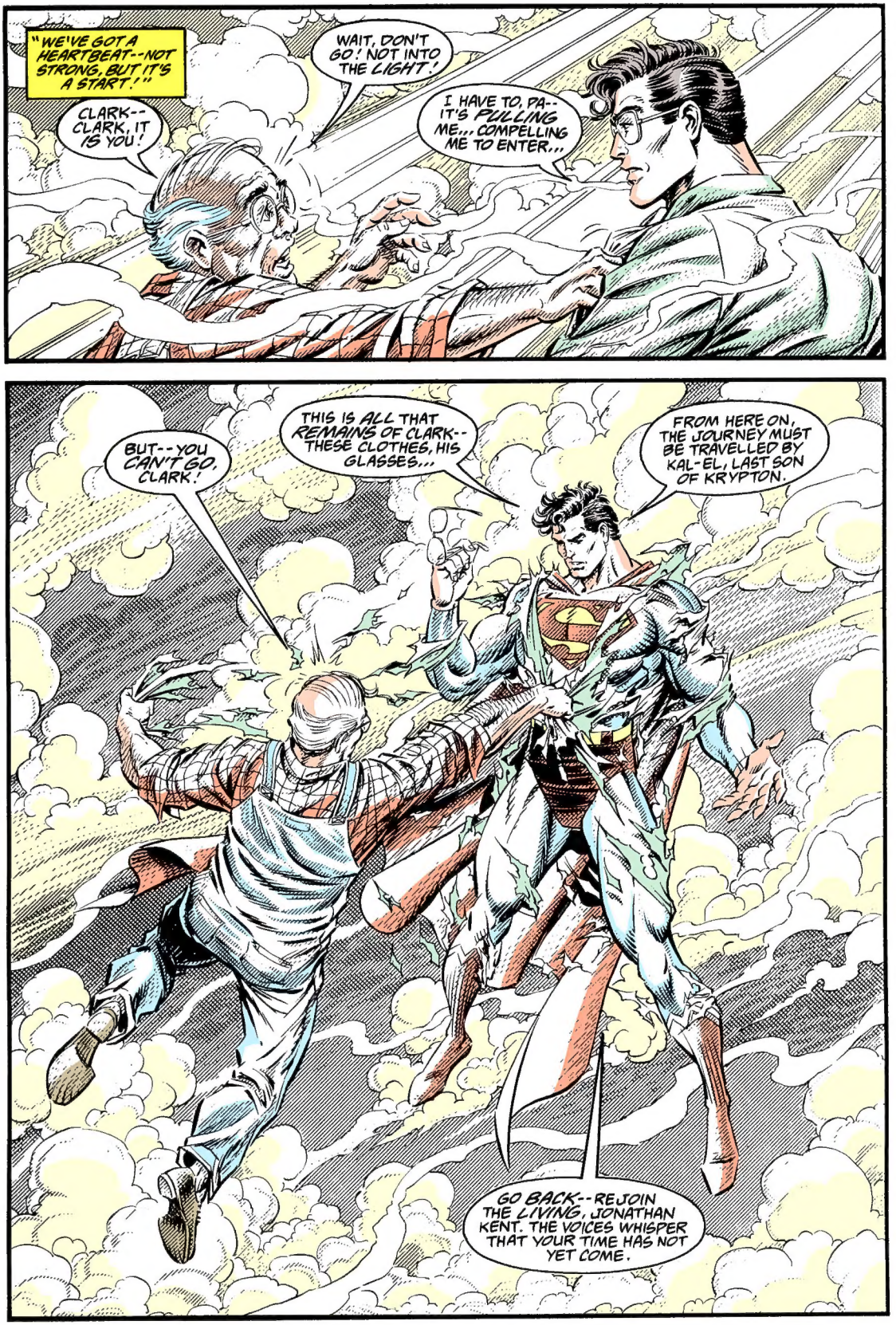
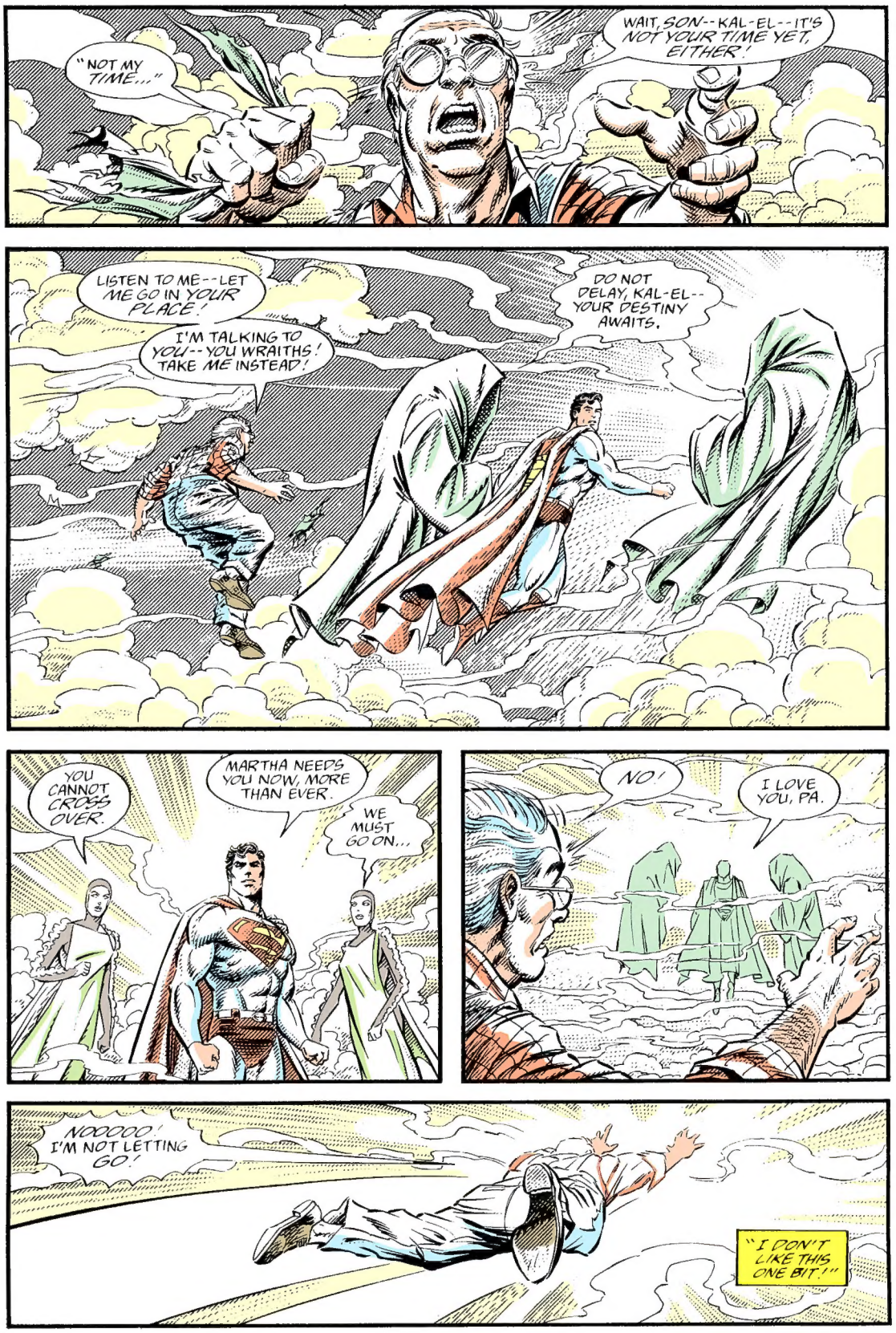
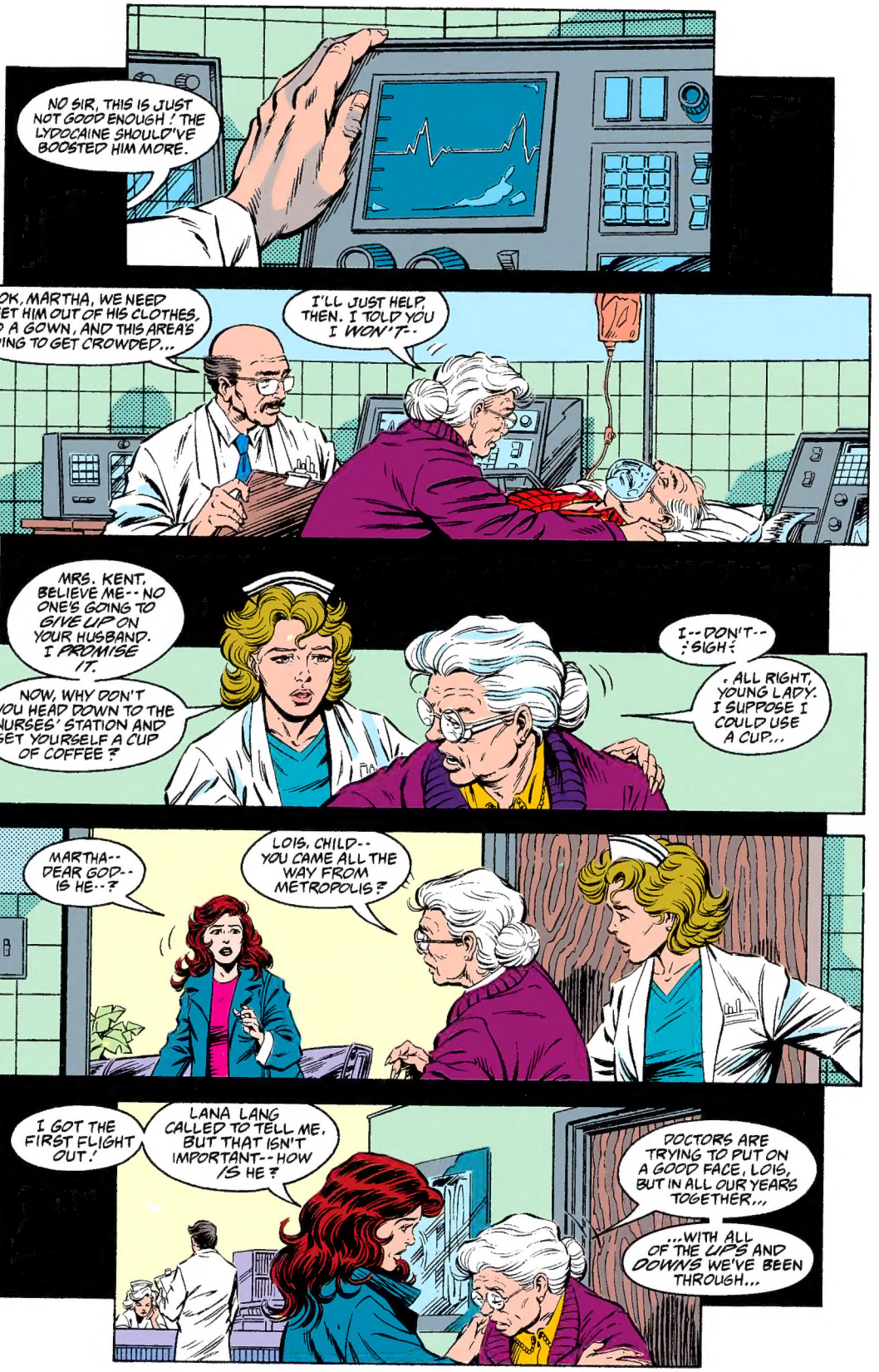


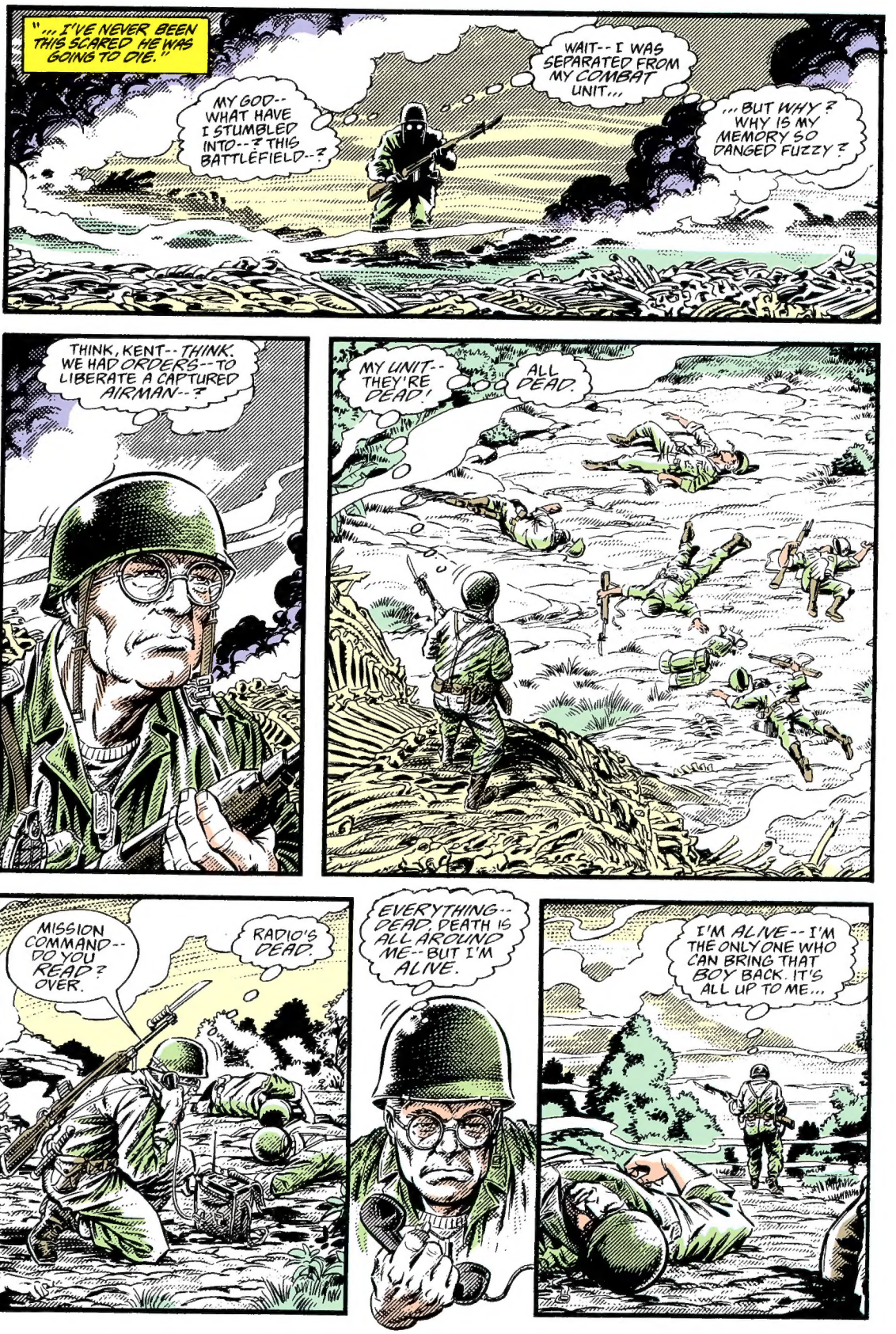
LIFE AFTER DEATH!

TOM GRUMMETT - PENCILS ★ DOUG HAZLEWOOD - INKS & TONES ★ JERRY ORDWAY - STORY
ALBERT DE GUZMAN - LETTERER ★ GLENN WHITMORE - COLORIST ★ JENNIFER FRANK - ASSISTANT EDITOR
MIKE CARLIN - EDITOR
SUPERMAN created by JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER


"WE'VE GOT A HEARTBEAT--NOT STRONG, BUT IT'S A START!"
CLARK--CLARK, IT IS YOU!
WAIT, DON'T GO! NOT INTO THE LIGHT!
I HAVE TO, DA--IT'S PULLING ME... COMPELLING ME TO ENTER...
BUT--YOU CAN'T GO, CLARK!
THIS IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF CLARK--THESE CLOTHES, HIS GLASSES...
FROM HERE ON, THE JOURNEY MUST BE TRAVELLED BY KAL-EL, LAST SON OF KRYPTON.
GO BACK--REJOIN THE LIVING, JONATHAN KENT. THE VOICES WHISPER THAT YOUR TIME HAS NOT YET COME.

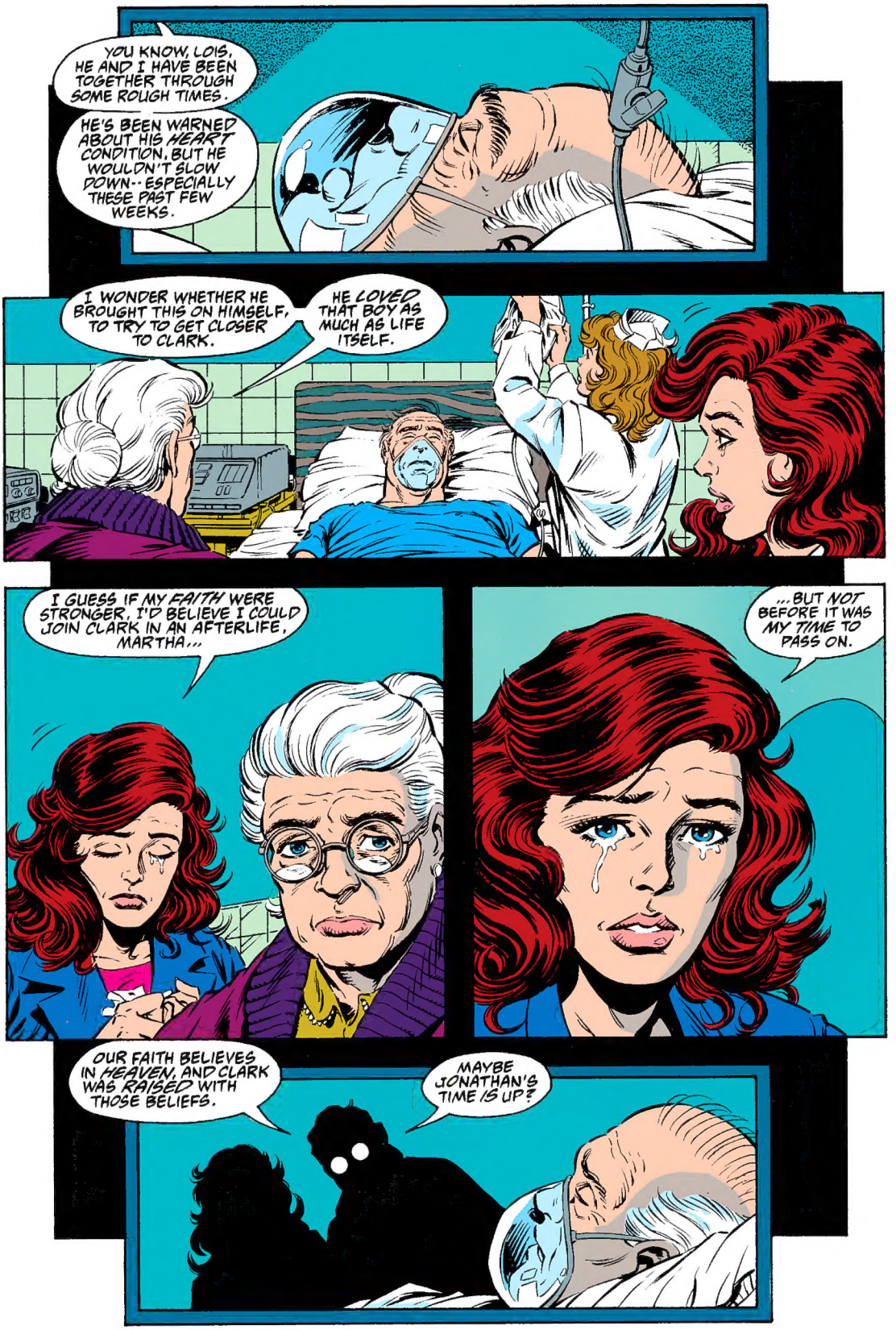

"NOT MY TIME..."
WAIT, SON--KAL-EL--IT'S NOT YOUR TIME YET, EITHER!
LISTEN TO ME--LET ME GO IN YOUR PLACE!
I'M TALKING TO YOU--YOU WRAITHS! TAKE ME INSTEAD!
DO NOT DELAY, KAL-EL--YOUR DESTINY AWAITS.
YOU CANNOT CROSS OVER.
MARTHA NEEDS YOU NOW, MORE THAN EVER.
WE MUST GO ON...
NO!
I LOVE YOU, PA.
NOOOOO! I'M NOT LETTING GO!
"I DON'T LIKE THIS ONE BIT!"

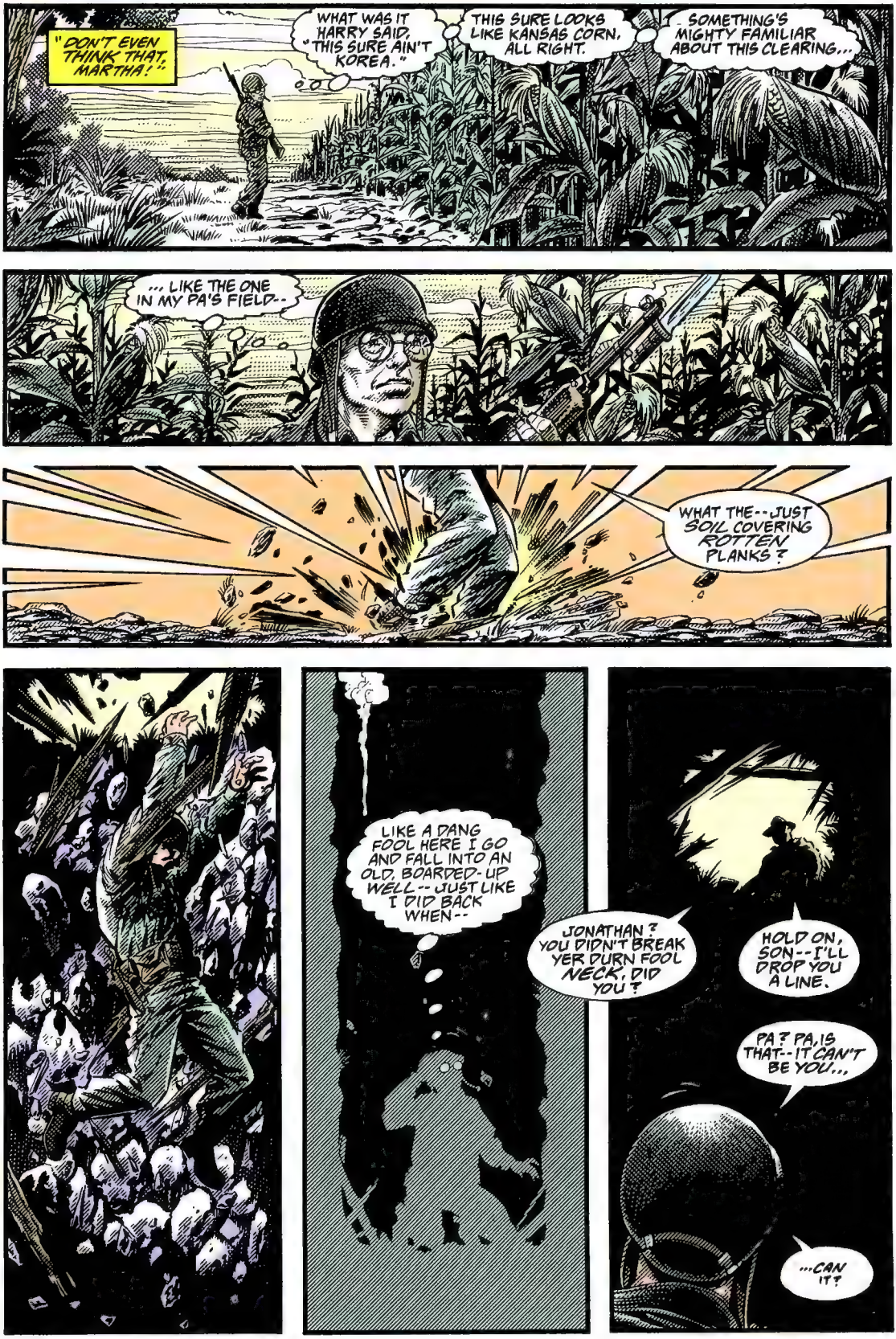

NO SIR, THIS IS JUST NOT GOOD ENOUGH! THE LYDOCAINE SHOULD'VE BOOSTED HIM MORE.
LOOK, MARTHA, WE NEED TO GET HIM OUT OF HIS CLOTHES, INTO A GOWN, AND THIS AREA'S GOING TO GET CROWDED...
I'LL JUST HELP, THEN. I TOLD YOU I WON'T--
MRS. KENT, BELIEVE ME-- NO ONE'S GOING TO GIVE UP ON YOUR HUSBAND. I PROMISE IT.
NOW, WHY DON'T YOU HEAD DOWN TO THE NURSES' STATION AND GET YOURSELF A CUP OF COFFEE?
I--DON'T-- :SIGH:
. ALL RIGHT, YOUNG LADY. I SUPPOSE I COULD USE A CUP...
MARTHA-- DEAR GOD-- IS HE--?
LOIS, CHILD-- YOU CAME ALL THE WAY FROM METROPOLIS?
I GOT THE FIRST FLIGHT OUT!
LANA LANG CALLED TO TELL ME, BUT THAT ISN'T IMPORTANT-- HOW IS HE?
DOCTORS ARE TRYING TO PUT ON A GOOD FACE, LOIS, BUT IN ALL OUR YEARS TOGETHER...
...WITH ALL OF THE UPS AND DOWNS WE'VE BEEN THROUGH...

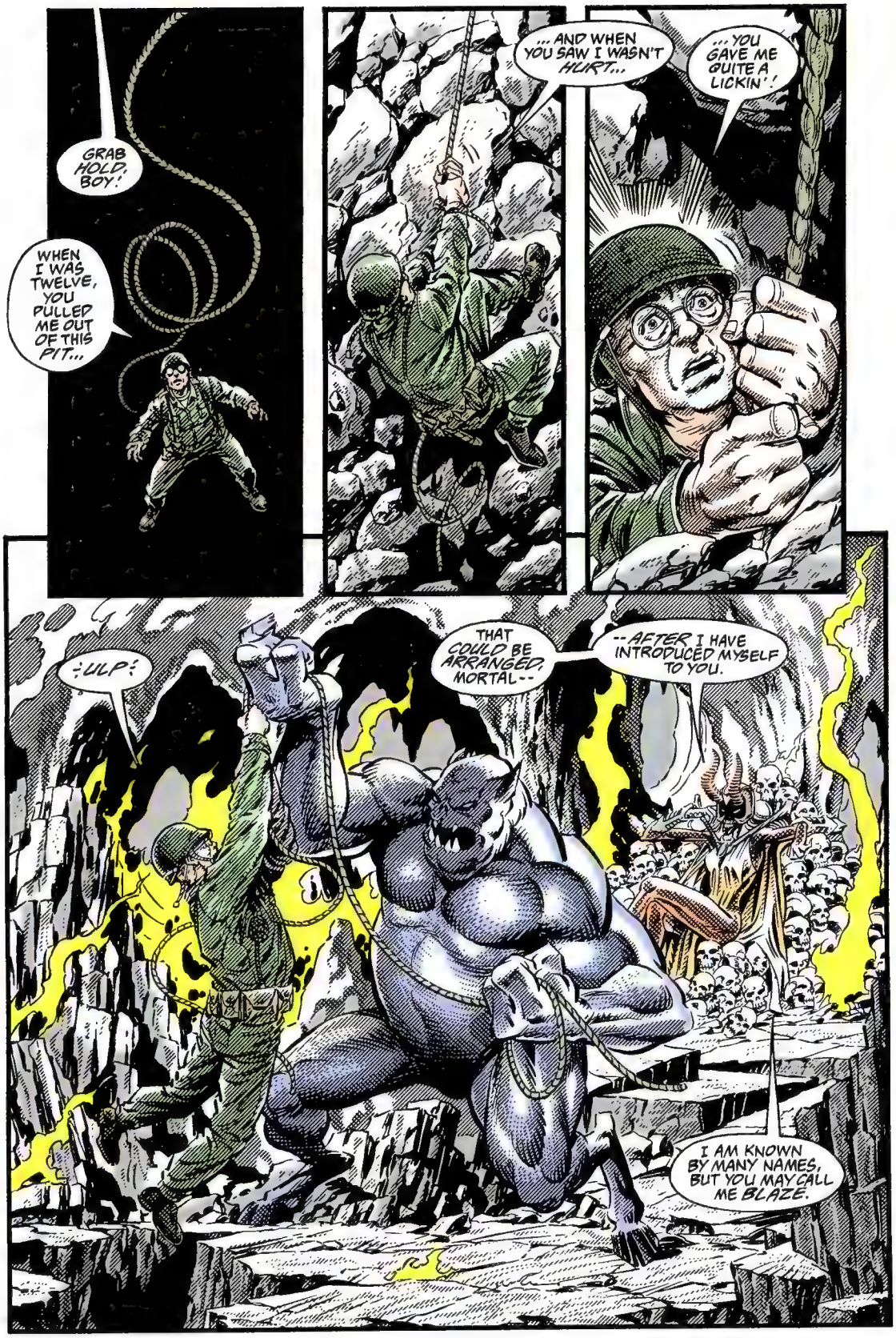

"... I'VE NEVER BEEN THIS SCARED. HE WAS GOING TO DIE."
MY GOD-- WHAT HAVE I STUMBLED INTO--? THIS BATTLEFIELD--?
WAIT-- I WAS SEPARATED FROM MY COMBAT UNIT...
...BUT WHY? WHY IS MY MEMORY SO DANGED FUZZY?
THINK, KENT-- THINK. WE HAD ORDERS-- TO LIBERATE A CAPTURED AIRMAN--?
MY UNIT-- THEY'RE DEAD!
ALL DEAD.
MISSION COMMAND-- DO YOU READ? OVER.
RADIO'S DEAD.
EVERYTHING-- DEAD. DEATH IS ALL AROUND ME-- BUT I'M ALIVE.
I'M ALIVE-- I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN BRING THAT BOY BACK. IT'S ALL UP TO ME...

... THERE'S JUST NO WAY WE CAN ABANDON ONE OF OUR OWN.
MORE DEATH. THEY'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS WAY.
GOD KNOWS WHY THEY BURNED OUT THESE POOR FARMERS -- NONE OF THEM IS ARMED.
DARN SHAME. THAT ONE LOOKS TO BE THE SAME AGE AS MY BROTHER--
--HARRY! HARRY--?! WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME ARE YOU DOING IN KOREA?
JON? DON'T YOU REMEMBER? I FELL UNDER THE THRESHER MACHINE BACK ON PA'S FARM.
I'M DEAD, JONNY-- WE'RE ALL DEAD HERE.

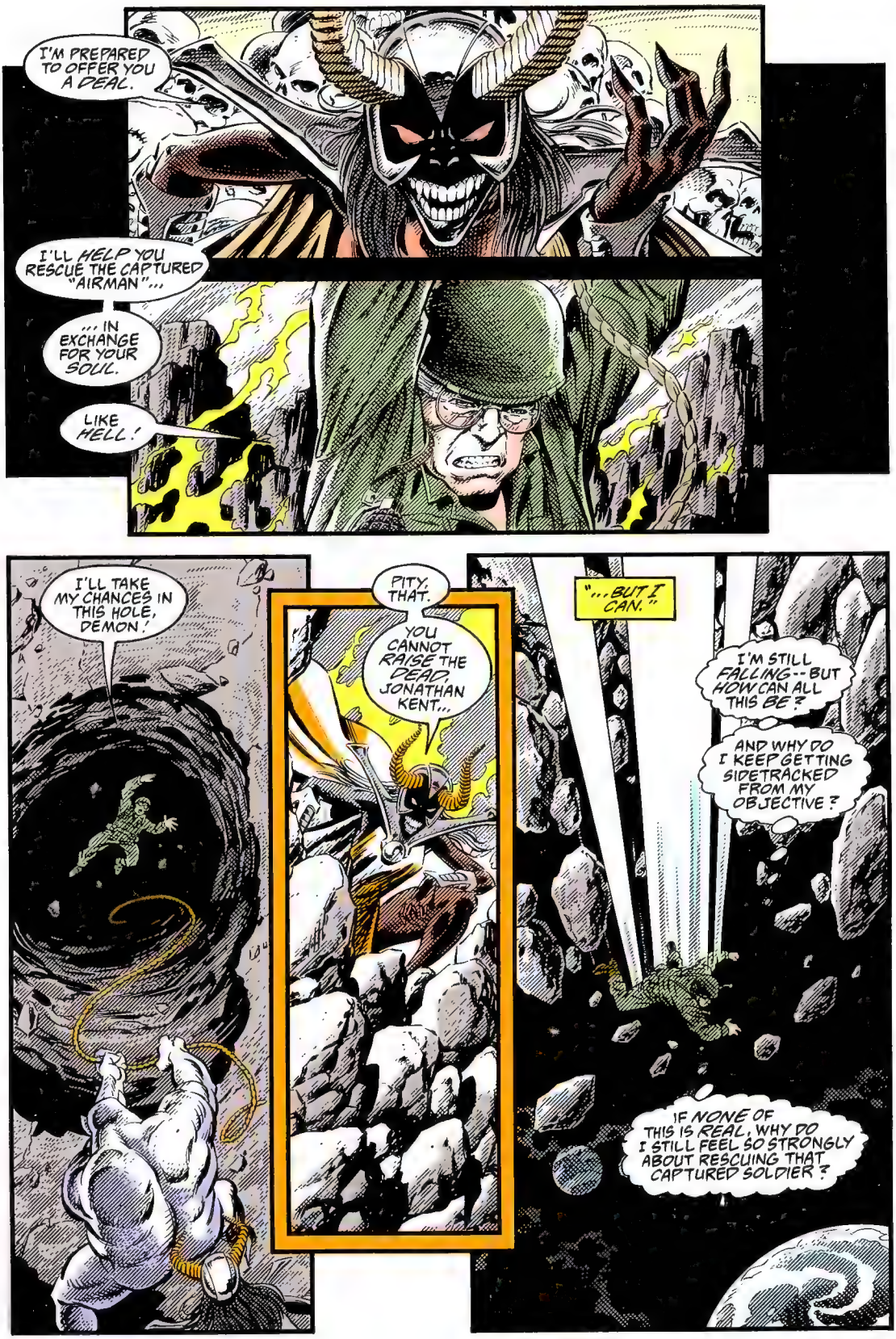
AS FOR WHERE WE ARE--IT SURE AIN'T KOREA.
:KOFF: ANOTHER THING--'ENEMY'S GOT YOUR BOY. CAN'T BE MORE THAN A COUPLE OF HOURS AHEAD.
HARRY KENT--DON'T GO DYIN' ON ME AGAIN!
GO GET HIM--THE BOY DON'T BELONG, JONNY.
YOU--YOU DO NOT BELONG, JONATHAN KENT.
THE FLYER DOES--!
DAMN YOUR LYING EYES--YOU GO STRAIGHT TO HELL!
WELL I'LL BE! LOOKS LIKE HE HAS, AT THAT!
NOW WHAT MADE ME SAY THAT? SOLDIER'S JUST LYIN' OUT COLD AT MY FEET!
COMBAT FATIGUE--FIRST I'M TALKING TO MY DEAD BROTHER, NEXT I'M FIGHTING GHOSTS!
WELL, THERE'S NO TIME TO REST...
...I'VE GOT TO PUSH DEEPER, INTO ENEMY TERRITORY!

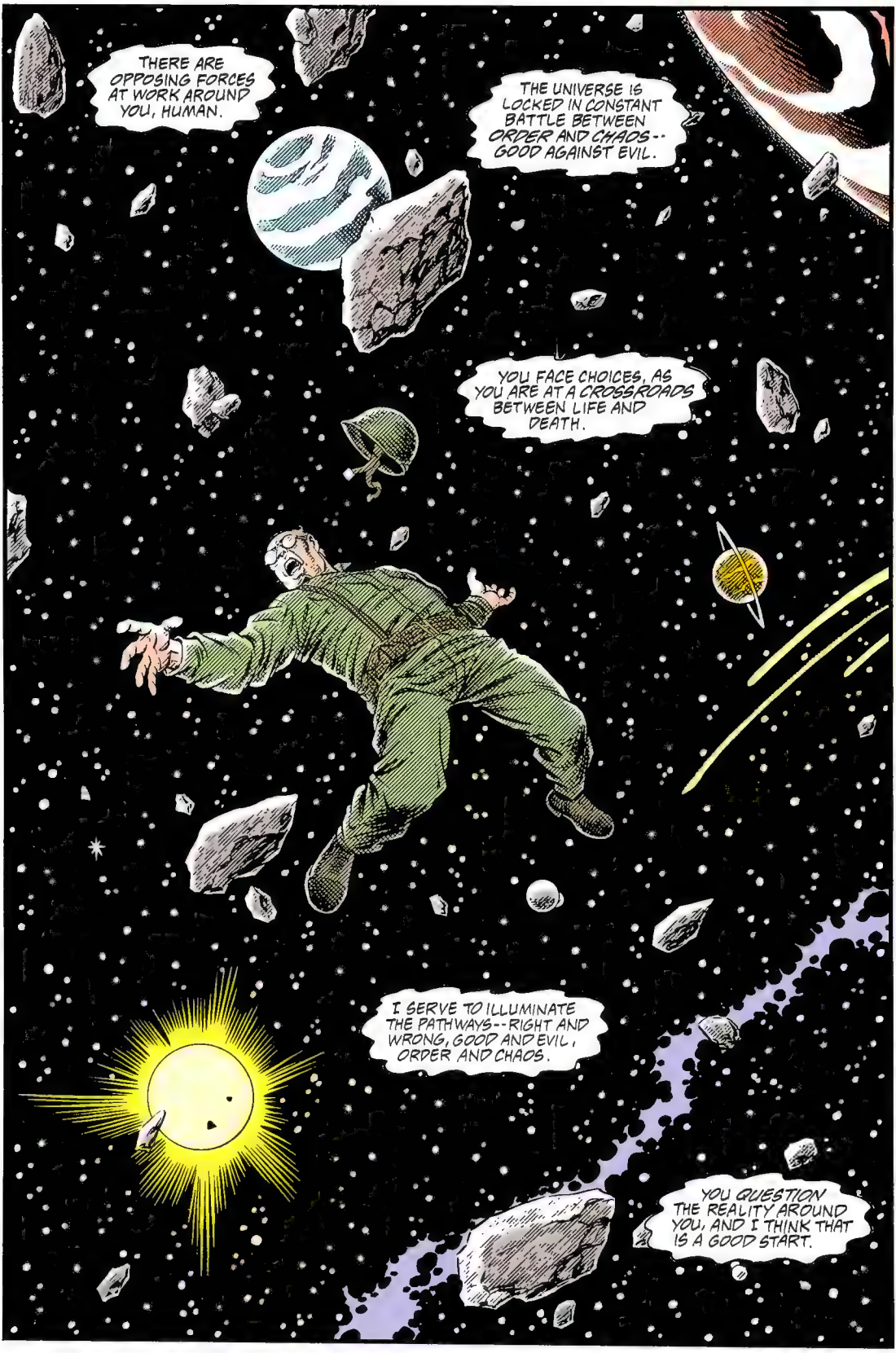

YOU KNOW, LOIS, HE AND I HAVE BEEN TOGETHER THROUGH SOME ROUGH TIMES.
HE'S BEEN WARNED ABOUT HIS HEART CONDITION, BUT HE WOULDN'T SLOW DOWN-- ESPECIALLY THESE PAST FEW WEEKS.
I WONDER WHETHER HE BROUGHT THIS ON HIMSELF, TO TRY TO GET CLOSER TO CLARK.
HE LOVED THAT BOY AS MUCH AS LIFE ITSELF.
I GUESS IF MY FAITH WERE STRONGER, I'D BELIEVE I COULD JOIN CLARK IN AN AFTERLIFE, MARTHA...
...BUT NOT BEFORE IT WAS MY TIME TO PASS ON.
OUR FAITH BELIEVES IN HEAVEN, AND CLARK WAS RAISED WITH THOSE BELIEFS.
MAYBE JONATHAN'S TIME IS UP?


"DON'T EVEN THINK THAT, MARTHA!"
WHAT WAS IT HARRY SAID, "THIS SURE AIN'T KOREA."
THIS SURE LOOKS LIKE KANSAS CORN, ALL RIGHT.
SOMETHING'S MIGHTY FAMILIAR ABOUT THIS CLEARING...
...LIKE THE ONE IN MY PA'S FIELD--
WHAT THE--JUST SOIL COVERING ROTTEN PLANKS?
LIKE A DANG FOOL HERE I GO AND FALL INTO AN OLD, BOARDED-UP WELL--JUST LIKE I DID BACK WHEN--
JONATHAN? YOU DIDN'T BREAK YER DURN FOOL NECK, DID YOU?
HOLD ON, SON--I'LL DROP YOU A LINE.
PA? PA, IS THAT--IT CAN'T BE YOU...
...CAN IT?


GRAB HOLD, BOY!
WHEN I WAS TWELVE, YOU PULLED ME OUT OF THIS PIT...
... AND WHEN YOU SAW I WASN'T HURT...
... YOU GAVE ME QUITE A LICKIN'!
:ULP:
THAT COULD BE ARRANGED, MORTAL--
--AFTER I HAVE INTRODUCED MYSELF TO YOU.
I AM KNOWN BY MANY NAMES, BUT YOU MAY CALL ME BLAZE.

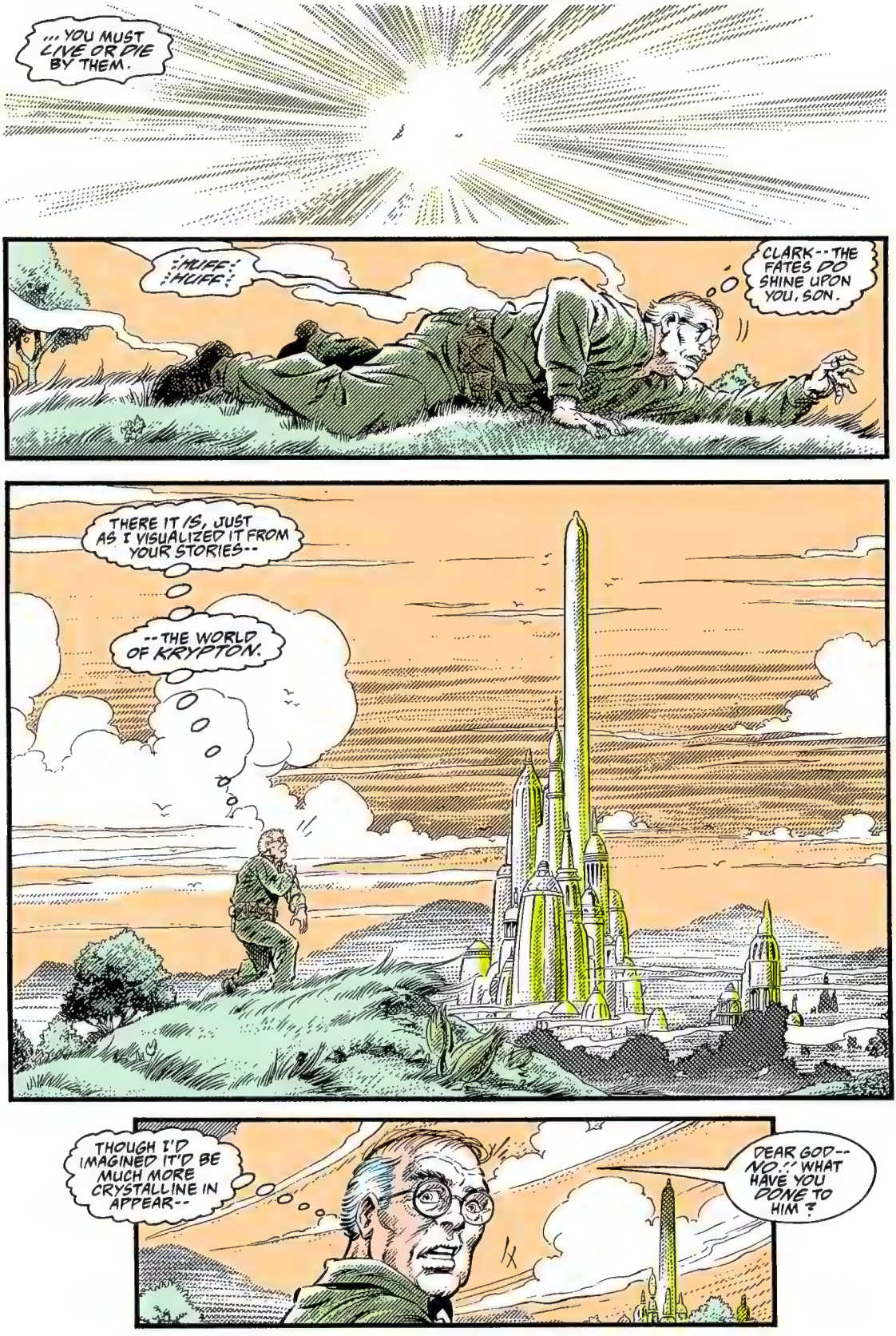
ARE--ARE YOU THE DEVIL?
IS IT REALLY IMPORTANT FOR YOU TO KNOW WHO I AM?
WHY NOT SIMPLY ACCEPT MY OFFER TO HELP IN YOUR QUEST?


I'M PREPARED TO OFFER YOU A DEAL.
I'LL HELP YOU RESCUE THE CAPTURED "AIRMAN"...
...IN EXCHANGE FOR YOUR SOUL.
LIKE HELL!
I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES IN THIS HOLE, DEMON!
PITY, THAT.
YOU CANNOT RAISE THE DEAD, JONATHAN KENT...
"...BUT I CAN."
I'M STILL FALLING--BUT HOW CAN ALL THIS BE?
AND WHY DO I KEEP GETTING SIDETRACKED FROM MY OBJECTIVE?
IF NONE OF THIS IS REAL, WHY DO I STILL FEEL SO STRONGLY ABOUT RESCUING THAT CAPTURED SOLDIER?

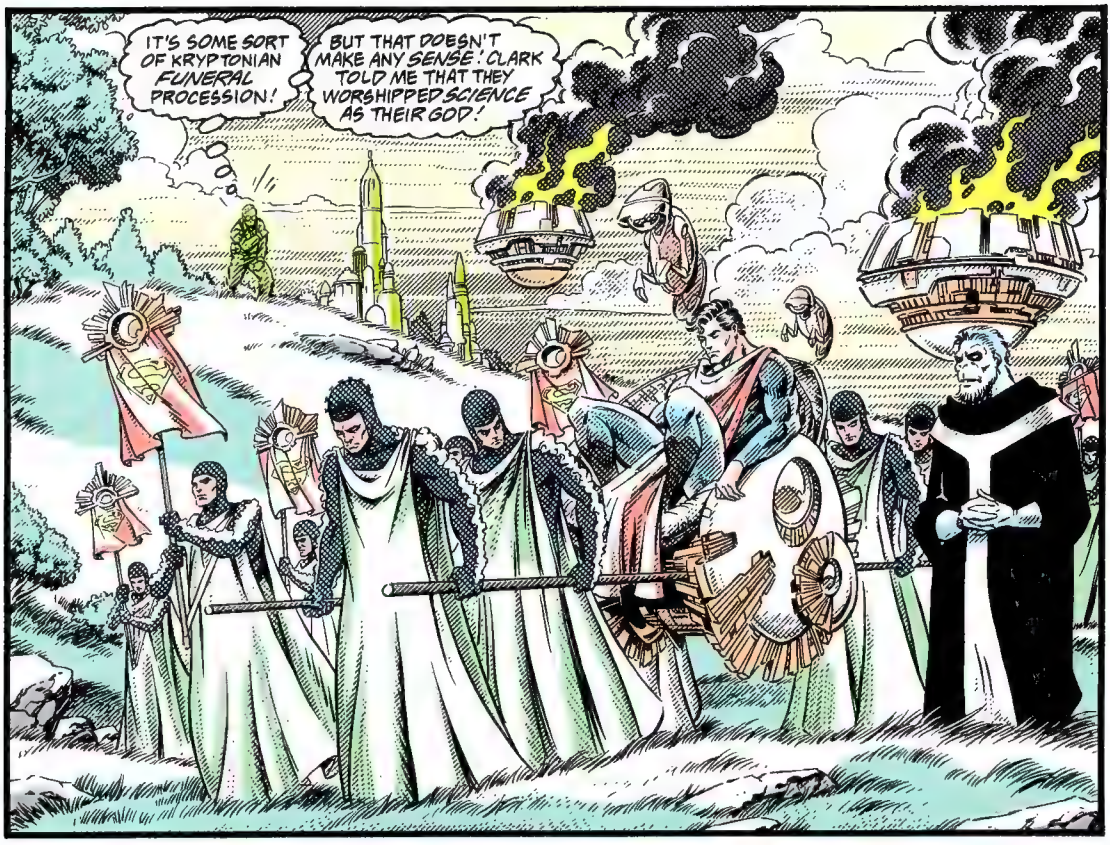

THERE ARE OPPOSING FORCES AT WORK AROUND YOU, HUMAN.
THE UNIVERSE IS LOCKED IN CONSTANT BATTLE BETWEEN ORDER AND CHAOS -- GOOD AGAINST EVIL.
YOU FACE CHOICES, AS YOU ARE AT A CROSSROADS BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.
I SERVE TO ILLUMINATE THE PATHWAYS -- RIGHT AND WRONG, GOOD AND EVIL, ORDER AND CHAOS.
YOU QUESTION THE REALITY AROUND YOU, AND I THINK THAT IS A GOOD START.

YOU BEGIN TO SEE THROUGH THE ILLUSIONS THAT CLOUD YOUR PERCEPTION, JONATHAN KENT.
WHERE IN *HECK* AM I NOW? IF THIS IS ANOTHER *DEMON* TRICK--?
I AM *KISMET*, AND I AM BEYOND THE CORRUPTION OF "DEMONS."
YOUR *QUEST* HAS THRUST YOU INTO MY LIGHT, HUMAN.

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO DO WITH MY "QUEST," AS YOU CALLED IT?
WHERE DO YOU FIT IN? AND WHY DON'T YOU SHOW YOURSELF?
YOU SEEK PEACE WITH YOUR ADOPTIVE SON, AND HAVE VEERED FROM THE PATH WHICH LEADS TO HIM.
I EXIST TO ILLUMINATE THAT PATHWAY FOR YOU.
HEED MY WORDS--YOU HAVE STRAYED BY PURSUING YOUR OWN LIFELINE.
THE AIRMAN--OF COURSE! IT WAS CLARK I WAS TRYING TO FIND--!
THAT DEMON SAID I CAN'T BRING BACK THE DEAD--WAS SHE LYING?
IT IS NOT FOR YOU TO KNOW MORE THAN THIS--YOU CANNOT RAISE THE DEAD...
... BUT EACH BEING HAS IT WITHIN THEMSELVES TO AFFECT THEIR OWN FATE.
FAREWELL, JONATHAN KENT. CHOOSE YOUR FUTURE PATHS WISELY...


...YOU MUST LIVE OR DIE BY THEM.
:HUFF: :HUFF:
CLARK--THE FATES DO SHINE UPON YOU, SON.
THERE IT IS, JUST AS I VISUALIZED IT FROM YOUR STORIES--
--THE WORLD OF KRYPTON.
THOUGH I'D IMAGINED IT'D BE MUCH MORE CRYSTALLINE IN APPEAR--
DEAR GOD--NO..! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HIM?

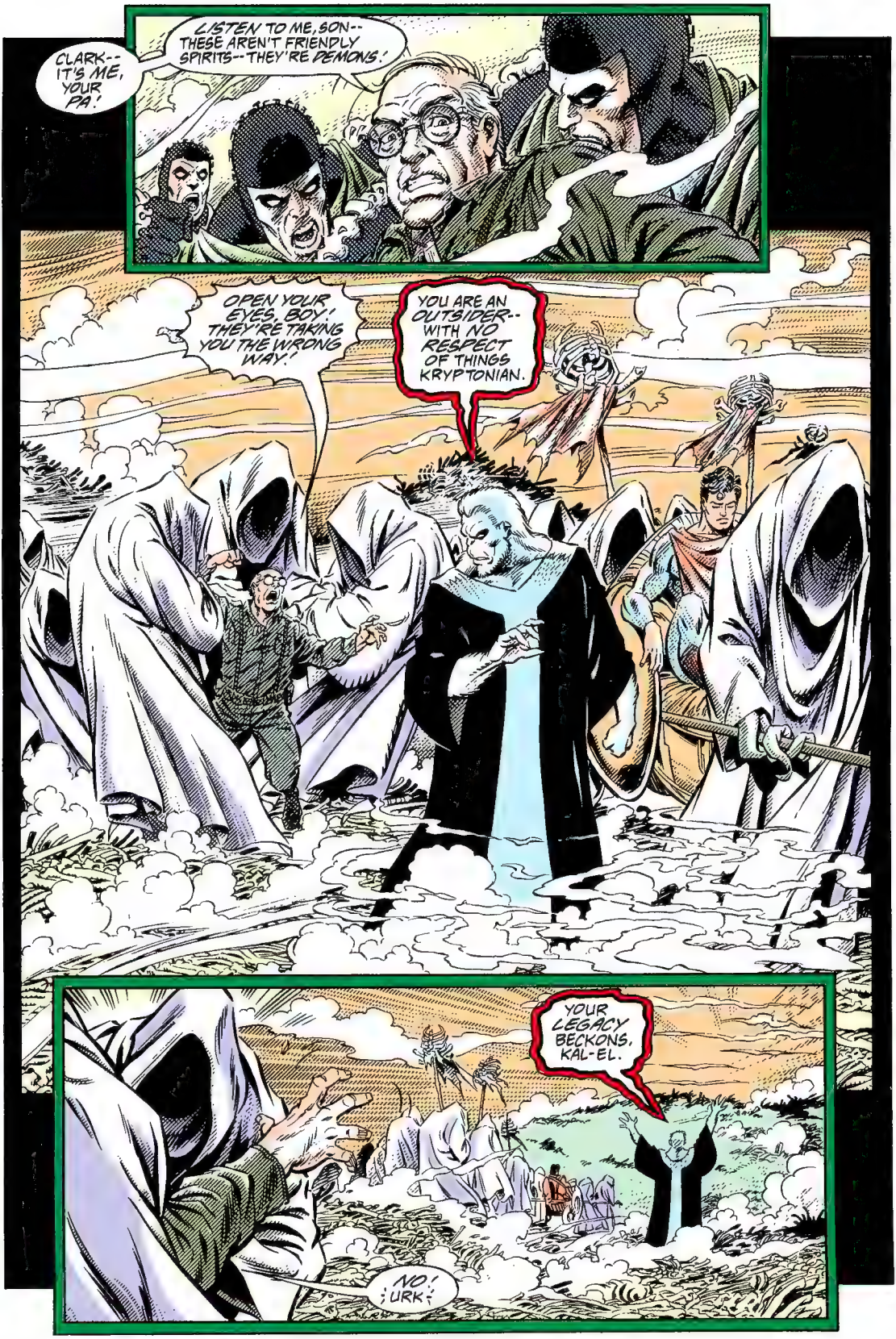
OH, GREAT RAO-- ACCEPT THIS LAST SON OF KRYPTON INTO YOUR EMBRACE!
ALLOW HIM ENTRANCE INTO YOUR REALM, THAT HE MAY BE REUNITED WITH THE FAMILY OF EL.


IT'S SOME SORT OF KRYPTONIAN FUNERAL PROCESSION!
BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE! CLARK TOLD ME THAT THEY WORSHIPPED SCIENCE AS THEIR GOD!

SON! YOU'RE ON THE WRONG PATH!

YOU'VE GOT TO WAKE UP-- ;URGLE;
SILENCE THIS BLASPHEMER!

WHO DISTURBS MY JOURNEY, CLERIC?
ONE WHO DOES NOT BELONG, KAL-EL.


CLARK-- IT'S ME, YOUR PA!
LISTEN TO ME, SON-- THESE AREN'T FRIENDLY SPIRITS-- THEY'RE DEMONS!
OPEN YOUR EYES, BOY! THEY'RE TAKING YOU THE WRONG WAY!
YOU ARE AN OUTSIDER-- WITH NO RESPECT OF THINGS KRYPTONIAN.
YOUR LEGACY BECKONS, KAL-EL.
NO! URK!

"...THEN I'LL BE FINISHED WITH THIS STINKING PLACE!"
LET ME BE, YOU DAMNED WRAITHS!
CLARK! CLARK!
IGNORE HIS RANTING, KRYPTONIAN.
NO! LISTEN-- LOOK AROUND YOU, AT THOSE THINGS CARRYING YOU!
I SEE KRYPTONIANS, AT MY SIDE--OR DO I?
CLERIC-- SOMETHING'S DIFFERENT ABOUT THEM--
--AND YOU!
THE HERETIC CONFUSES YOU! HE--
HE WAS RIGHT! YOU ARE DEMONS!

YOU'RE ALL DEMONS-- TRYING TO CONFUSE ME BY CREATING THIS OBSCENE FUNERAL MARCH!
YOU MUST NOT RESIST DEATH'S GRIP!

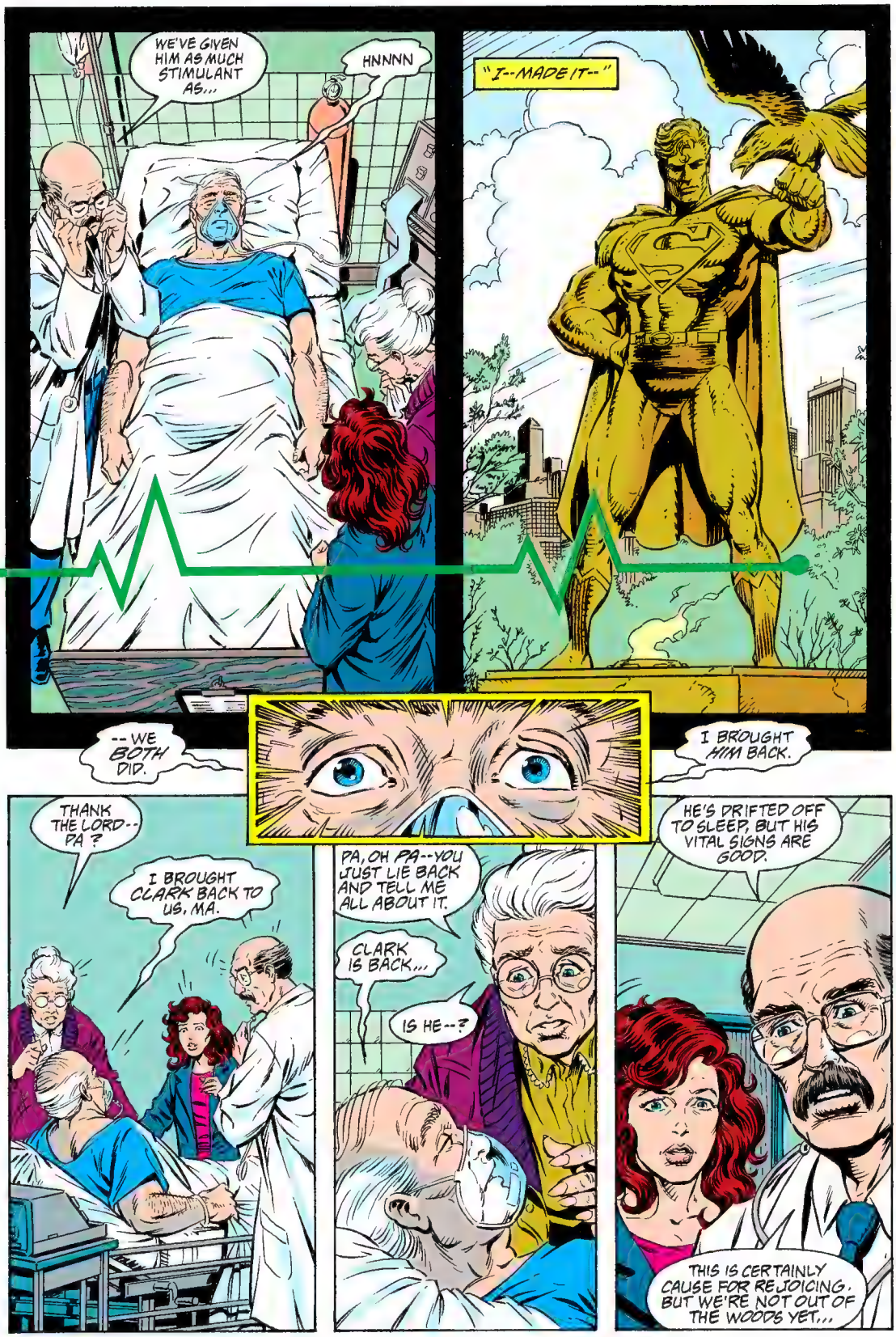
YOU HAVE COME THIS FAR--THERE IS NO TURNING BACK--!!
WILL YOU JUST SHUT UP?

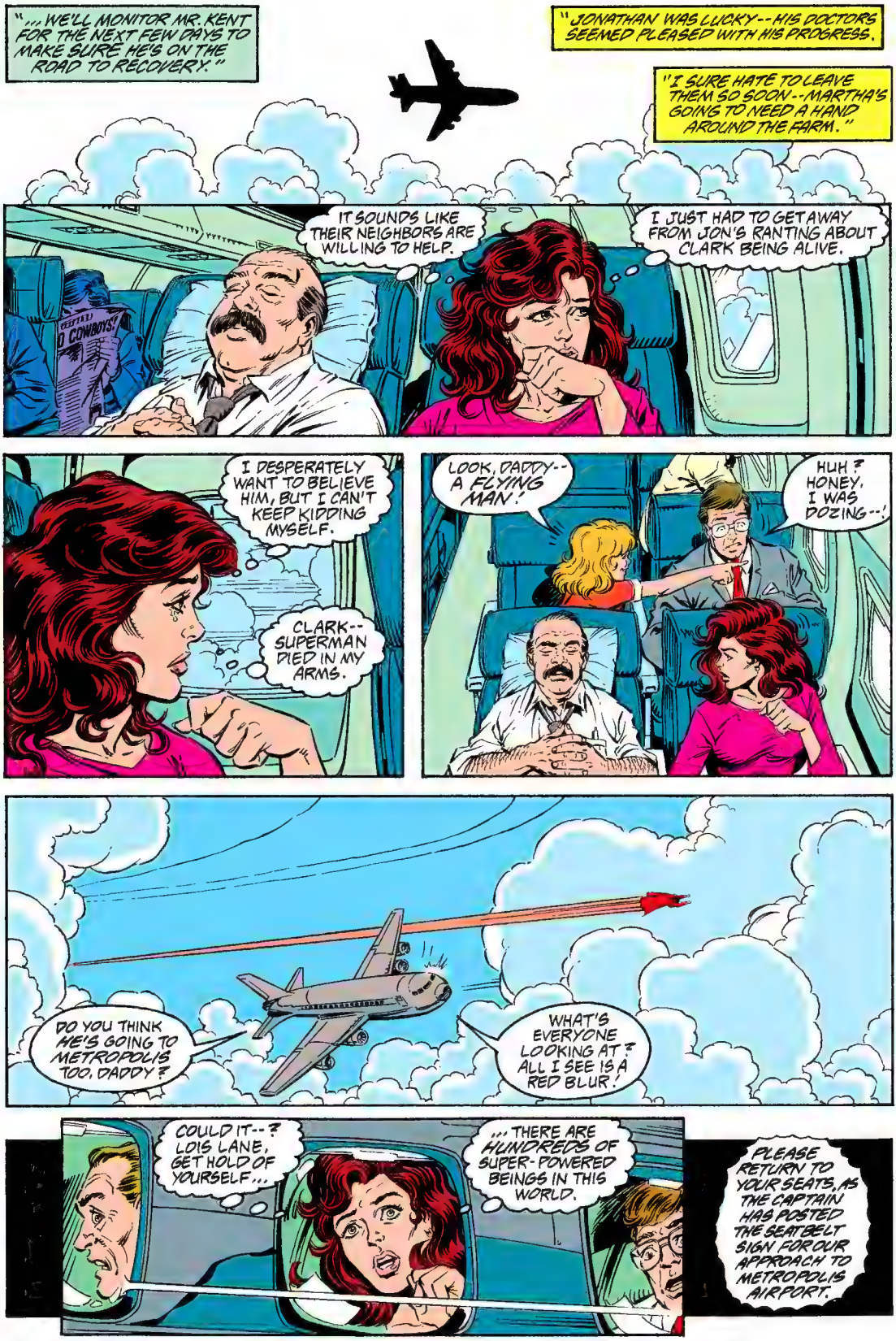
THAT'S IT, SON--SHOW THEM YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN UP!
LET'S HIGH-TAIL IT OUT OF HERE--AWAY FROM THE DAMNED LIGHT!
NO, PA. I CAN'T DENY DEATH.
RECOGNIZE THESE?
CLARK KENT THINKS LIKE A HUMAN--AND WE CAN DIE!
YOU--YOU'RE KRYPTONIAN--THE LAST OF YOUR KIND!
YOU CAN'T WALK INTO DEATH'S DOORWAY WILLINGLY, BOY!
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!
I'M TAKING YOU AWAY FROM THIS--THAT'S ALL.
SON, I'M CONVINCED THAT THE ONLY REASON YOU'RE HERE...
...IS THAT BECAUSE WE RAISED YOU WITH THE CONCEPT OF MORTALITY!
YOU'VE BEEN CONDITIONED TO ACCEPT THIS FATE, AND MAYBE IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THAT WAY AT ALL!

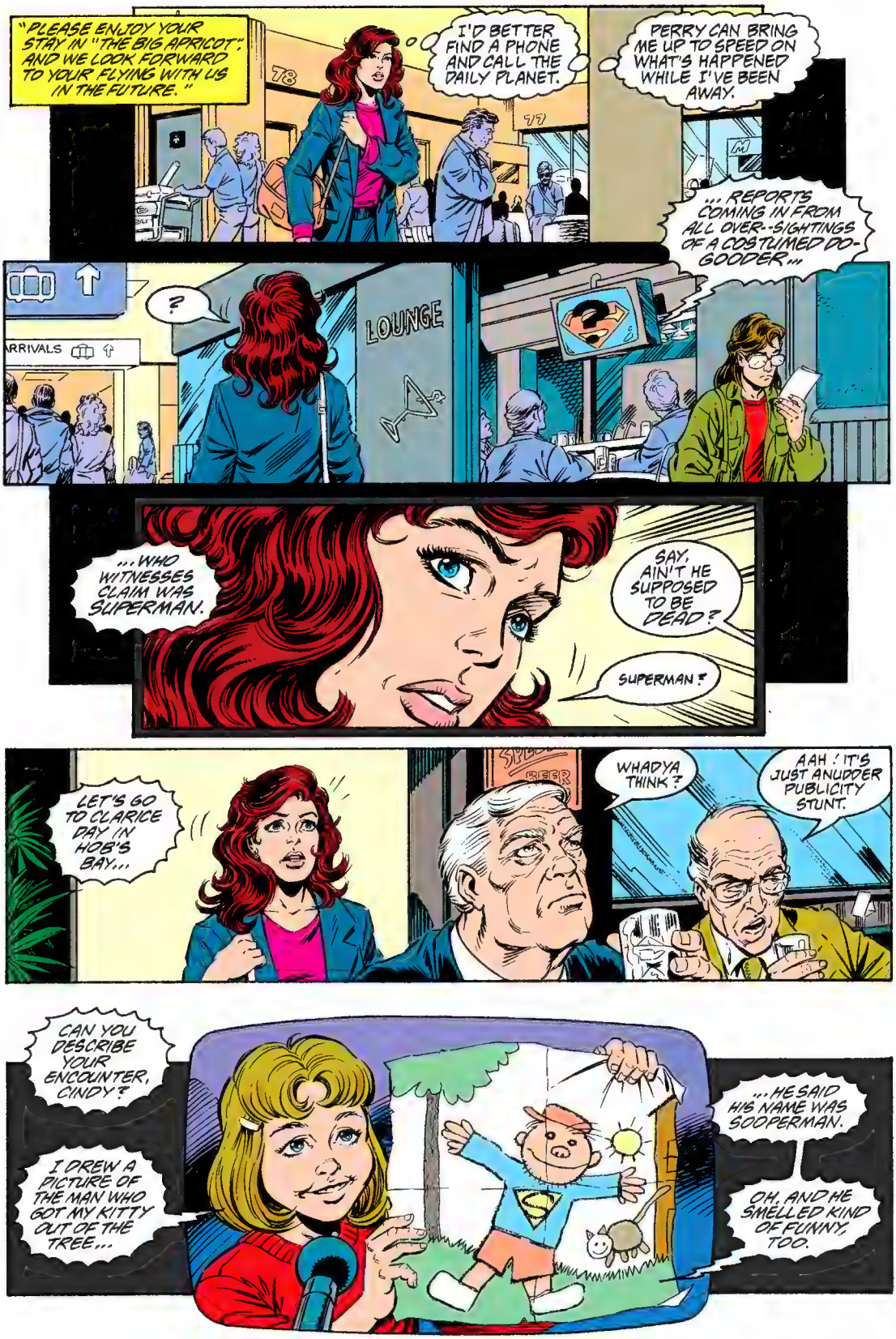
FOR ONCE, I'M BEGGING YOU NOT TO THINK LIKE AN EARTHLING!
PA, THIS IS AS FAR AS I CAN TAKE YOU...
I'VE BEEN AWAY TOO LONG... I'M TOO SPENT TO GO ANY FURTHER--!
GO ON-- WITHOUT ME...
I--WE'VE COME TOO FAR FOR THAT, SON!
THAT WAY SPELLS ETERNAL DAMNATION, KAL-EL!
WHAT?
NOOO! WE'RE TOO CLOSE!
JOR-EL? MY TRUE FATHER?
YOU BELONG WITH YOUR MOTHER AND ME IN THE LIGHT!
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT IT HAS TO BE THIS WAY?

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TRUST ME ON THIS, SON...
...BECAUSE I HAVEN'T COME THIS FAR JUST TO SEE YOU WALK AWAY WITH THIS PHONY!
HE'S NO MORE REAL THAN THAT SHOVEL THAT CROPPED UP OUT OF THE ETHER!
:HUF: :HUF: NOW LET'S FACE THE MUSIC AND DANCE!
THEY SAID THIS WAY LEADS TO DAMNATION, PA.
I-I'M FRIGHTENED-- FOR BOTH OF US. MAYBE I SHOULD GO FIRST, TO CHECK THAT IT'S SAFE...
:HUF: :HUF: HAVE A LITTLE FAITH IN YOUR OLD MAN!
WE'RE DOING THIS TOGETHER!
:HUF: JUST A LITTLE PAIN IN MY CHEST.
"HE'S SO PALE, DOCTOR..."

:HUF: LET'S DO IT!
"CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING ELSE?"


WE'VE GIVEN HIM AS MUCH STIMULANT AS...
HNNNN
"I--MADE IT--"
--WE BOTH DID.
I BROUGHT HIM BACK.
THANK THE LORD--PA?
I BROUGHT CLARK BACK TO US, MA.
PA, OH PA--YOU JUST LIE BACK AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.
CLARK IS BACK...
IS HE--?
HE'S DRIFTED OFF TO SLEEP, BUT HIS VITAL SIGNS ARE GOOD.
THIS IS CERTAINLY CAUSE FOR REJOICING. BUT WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET...

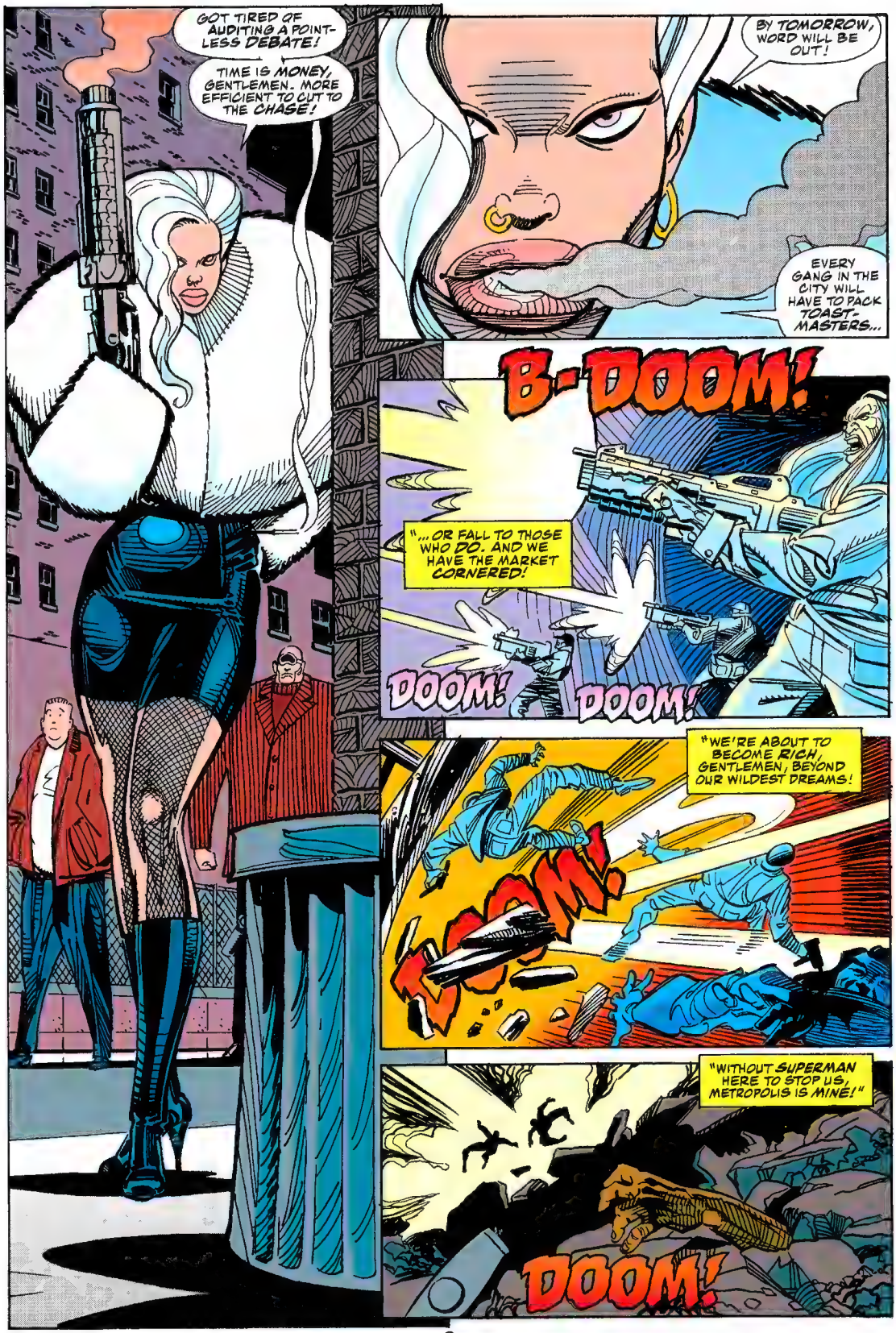

"... WE'LL MONITOR MR. KENT FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS TO MAKE SURE HE'S ON THE ROAD TO RECOVERY."
"JONATHAN WAS LUCKY--HIS DOCTORS SEEMED PLEASED WITH HIS PROGRESS.
"I SURE HATE TO LEAVE THEM SO SOON--MARTHA'S GOING TO NEED A HAND AROUND THE FARM."
IT SOUNDS LIKE THEIR NEIGHBORS ARE WILLING TO HELP.
I JUST HAD TO GET AWAY FROM JON'S RANTING ABOUT CLARK BEING ALIVE.
I DESPERATELY WANT TO BELIEVE HIM, BUT I CAN'T KEEP KIDDING MYSELF.
CLARK--SUPERMAN DIED IN MY ARMS.
LOOK, DADDY--A FLYING MAN!
HUH? HONEY, I WAS DOZING--!
DO YOU THINK HE'S GOING TO METROPOLIS TOO, DADDY?
WHAT'S EVERYONE LOOKING AT? ALL I SEE IS A RED BLUR!
COULD IT--? LOIS LANE, GET HOLD OF YOURSELF...
... THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF SUPER-POWERED BEINGS IN THIS WORLD.
PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR SEATS, AS THE CAPTAIN HAS POSTED THE SEAT BELT SIGN FOR OUR APPROACH TO METROPOLIS AIRPORT.


"PLEASE ENJOY YOUR STAY IN "THE BIG APRICOT". AND WE LOOK FORWARD TO YOUR FLYING WITH US IN THE FUTURE."
I'D BETTER FIND A PHONE AND CALL THE DAILY PLANET.
PERRY CAN BRING ME UP TO SPEED ON WHAT'S HAPPENED WHILE I'VE BEEN AWAY.
... REPORTS COMING IN FROM ALL OVER--SIGHTINGS OF A COSTUMED DO-GOODER...
?
LOUNGE
ARRIVALS
... WHO WITNESSES CLAIM WAS SUPERMAN.
SAY, AIN'T HE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD?
SUPERMAN!
LET'S GO TO CLARICE DAY IN HOB'S BAY...
WHADYA THINK?
AAH! IT'S JUST ANUDDER PUBLICITY STUNT.
CAN YOU DESCRIBE YOUR ENCOUNTER, CINDY?
I DREW A PICTURE OF THE MAN WHO GOT MY KITTY OUT OF THE TREE...
... HE SAID HIS NAME WAS SOOPERMAN.
OH, AND HE SMELLED KIND OF FUNNY, TOO.

IN CENTENNIAL PARK, A STOLEN CAB WAS PREVENTED FROM RUNNING DOWN A JOGGER...
TAXI
I MEAN, LIKE, THESE CREEPS ARE TRYING TO TURN ME INTO ROAD-KILL, AND THEN SUDDENLY HE'S THERE!
HE WAS, LIKE, NOT AS BIG AS I THOUGHT HE'D BE, BUT HE WAS GORGEOUS. OH, YEAH--IT WAS HIM, Y'KNOW--SUPERMAN.
IN SUICIDE SLUM, A TENEMENT FIRE COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE...
MY HUSBAND AND I GOT MY BOY ELDON OUT. BUT THE BABY'S ROOM WAS...?
LOOK, NO ONE COULD GET IN THERE--IT WAS ALL FLAMING AND STUFF--BUT HE SAVED MY BABY. THAT SUPER MAN!
FIRE
THE STORY WASN'T MUCH DIFFERENT AT THE NORTHPOINT NUCLEAR POWER PLANT...
HEY, I DON'T CARE WHO HE WAS...
...WE WERE TEN SECONDS FROM "CHINA-SYNDROME" WHEN HE SHOWED UP AND SEALED THE CONTAINMENT TANK.
AND FINALLY, A METROPOLIS WOMAN WHO WAS ATTACKED IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM OF HER APARTMENT BUILDING...
THIS USED TO BE A SAFE BUILDING--I WAS DOING MY WASH WHEN THIS GUY GRABBED ME...
...SUDDENLY HE CRASHES THROUGH THE WALL AND, WELL, KEPT THE SLEAZE FROM HURTING ME.
I'M NOT SORRY MY ATTACKER'S DEAD--HE SURE WON'T THREATEN ANYONE EVER AGAIN!

SURE YOU'RE READY?
GOT TO DO IT, HENDERSON.
WITH ALL THE SIGHTINGS, I HAVE TO KNOW.
I SHOULDN'T BE DOING THIS, LANE.
YOU'RE RIGHT--AND THANKS.
OH NO.
HE'S GONE.
NOT REALLY.
I'D SAY FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS THAT HE'S BACK!
SUPERMAN'S BACK.
The Beginning

FIRST SIGHTING...

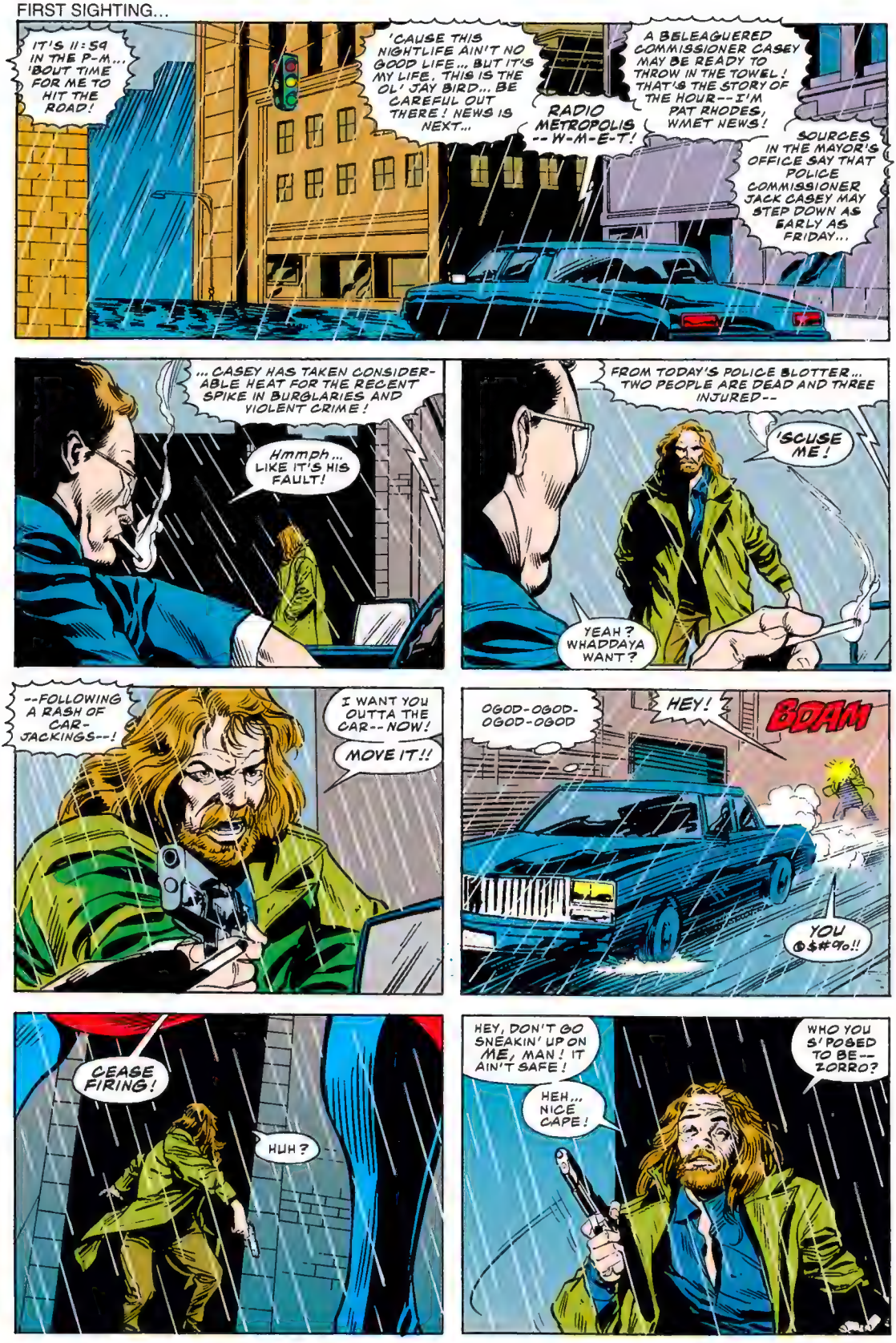

GOT TIRED OF AUDITING A POINT-LESS DEBATE!
TIME IS MONEY, GENTLEMEN. MORE EFFICIENT TO CUT TO THE CHASE!
BY TOMORROW, WORD WILL BE OUT!
EVERY GANG IN THE CITY WILL HAVE TO PACK TOAST-MASTERS...
B-DOOM!
"... OR FALL TO THOSE WHO DO. AND WE HAVE THE MARKET CORNERED!
DOOM!
DOOM!
"WE'RE ABOUT TO BECOME RICH, GENTLEMEN, BEYOND OUR WILDEST DREAMS!
"WITHOUT SUPERMAN HERE TO STOP US, METROPOLIS IS MINE!"
DOOM!

WEEooo WEEooo WEEooo WEE
IT'S THE MAN! DO A GHOST!
COUPLE A' DRAGS STILL BREATHIN'!
NOT FOR LONG!
B-DOOM!
DOOM!
DOOM!
WEEooo WEEooo
WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
LOOKS LIKE A FREAKIN' WAR-ZONE!
WONDER WHAT THOSE DUDES WERE PACKING?
14
37
FRED, LOOK! SOMEBODY COMING UP OUT OF THE RUBBLE...
...LEFT FROM THE 'SCRAPER THAT DOOMSDAY MONSTER KNOCKED DOWN!
DOOMSDAY!

Louise Simonson: writer/Jon Bogdanove: penciller/Dennis Janke: inker

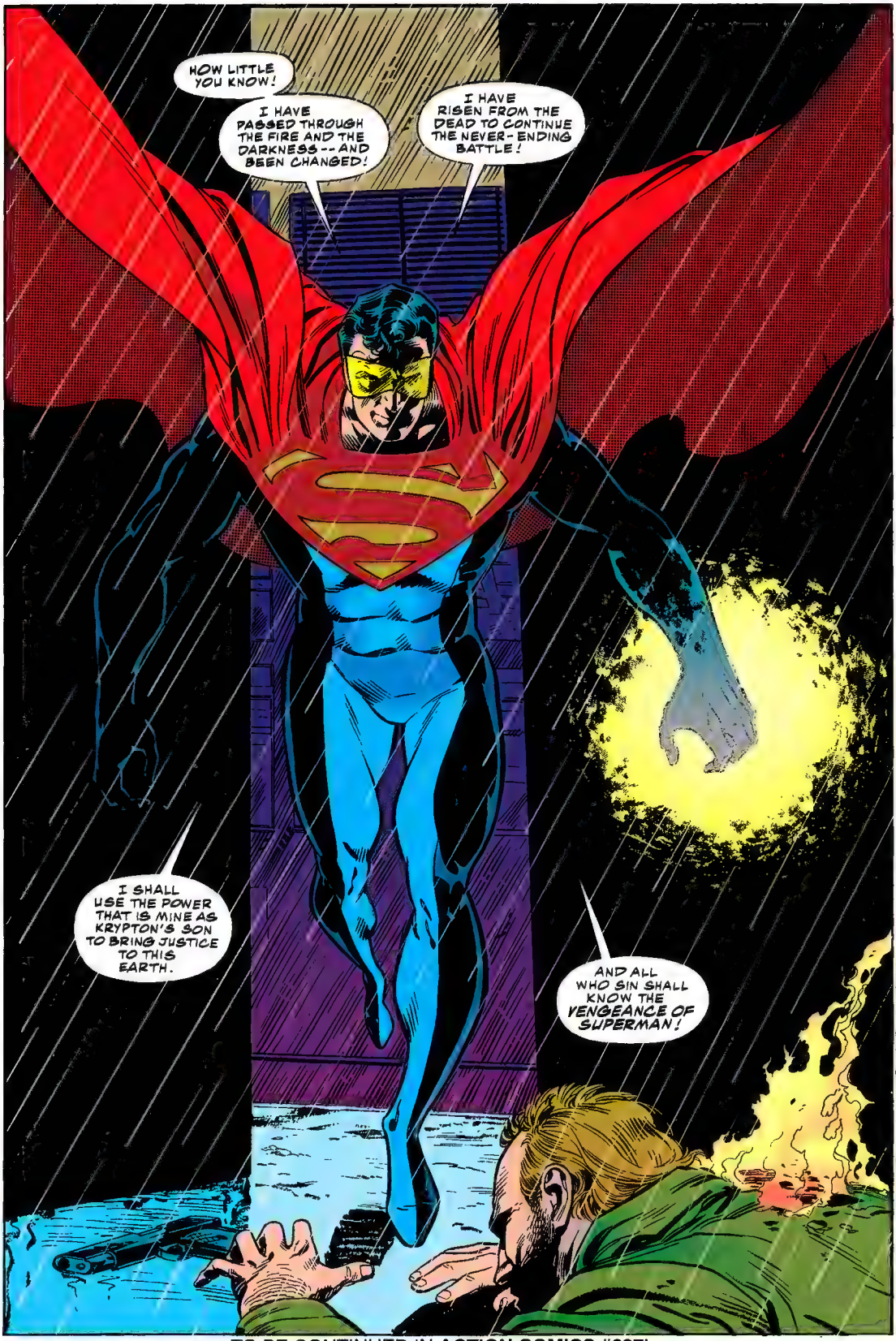
TO BE CONTINUED IN **MAN OF STEEL** #22! ON SALE IN TWO WEEKS!

FIRST SIGHTING...



YOU WOULD HAVE STOLEN THAT MAN'S CAR...
...YOU TRIED TO KILL HIM.
THAT MAKES YOU MY ENEMY!
YOU WANT AN ENEMY? OKAY, TOUGH GUY--!
BDAM-DAM-DAM
PTING
TYANG
PTONG
NO!
SUPERMAN! IT'S... NAH, HE'S DEAD!
I SEEN IT ON TV! GOTTA BE A TRICK...
...YEAH, SOME S#%*@!! WEARIN' KEVLAR. SHOULDA AIMED FOR HIS HEAD.
WHOEVER HE IS, I DON' WANNA MESS WITH 'IM-- HE STOOD UP TO THREE SLUGS! THAT SHOULDA KNOCKED 'IM DOWN.
HE MUST BE ONE STRONG... MOTHER!
STOP!

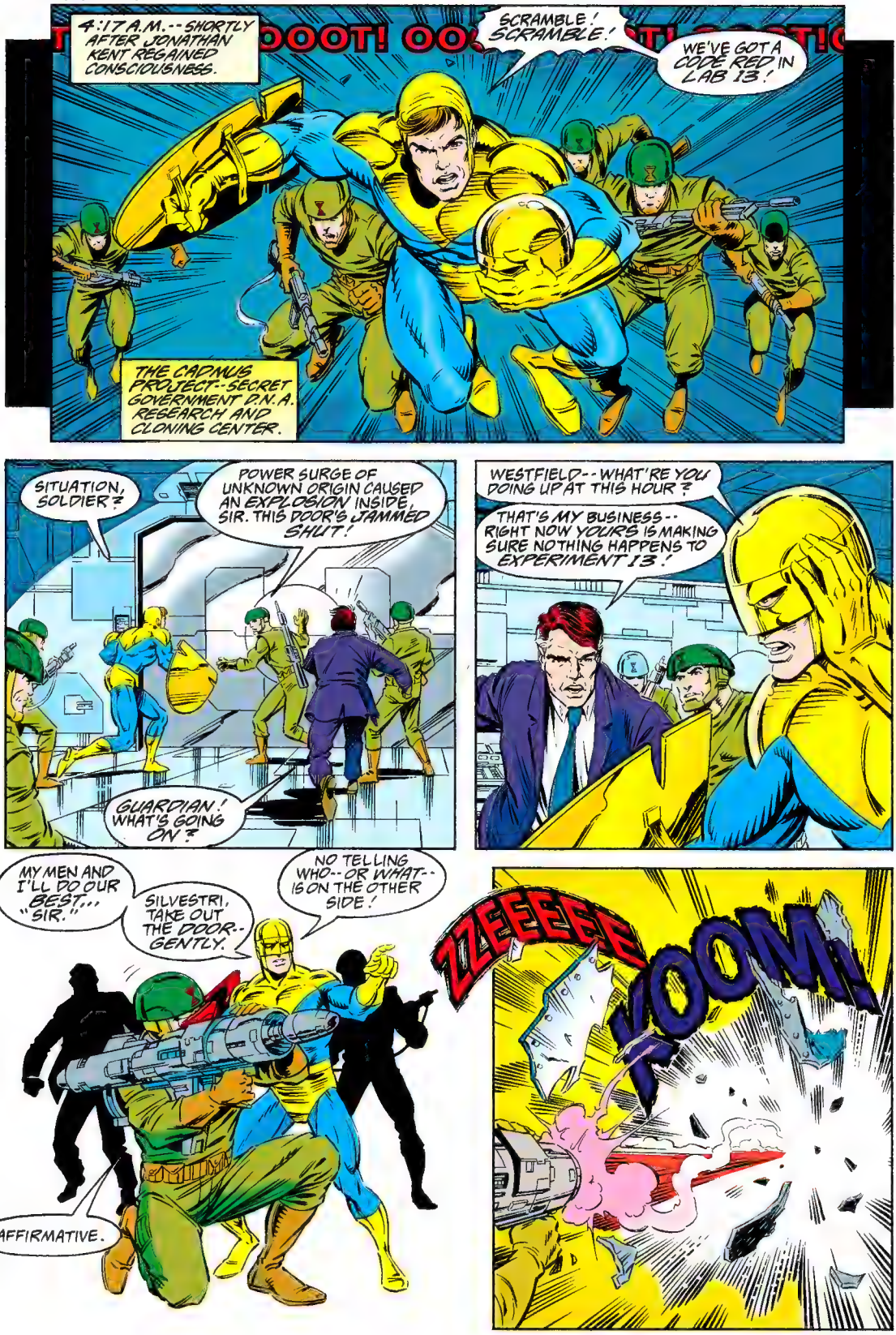
THERE IS NO ESCAPE FOR SUCH AS YOU!
YOU MUST PAY THE PRICE FOR YOUR CRIMES!
HOLY MOTHER O' GOD!
RUNNING IS FUTILE...
...YOU CANNOT EVADE MY POWER!
EEEYAAH!
UUMGH OH... MAN ...'HURTS... BURNS!
YOU... CAN'T BE... SUPERMAN.
HE BUSTS PEOPLE... HE DON'T TOAST 'EM!

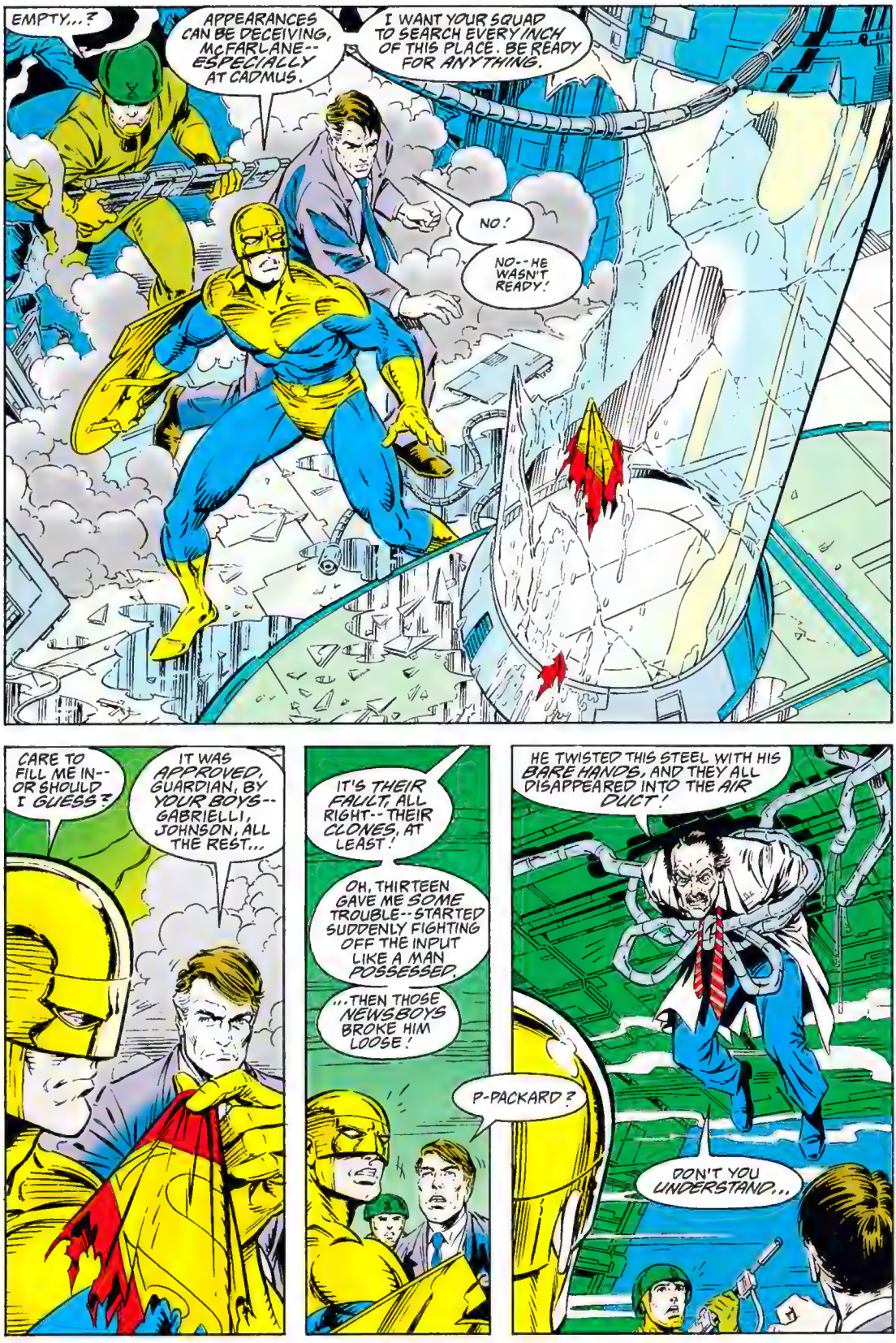


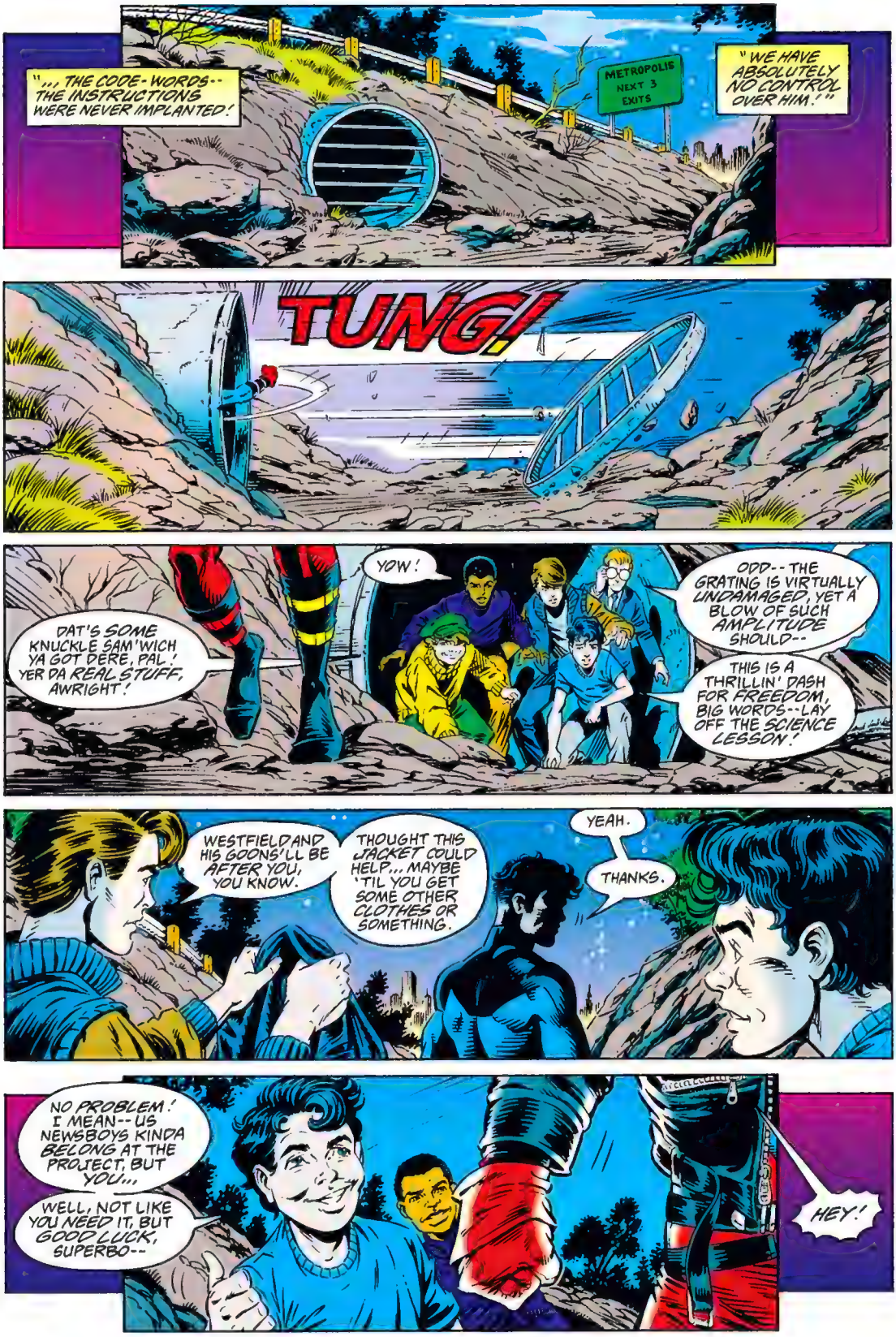
Roger Stern: writer/Jackson Guice: layouts/Denis Rodier: finishes

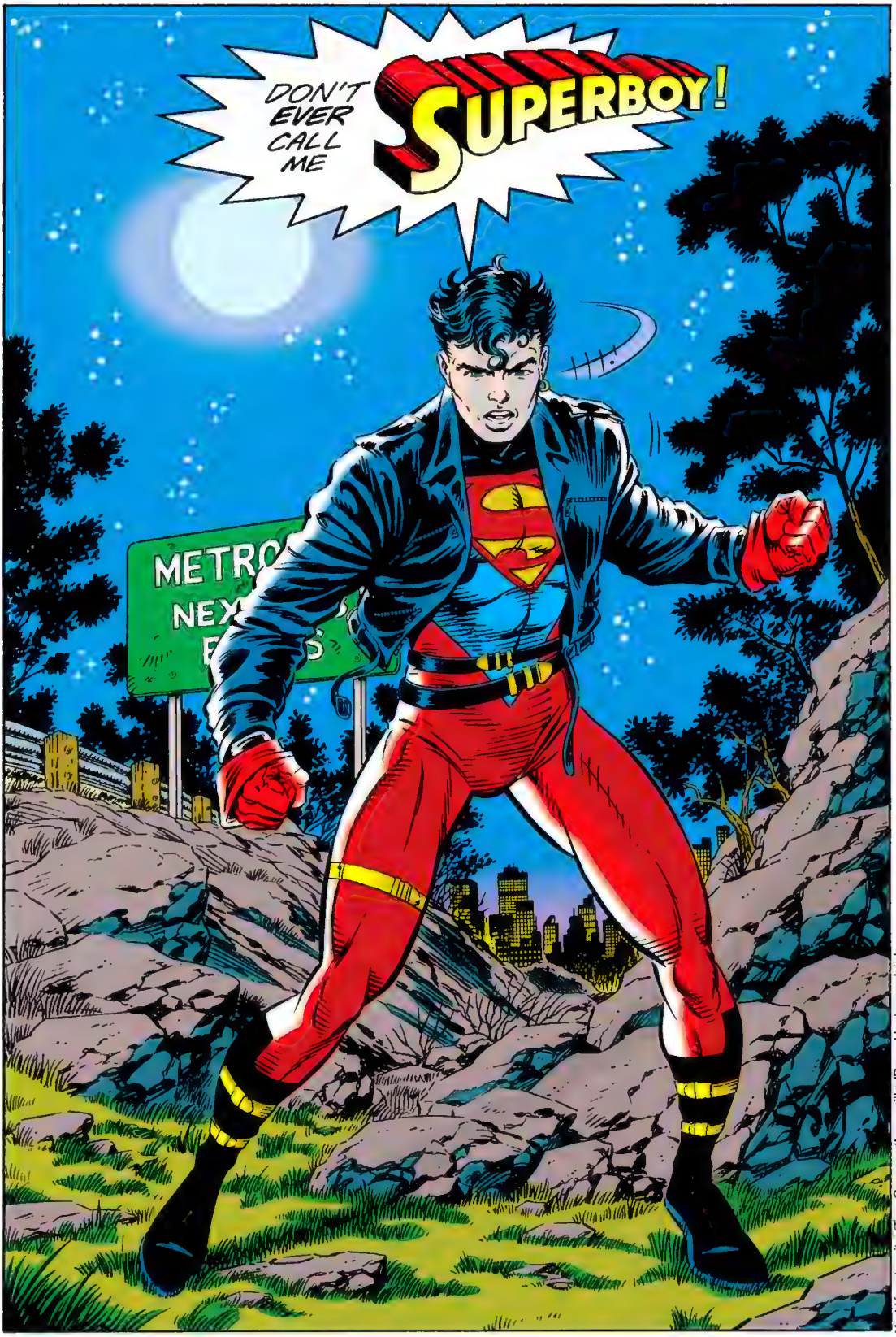
TO BE CONTINUED IN **ACTION COMICS #687**!

FIRST SIGHTING...




EMPTY...?
APPEARANCES CAN BE DECEIVING, McFARLANE-- ESPECIALLY AT CADMUS.
I WANT YOUR SQUAD TO SEARCH EVERY INCH OF THIS PLACE. BE READY FOR ANYTHING.
NO!
NO--HE WASN'T READY!
CARE TO FILL ME IN-- OR SHOULD I GUESS?
IT WAS APPROVED, GUARDIAN, BY YOUR BOYS-- GABRIELLI, JOHNSON, ALL THE REST...
IT'S THEIR FAULT, ALL RIGHT--THEIR CLONES, AT LEAST!
OH, THIRTEEN GAVE ME SOME TROUBLE--STARTED SUDDENLY FIGHTING OFF THE INPUT LIKE A MAN POSSESSED.
...THEN THOSE NEWSBOYS BROKE HIM LOOSE!
P-PACKARD?
HE TWISTED THIS STEEL WITH HIS BARE HANDS, AND THEY ALL DISAPPEARED INTO THE AIR DUCT!
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND...

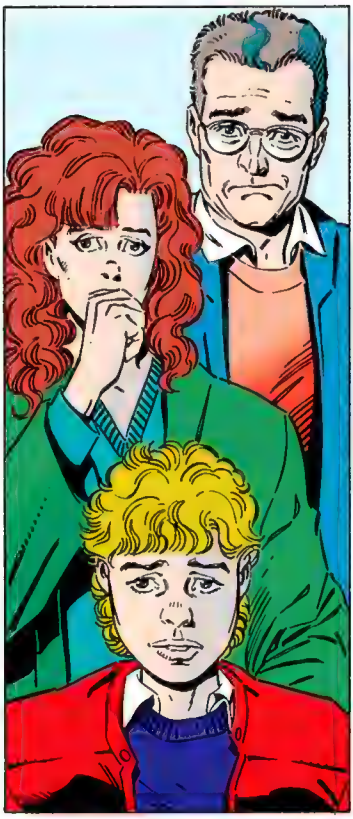

"... THE CODE-WORDS-- THE INSTRUCTIONS WERE NEVER IMPLANTED!
METROPOLIS NEXT 3 EXITS
"WE HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO CONTROL OVER HIM!"
TUNG!
YOW!
DAT'S SOME KNUCKLE SAM'WICH YA GOT DERE, PAL! YER DA REAL STUFF, AWRIGHT!
ODD-- THE GRATING IS VIRTUALLY UNDAMAGED, YET A BLOW OF SUCH AMPLITUDE SHOULD--
THIS IS A THRILLIN' DASH FOR FREEDOM, BIG WORDS-- LAY OFF THE SCIENCE LESSON!
WESTFIELD AND HIS GOONS'LL BE AFTER YOU, YOU KNOW.
THOUGHT THIS JACKET COULD HELP... MAYBE 'TIL YOU GET SOME OTHER CLOTHES OR SOMETHING.
YEAH.
THANKS.
NO PROBLEM! I MEAN-- US NEWSBOYS KINDA BELONG AT THE PROJECT, BUT YOU...
WELL, NOT LIKE YOU NEED IT, BUT GOOD LUCK, SUPERBO--
HEY!

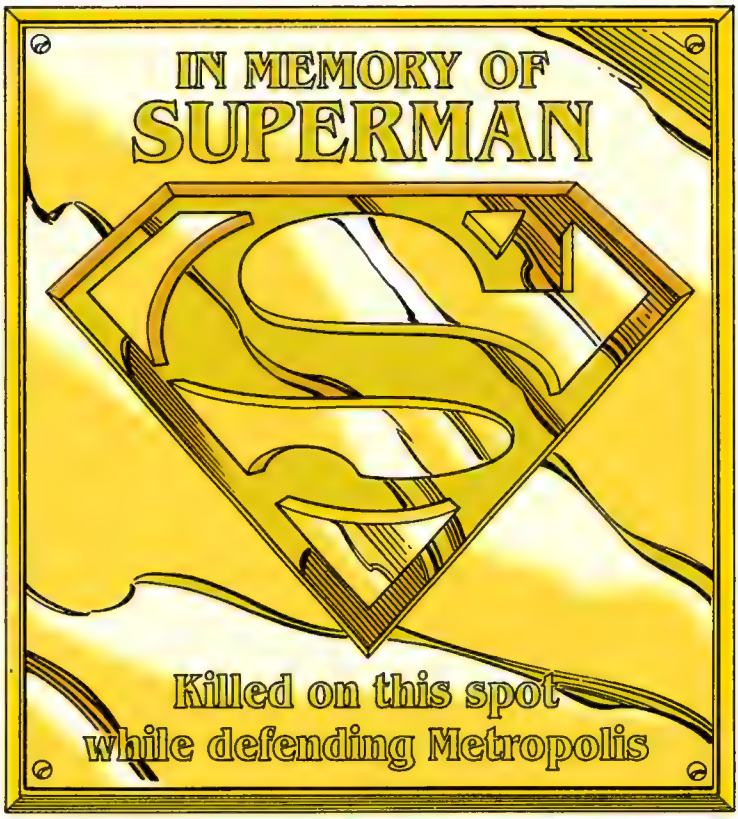


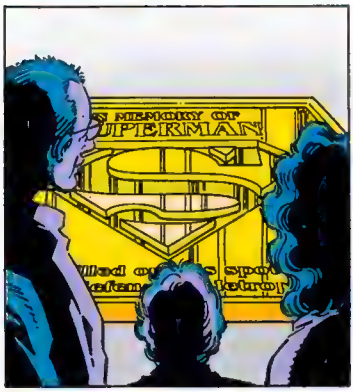
Karl Kesel: writer/Tom Grummett: penciller/Doug Hazlewood: inker

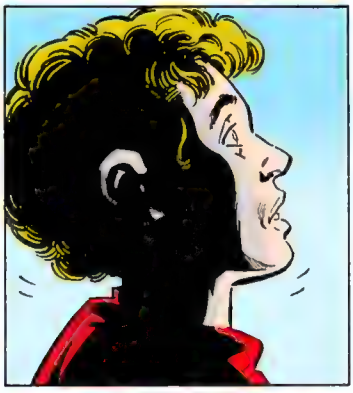
TO BE CONTINUED IN **ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #501**! ON SALE IN TWO WEEKS!

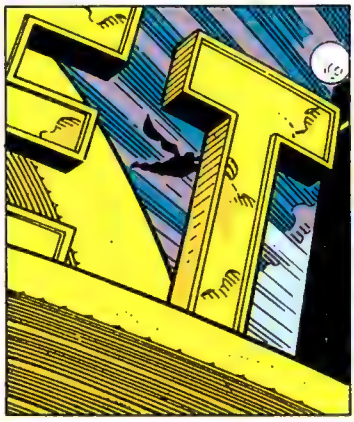
FIRST SIGHTING...

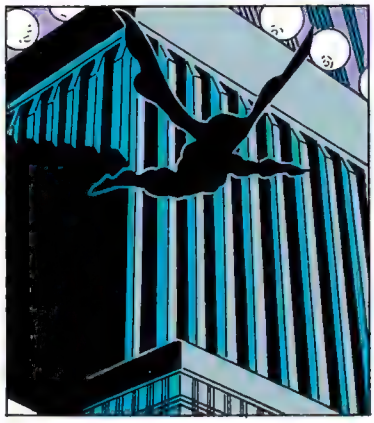


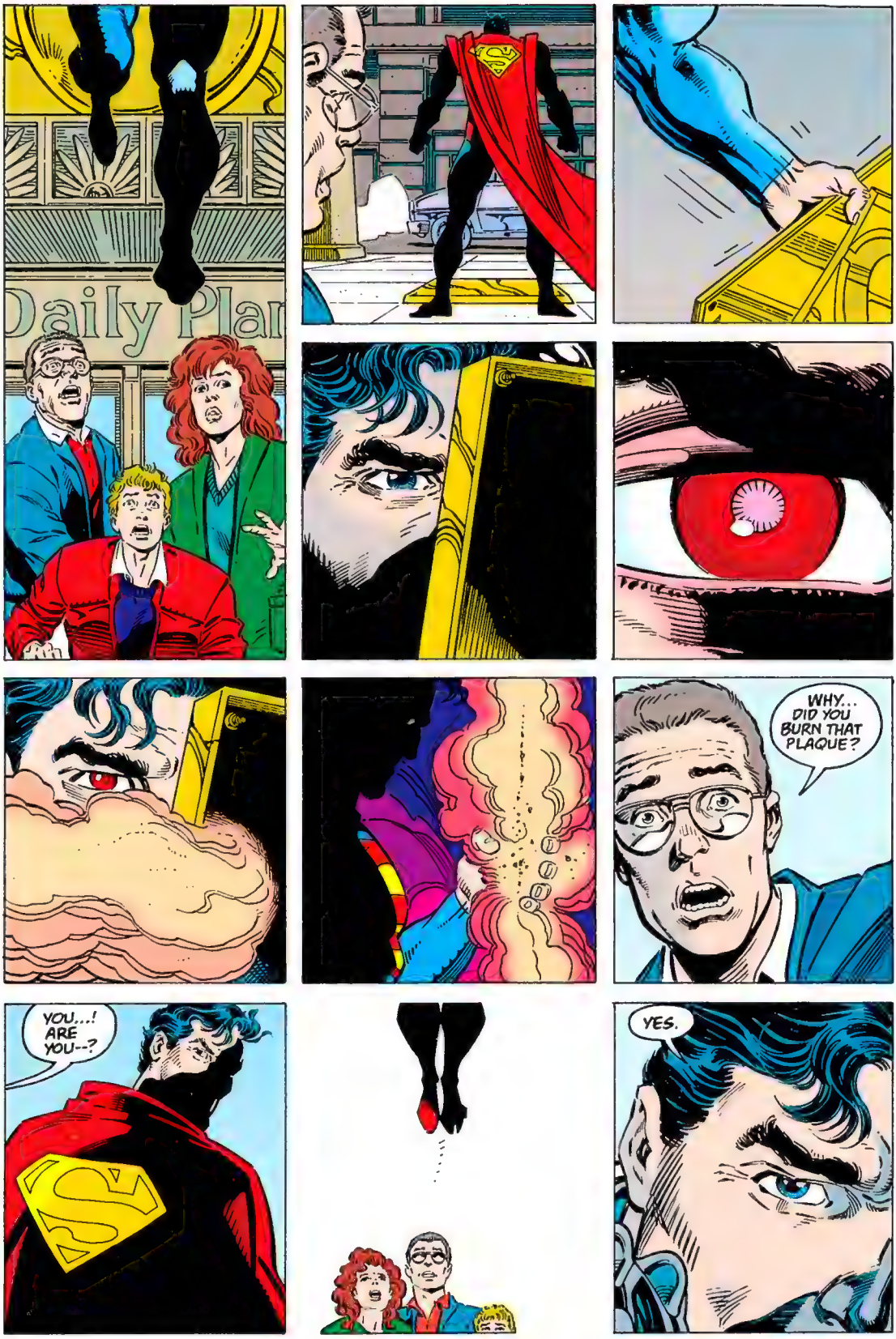

IN MEMORY OF
SUPERMAN
Killed on this spot
while defending Metropolis










Daily Plan
WHY... DID YOU BURN THAT PLAQUE?
YOU...! ARE YOU--?
YES.

Dan Jurgens: writer/Dan Jurgens: layouts/Brett Breeding: finishes

TO BE CONTINUED IN **SUPERMAN #78**! ON SALE IN TWO WEEKS!

TUESDAY...

ANTARCTICA..

BORN AGAIN

WHAT THE DEVIL IS GOING ON OUT THERE?

BOY, YOU'VE GOT ME, MARTY...

ROGER STERN - WRITER • JACKSON GUICE & DENIS RODIER - ARTISTS

BILL OAKLEY / LETTERER | GLENN WHITMORE / COLORIST | JENNIFER FRANK / ASSISTANT ED. | MIKE CARLIN / EDITOR

SUPERMAN created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

ACTION COMICS 687. June, 1993. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1325 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ACTION COMICS, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510. Annual subscription rate $18.00. Canadian subscribers must add $8.00 for postage and GST. GST # is R125921072. All other foreign countries must add $12.00 for postage. U S. funds only. Copyright © 1993 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. For advertising space contact: Tom Ballou, (212) 636-5520. Printed on recyclable paper
Printed in Canada.
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... I'VE SPENT FIVE OF THE PAST TEN YEARS DOWN HERE, AND I'VE *NEVER* SEEN THE AURORA FLARE UP LIKE *THIS!*

AND THAT *LIGHTNING--!*

FEELS LIKE THE AIR AROUND US IS CARRYING A CHARGE. I DON'T LIKE THIS, STEVE...

... WE'D BETTER GET INSIDE.

HEY, COULD THIS BE A SIDE EFFECT OF THAT GROWING HOLE IN THE *OZONE LAYER?*

POSSIBLY... MORE CHARGED PARTICLES MIGHT BE STREAMING IN. I DON'T KNOW, THOUGH...

U.S. 591-G

MIAMI BEACH
11600 KM.

... IT LOOKS LIKE THAT LIGHTNING STORM IS CENTERED JUST BEYOND THE *ELLSWORTH MOUNTAINS.*

A LOT OF WEIRD ELECTROMAGNETIC PHENOMENA HAVE BEEN REPORTED IN THAT AREA RECENTLY. I'VE HEARD RUMORS...

"... AH, IT'S PROBABLY A LOAD OF NONSENSE! STILL, WHO KNOWS WHAT MIGHT BE OUT THERE...

"... BURIED BENEATH THE ICE?"

< HAS THE INTELLIGENCE BEEN COMPLETELY ISOLATED? >*

< NEGATIVE. HIS ESSENCE DISPERSED FOLLOWING DYSFUNCTION OF THE CORPOREAL BODY... >

*TRANSLATED FROM KRYPTONESE.

"<... AND RETRIEVAL HAS BEEN LIMITED TO 98.073 PERCENT. HOWEVER, DESPITE THE LOSS, THERE IS STILL A 79.237 PERCENT CHANCE FOR RECONSTRUCTION.>"

I... I...

...I AM.

BUT... WHERE AM I?

I REMEMBER... A BATTLE...

<HIGH ENERGY FLUCTUATION!>

...GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

<HE LIVES! OUR PROGRAMMING HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL!>

I... I KNOW THIS PLACE! THIS IS... MY FORTRESS!

BUT HOW DID I GET HERE?

<INTERESTING. THE ENERGY FORM'S VIBRATIONS ARE PRODUCING SOUNDS.>

<HE IS DISORIENTED... HE ATTEMPTS TO VOCALIZE IN ENGLISH. WE MUST RESPOND IN KIND.>

DO NOT FEAR. THERE IS NO-- ÷SQWARK÷

WHAT IS GOING ON?!

YOU WERE ;SNIK;

RENDERED DISCOR-PORATE... ;ZAKKT;

I'M... IMMATERIAL... JUST ENERGY.

YES. A MOBILE FIELD EFFECT HAS BEEN CREATED TO COLLECT AND CONTAIN YOUR ESSENCE.

DISCORPORATE. HOW--?

YOU STILL DON'T RECALL?

;BREED; ;ZIKT;

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE, SIR... WE MUST DEAL WITH THE FEEDBACK YOU CAUSED IN OUR FELLOW UNIT.

THE *MONITOR!* THE PROFESSOR-- HAMILTON?-- ADJUSTED IT TO RECEIVE AND RECORD SATELLITE TRANS-MISSIONS.

IF I CAN ACTIVATE IT...

;ZZZK

...I CAN SEE FOR MYSELF WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON.

...ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE MONSTER AS HE APPEARED...

JUSTICE LEAGUE AMERICA WAS RUTHLESSLY ATTACKED BY A CREATURE THAT IS BEING CALLED DOOMSDAY...

FOLLOWING A CROSS-COUNTRY CHASE, SUPERMAN HAS FACED OFF AGAINST DOOMSDAY IN THE VERY HEART OF METROPOLIS...

SUPERMAN HAS REPORTEDLY BEEN SERIOUSLY INJURED...

...SUPERMAN WAS DECLARED DEAD AT APPROXIMATELY 6:23 PM.

...THE SOLEMN DRUM BEAT AS THE WORLD'S GREAT HEROES MARCH ALONG IN TRIBUTE, FOLLOWING THEIR GALLANT LEADER ONE LAST TIME.

DEAD?

THE WORLD WILL LONG REMEMBER THIS GREAT MAN, WHO SACRIFICED HIS OWN LIFE TO END THE THREAT OF DOOMSDAY... GOD BLESS HIM.

DEAD.

MOURNERS CONTINUE TO VISIT HIS TOMB IN METROPOLIS'S CENTENNIAL PARK, LEAVING TRIBUTES TO THIS LAST SON OF KRYPTON WHO GREW UP TO BECOME THE MOST AMERICAN OF HEROES...

NO! IT CAN'T END THIS WAY!

THE BODY!

THE REAL POWER MUST STILL BE IN THE BODY!

SIR? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

METROPOLIS. 4:27 AM.

SLOW NIGHT... BEEN BARELY FIFTY PEOPLE HERE SINCE MIDNIGHT.

I HOPE THEY'RE NOT STARTING TO FORGET HIM ALREADY.

ONE-BAKER-63... SEE A MAN AT BESSELO AND PARK ENTRANCE SOUTH... STOLEN CAB REPORTED.

umph.

hurm.

huhnh.

...HASHEM IS HIS HERITAGE, AND MAY HE REPOSE IN PEACE ON HIS RESTING PLACE. Amen.

THIS IS ONE-BAKER-63. ON MY WAY!

SO GREAT A DISTANCE... BUT IT SEEMED TO TAKE ONLY INSTANTS!

PRETTY-PRETTY.

NEVER MISS ONE.

ODD. SHE TAKES NO NOTICE OF ME.

OR IS IT SIMPLY THAT NO HUMAN BEING CAN PERCEIVE ME IN THIS FORM?

uuhm. PRETTY FLOWERS.

IS SHE THAT LOST WITHIN HER OWN MIND?

I CAN TEST THAT LATER--

--IF I AM UNSUCCESSFUL IN REGAINING PHYSICAL SUBSTANCE.

THE BODY IS DEFINITELY IN THERE. I CAN FEEL THE RAW POWER STIRRING WITHIN.

OVER THIRTY YEARS OF BIO-CONVERTED SOLAR ENERGY IS STORED IN THIS BODY. IF I CAN'T RECLAIM IT...

... I'LL FOREVER REMAIN AN IMMATERIAL *WRAITH.*

GYAAAH!

THE POWER...

...THE POWERRR!

OH!

I-I'M *SORRY!*

YOU CAN HAVE THE FLOWER BACK!

Y-YOU CAN HAVE SOME O' MY *STUFF,* TOO...

"...YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL!"

THE CAPE... I...

...I CAN TOUCH IT... HOLD IT!

I'M ALIVE AGAIN... ALIVE!

BUT... I FEEL SO STRANGE... SO LIGHT-HEADED.

THE AIR... MUSTY IN HERE. GOT TO GET OUT.

WHAT? THERE'S ELECTRICAL CIRCUITRY... BURIED IN THIS WALL. I CAN SOMEHOW SENSE IT.

THERE ARE CONTROL SYSTEMS HERE... ALARMS...

...AND A PASSAGEWAY?! WHO WOULD PUT SUCH THINGS IN A TOMB?

UNLESS--? NO, HOW COULD ANYONE ANTICIPATE MY RETURN?

WELL, I CAN HARDLY COMPLAIN ABOUT--!

ARHH! THE... LIGHT! BLINDING...

...BUT WHY?! I HAVE STARED INTO THE SUN!

SOMETHING HAS CHANGED WITHIN ME. I'M NOT SAFE HERE...

...I MUST RETURN TO THE FORTRESS.

"I CAN'T LET ANY-BODY SEE ME..."

...NOT 'FORE I'M GOOD AN' READY. I FEEL FUNNY DOIN' THIS IN THE FIRST PLACE, BUT SOMEBODY'S GOTTA!

HULLO, SUPERMAN? THIS'S YER OL' PAL BIBBO...

...I HOPE GOD DON'T MIND IF WE TALK AWHILES.

WE ALL MISS YA, SUPERMAN. WE MISS YA TERRIBLE BAD.

I BEEN THINKIN' 'BOUT YOU A LOT, PAL.

WE TRIED SO HARD TO BRING YA BACK--

¡KLIK¡ RADIO-9 NEWS TIME 4:43. MORE AFTER THIS...

--PROFESSOR HAM AN' ME, AN' ALL THEM PARAMEDICALS. WE TRIED AN' WE TRIED. I GUESS GOD NEEDED YA MORE. NOT THAT I BEGRUDGE HIM...

...BUT THIS *PICTURE*... IT KEEPS HAUNTIN' ME.

PHOTO BY JAMES OLSEN

LOIS LANE Staff Reporter

IT JUST AIN'T THE SAME HERE WITHOUT YA.

THESE *SHIRTS*... YA COULDA MADE A MINT FROM MERCHANDIZIN'--

--BUT YA NEVER KEPT A DIME! YA ALWAYS GAVE YOUR PART TO CHARITY... A REAL SHARE-THE-WEALTH GUY ...JUS' LIKE ME!

...VIOLENT CRIME CONTINUES TO WORSEN IN ALL PARTS OF THE CITY. IN RELATED NEWS, DOCTORS REPORT A SHARP INCREASE IN CASES OF CLINICAL DEPRESSION IN THE WAKE OF SUPERMAN'S DEATH.

HOME SWEET HOME

Y'HEAR THAT, SUPERMAN? THINGS'RE FALLIN' APART DOWN HERE. SUPERGIRL AN' GANGBUSTER'VE BEEN WORKIN' REAL HARD, BUT SOMEHOW IT JUST AIN'T ENOUGH.

NOW, WHAT I GOT IN MIND MIGHT STRIKE SOME FOLKS AS DIS-RESPECTFUL--

--BUT I SURE HOPE YOU DON'T THINK SO, SUPERMAN. AIN'T NOBODY IN THIS WORLD I RESPECTS MORE'N YOU... YOU WERE MY FAV'RIT!

I KNOW I'M NOT MAN ENUFF TO FILL YER BOOTS...

... BUT I'M STILL GONNA GIVE IT MY BEST SHOT!

THE WAY I SEES IT, WE ALL GOTTA PULL TOGETHER-- DO EVERYTHIN' WE CAN TO HELP EACH OTHER OUT.

I KNOW THAT'S THE WAY YOU'D'A WANTED IT!

WELL, I WON'T LET YA DOWN, PAL. I'M GONNA HELP EVERYBODY I CAN... AN' I'M GONNA DO IT ALL IN YER MEMORY! IF IT'S A **SUPERMAN** THAT METROPOLIS NEEDS...

EVERLAST

"...IT'S A SUPERMAN THEY'LL GET!"

BLESS KRYPTON AND THE HOUSE OF EL!

THEIR LEGACY ...THE TECHNOLOGY OF THIS FORTRESS... HAS GIVEN ME NEW LIFE!

THIS GLORIOUS REGENERATION MATRIX HAS INSURED THAT THE HEART OF KRYPTON'S LAST SON KEEPS BEATING! IT CHANNELS LIFE-GIVING ENERGIES TO ME--

--NOW THAT I CAN NO LONGER ABSORB THEM DIRECTLY FROM THE SUN AND STARS... NOW THAT I AM ...LIMITED.

LIMITED. ONCE I COULD SEE TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH, IF I SO DESIRED. NOW...

...THE DIMMEST LIGHT BLINDS ME. IF NOT FOR THIS VISOR, I'D BE HELPLESS.

I MUST NOT GIVE IN TO DESPAIR. I MAY HAVE LOST THE GIFT OF SUPERNORMAL SIGHT, BUT I AM ALIVE!

YES... I AM ALIVE!

SHRAK

MY SENSES, MY BODY MAY HAVE CHANGED... BUT I AM STILL STRONG! I STILL POSSESS POWERS AND ABILITIES FAR BEYOND THOSE OF MORTAL MEN...

...I CAN STILL FLY-- FREE OF GRAVITY'S HOLD!

I... I...

... MUST BE MORE CAREFUL WITH THOSE ENERGY BLASTS

SIR? IS SOMETHING AMISS?

NO... OF COURSE NOT.

SEE THAT THIS WALL IS REPAIRED ... AND REIN-FORCED!

YES, SIR.

YOU THERE... UNIT 3! I ORDERED THE MONITOR RECON-FIGURED TO PRODUCE LESS GLARE, NOT MORE!

APOLOGIES, SIR, BUT YOU ALSO ORDERED THE DISPLAY OF ALL METROPOLIS NEWS TRANSMISSIONS.

THE NEW MONITOR WILL BE READY IN FIVE-POINT-TWO HOURS. THIS IS AN INTERIM MEASURE...

...ROBBERY AT THE 12TH STREET BRANCH OF FIRST METRO SECURITY BANK. THE DARING BANDITS GOT AWAY WITH AN ESTI-MATED $60,000. IT WAS THE CITY'S FIFTH SUCH HOLDUP IN AS MANY DAYS.

RELEASE TIME 12:32 PM

CAMERA 003

...CITING THE GROWING, GEN-ERAL MALAISE IN URBAN CEN-TERS WORLDWIDE, IN THE DAYS FOLLOWING SUPERMAN'S DEATH, PUBLIC HEALTH OFFICIALS FEAR A DRAMATIC RISE IN THE INCI-DENCE OF SUICIDES AND ATTEMPTED...

7

...LOSS OF THIRTY-SEVEN LIVES.

THE INTENSE HEAT OF THE BLAZE KEPT FIREFIGHTERS AT BAY. SAID ONE WEARY SMOKE-EATER, "WE SURE COULD HAVE USED..."

A SURPRISING NUMBER OF PEOPLE HAVE JOINED A CULT WHICH GATHERS DAILY AT SUPERMAN'S TOMB, AWAITING HIS RESURRECTION.

HE WILL RISE!

MEMBERS OF THE CULT, WHICH ORIGINATED IN CALIFORNIA, WORSHIP THE LATE HERO AS A MESSIAH AND MAINTAIN THAT HE WILL RISE FROM THE GRAVE TO CARRY ON THE NEVER-ENDING BATTLE...

"SUPERMAN! SUPERMAN!! SUPERMAN!!!"

YES... I HEAR YOU...

UNIT 4... UNIT 9!

SIR?

SIR?

I WANT THE CAPE AND SHIELD!

YES, SIR, THEY WERE PREPARED, AS PER YOUR ORDERS OF THIS MORNING.

SIR, YOU RETURNED TO US JUST 16-POINT-SEVEN HOURS AGO. WOULDN'T IT BE WISE FOR YOU TO RECUP-ERATE MORE FROM YOUR ORDEAL BEFORE--?

NO! NO, I CANNOT REST WHILE THE WORLD IS IN SUCH A DESPERATE STATE.

THE PEOPLE CRY OUT FOR ME... FOR SUPERMAN!

I MUST BE THEIR CHAMPION ONCE MORE!

I AM NEEDED IN METROPOLIS!

WHAT'RE YOU--? NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME! HELP!!

HELLLP!!

SHUT UP!

POLICE--!

I SAID-- SHUT UP!!

AIN'T NOBODY GONNA HELP YOU!

YOU AN' ME, WE GONNA PARTY...

NO--NO!! HELLLLP!!!

KTHOOM!

GET AWAY FROM THAT WOMAN!!

WHAT IN THE HELL--?!

HELL? I HAVE SEEN HELL, FOOL.

PUT DOWN THAT GUN, OR I WILL SEND YOU THERE!

BDAM BDAM

SONUVA--!

KER-RAK

THAT WAS THE WRONG DECISION.

W-WHO ARE YOU?!

I'M SUPERMAN.

Y-YOU CAN'T BE SUPERMAN! HE'S DEAD!

NO...

...YOU ARE!

OH... MY... GOD.

DO NOT BE AFRAID. HE CAN NO LONGER HARM YOU...

... I HAVE SEEN TO THAT! YOU ARE SAFE NOW.

GYUU!

NO... I'M NOT SORRY MY ATTACKER'S DEAD--

--HE SURE WON'T THREATEN ANYONE EVER AGAIN!

:KLIK:

NEWS ON 4

TAD GRUBER

... A CONFESSED CAR-JACKER IS IN CRITICAL CONDITION FOLLOWING A RUN-IN WITH A MYSTERIOUS VIGILANTE CALLING HIMSELF SUPERMAN!

DARYL WILBUR, 27, WANTED IN CONNECTION WITH A SERIES OF ARMED ROBBERIES, TOLD POLICE THAT THE FLYING MAN CHASED HIM TO THE ROOF OF A THREE-STORY BUILDING.

WILBUR IS HOSPITALIZED WITH THIRD DEGREE BURNS OVER 25% OF HIS BODY, AS WELL AS SEVERAL BROKEN BONES SUFFERED WHEN--!

:KLIK:

METROPOLIS HARBOR. HERE, JUST BEFORE DAWN...

10 SPECIAL REPORT

... A BOAT CARRYING THREE MEN AND AN UNSPECIFIED QUANTITY OF HEROIN--

--WAS REPORTEDLY STOPPED BY A MAN WEARING THE CAPE AND INSIGNIA OF THE LATE SUPERMAN! AND A CITY WONDERS... HAS THEIR HERO RETURNED FROM THE BEYOND?

:KLIK:

WAVE 2107

LIVE ON 6:

RON, A CAT BURGLAR GOT THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE LATE LAST NIGHT, WHEN HE ATTEMPTED TO BREAK INTO A 26TH FLOOR APARTMENT.

A MASKED MAN WHOM ONE WITNESS CALLED "DIRTY HARRY WITH A CAPE," DANGLED THE BURGLAR HIGH ABOVE THE STREETS FOR SEVERAL MINUTES BEFORE LEAVING HIM TIED TO A SEVENTH-STORY FLAG POLE.

:KLIK:

SUPERMAN'S COFFIN IS EMPTY! BUT THE QUESTIONS REMAIN... HAS HE SOMEHOW MIRACULOUSLY RETURNED FROM THE DEAD? OR ARE THESE SIGHTINGS THE HANDIWORK OF A SUPER-OPPORTUNIST?

SEVERAL RADICAL GROUPS HAVE ALREADY CLAIMED RESPONSIBILITY FOR ROBBING SUPERMAN'S TOMB AND REVIVING HIM--

--WHILE SUPERMAN-WORSHIPING CULTISTS WARN THAT JUDGMENT DAY IS AT HAND. ONLY ONE THING IS CERTAIN...

...SUPERMAN'S BODY IS MISSING!

MISSING! AND WE DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHY-- DO WE, HAPPERSEN?!

WELL, SIR, MY PEOPLE--!

YOUR PEOPLE! "DON'T WORRY, MR. LUTHOR, THE NEWS CAMERAS WILL RECORD ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS AT THE TOMB!" BAH! ALL WE HAVE ARE 24 HOURS OF BLANK TAPE!!

I ASSURE YOU, IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE--!

--BUT THE LADY INSISTS ON SEEING YOU!

OUT OF MY WAY!

HOW LONG, HAPPERSEN? HOW LONG?!

AFTER WE RECOVERED HIS BODY FROM THE CADMUS PROJECT, YOU ASSURED ME THAT SECURITY WAS IMPROVED! AND NOW THIS!

I SWEAR, SUPERMAN'S AS MUCH TROUBLE TO ME DEAD AS ALIVE!

BLOODY HELL! NOW WHAT?! I GAVE ORDERS NOT TO BE DISTURBED!

:UFF: SORRY, MR. L. WE TRIED :OW: TO TELL HER--

LEX, WE HAVE TO TALK!

OH, WELL, IT WAS A GOOD JOB WHILE IT LASTED!

LOVE, I WAS IN CONFERENCE WITH DR. HAPPERSEN. COULDN'T THIS WAIT?

WAIT?! LEX, HAVEN'T YOU SEEN THE *NEWS*?!

UH-OH.

OF COURSE, I HAVE. AS A MATTER OF FACT--

--I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SEND FOR YOU. YOU MEN RESUME YOUR POSTS! WE'LL FORGET ABOUT THIS... LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING...

...THIS TIME.

SORRY, GUYS. I KNOW YOU WERE JUST DOING YOUR JOBS. NO HARD FEELINGS?

NO, MISS...

...NOT ON OUR PART ANYWAY.

I'VE ALREADY BEEN TO THE TOMB AND EXAMINED IT. THERE'RE NO SIGNS OF A BREAK-IN THIS TIME! SUPERMAN MUST REALLY BE *ALIVE!*

LEX, WHY DIDN'T *YOU* TELL ME? WHEN I SAW THIS--!

DAILY PLA

BACK FROM THE DEA

PERMAN'S BODY MISS

I DIDN'T WANT TO UPSET YOU, LOVE. REPORTS HAVE VARIED WILDLY...

...IF ALL ACCOUNTS WERE TRUE, THERE'D HAVE TO BE AT LEAST *FOUR* SUPERMEN!

YOU'RE SAYING THAT IT COULD ALL BE SOME SICK HOAX?

PERHAPS.

WELL, I'M GOING TO FIND OUT...

"...ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!"

LORD, SHE'S HEADSTRONG!

HAPPERSEN, PUT EVERYONE WE CAN SPARE ON THIS. I WANT TO KNOW FOR CERTAIN WHETHER SUPERMAN IS DEAD OR ALIVE. AND I WANT TO SEE *PROOF*--

"--OR HEADS WILL ROLL!"

RUSH LIMBURGER ☆☆☆ THE SMELL OF SUCCESS

ERRR-ERRT-ERRT-ERRRR

OH, MY GOSH!

RUN! TAKE COVER!

HOLY--! WHO'S FLYIN' THAT THING?

HELP! HELP!! TOWER? CAN ANYONE HEAR ME?

I NEED HELP--

--MY BROTHER COLLAPSED AGAINST THE CONTROLS-- I THINK IT MAY BE HIS HEART-- AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FLY!!

OH, GOD, WE'RE SO LOW! WHAT DID JOHNNY DO? PULL UP...

... STUPID WHEEL... WHY WON'T YOU PULL UP?!

KRUNKT

SWAN

LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!!

WE'RE GOING TO CRASH! WE'RE GOING TO DIE!!

;?!?;

WHAT--? WE... WE'VE LEVELED OFF...

...SLOWING DOWN! HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?

THE CONTROLS DON'T EVEN RESPOND! WHO'S FLYING THIS PLANE?

OFFICER! PLEASE RADIO FOR ASSIST-ANCE!

I... I ALREADY HAVE... SIR.

THE CAPTAIN'S NEVER GONNA BELIEVE THIS! I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!

SOON...

;SNAP; ONE MOMENT JOHNNY WAS LAUGHING AND SMILING, A-AND THE NEXT--!

HE... HE'S DEAD... ISN'T HE?

YES. HIS HEART FAILED. TOO MUCH TIME HAS ELAPSED... HE CANNOT BE REVIVED.

JEEZ, BUDDY, DO YOU HAVE TO BE SO BLUNT?

SIMON KIRBY RIVERSIDE PARK

SEE? IT'S HIM... IT'S REALLY HIM!

HE'S BACK! OH, THANK THE LORD, HE'S COME BACK!

I CAN'T GET ANY CLOSER, LADY. I'M BREAKIN' THE LAW, JUST PULLIN' IN HERE!

IT'S OKAY...

...THIS IS CLOSE ENOUGH!

HEY! YOU WITH THE CAPE!!

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, BUSTER!!!

SUPERMAN! LET ME TOUCH YOU! PLEASE... HEAL MY CHILD!

WE NEED TO TALK. GET US OUT OF HERE!

HEY!

SUPERMAN! COME BACK!!

WHO THE *$#%!! IS THAT?!

YEAH, HOWCUM SHE RATES--?

I THINK THIS IS FAR ENOUGH.

AS YOU WISH.

"AS YOU WISH"?!

HE LOOKS LIKE CLARK, BUT HE SOUNDS SO COLD, SO... HOLLOW.

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND YOU SINCE I HEARD ABOUT YOU. WHO ARE YOU?! WHAT'S YOUR GAME?!

I AM **SUPERMAN.** I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOUR SECOND QUESTION... I AM NOT PLAYING ANY GAME.

SUPERMAN NEVER HID HIS FACE! AND HE DIDN'T WEAR **BLACK** LIKE AN EXECUTIONER!

NO. NOT BEFORE. BUT I HAVE BEEN THROUGH MUCH... I HAVE CHANGED.

IF YOU'RE REALLY SUPERMAN, TELL ME WHO I AM.

OR DON'T YOU KNOW ME?

YOU? YES... I KNOW YOU.

YOU'RE **LOIS LANE**... A REPORTER.

BEFORE MY... PASSING... YOU WERE AN IMPORTANT PART OF MY LIFE.

YOU WERE THE FIRST TO WRITE ABOUT ME.

HIS **VOICE**...

...IT'S SOFTENING. HE'S STARTING TO SOUND MORE LIKE CLARK. NOT LIKE SUPERMAN... LIKE **CLARK!**

DON'T YOU **CRY**, LOIS LANE... DON'T YOU **DARE** START TO CRY! AND DON'T GIVE ANYTHING AWAY -- DEMAND **PROOF!**

THAT I'M A REPORTER IS A MATTER OF PUBLIC RECORD. TELL ME SOMETHING THAT ONLY SUPERMAN COULD KNOW!

I KNOW... THAT WE WERE MORE THAN FRIENDS. YOU WERE ENGAGED TO MARRY CLARK KENT.

KENT... LOVED YOU VERY MUCH. HE TRUSTED YOU COMPLETELY... EVEN WITH THE SECRET OF HIS DOUBLE LIFE.

THEN... YOU ARE--!

I AM...

...I AM SORRY.

WHAT'RE YOU SAYING? IF IT'S REALLY YOU--!

CLARK...?

AS I TOLD YOU, THINGS HAVE CHANGED. I HAVE CHANGED.

I GRIEVE FOR YOUR LOSS, MS. LANE.

NO! WE MUST NOT SPEAK OF THIS AGAIN!

KENT IS GONE.

THERE IS ONLY SUPERMAN NOW.

WAIT--! DON'T GO!

DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN...

...IF HE'S LYING, SOMEONE'S LEARNED THAT CLARK WAS SUPERMAN.

AND IF HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH...

...I'VE LOST CLARK... ALL OVER AGAIN.

END ?

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Printed in Canada.
DC Comics, A division of Warner Bros.–A Time Warner Entertainment Company

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--NO!

WHAT THE *MATTER*, JOHN HENRY? WHAT *IS* IT?

SOMETHIN'S *HAPPENED* TO GRANDMA AND GRANDDAD.

RUN TO ZEPH'S FARM, CLAY, THEY'VE GOT A *PHONE*.

TELL ZEPH TO CALL THE *SHERIFF*. TELL HIM...

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"...GET SOMEBODY OUT HERE FAST."
I'VE LET THEIR PARENTS KNOW, SHERIFF WILSON.
THEY'RE DELEGATES TO THE NATIONAL BLACK POLITICAL CONVENTION IN INDIANA--
--BUT THEY'LL BE HOME ON THE NEXT TRAIN. IT'S HORRIBLE ...THIS ROBBERY AND MURDER. IT'S--
IT WASN'T A ROBBERY.
SOMEBODY KILLED 'EM 'CAUSE MOM AND POP WENT TO THAT CONVENTION.
SOME WHITE PEOPLE DIDN'T LIKE IT. I HEARD 'EM AND--
NOW HOLD ON, JOHN HENRY. STUFF'S MISSIN'. YOU KNOW THAT.
YOUR GRANDPARENTS WERE PROBABLY KILLED 'CAUSE THEY SURPRISED THE ROBBERS.
THERE'S NO REASON TO BELIEVE THEIR MURDERER HAD RACIST MOTIVES.
IF ONLY I HURRIED HOME FASTER... I MIGHTA KEPT 'EM SAFE.
I HEARD ABOUT YOUR PERFECT GAME, SON.
THAT TALENT YOU GOT WITH A BASE-BALL'S GONNA TAKE YOU FAR.
AND BLACK OR WHITE, THE BEST WAY ANY MAN CAN KEEP HIS FAMILY SAFE...
...IS TO GET SO RICH AND POWER-FUL NOBODY CAN TOUCH 'EM.
RICH? I'M JUST A KID...

"... HOW AM I GONNA GET RICH AND POWERFUL?"
IT'S BEEN A ROUGH YEAR.
I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D JUST HAVE FUN AGAIN, BUT HERE WE ARE...
... CLAY AN' ME AN' MOM AND POP TOGETHER...
I GOTTA GO TO THE BATHROOM.
IT'S OKAY, CLAY. I'LL COME WITH YOU.
CLAY'S ELEVEN YEARS OLD, NOW, JOHN HENRY.
HE CAN GO ALONE. YOU'LL MISS THE LAST INNING--
NO PROBLEM. I DON'T MIND. COME ON, CLAY.
I KNOW IT WORRIES MOM THAT I STICK SO CLOSE TO CLAY, BUT ANYTHING HAPPENS, I'LL BE THERE TO PROTECT HIM.
PRETTY SOON NOW JOHNSON'S GONNA BE MAKIN' A MILLION A SEASON.
WELL... THAT'S SPORTS FOR YA'!
A MILLION?! THAT'S RICH!
GRANDPA BUTTER TOLD ME I WAS NAMED FOR THE JOHN HENRY...
... WHO SWUNG HIS HAMMER AND BEAT THE MACHINE.
Well, I'M GOING TO SWING A BAT! SPORTS'LL MAKE ME RICH AN' POWERFUL.
LIKE THE SHERIFF SAID --A POWERFUL GUY...

"...CAN KEEP HIS FAMILY SAFE."
THAT'S MY BROTHER, JOHN HENRY. THE BALL'S GOOD. NOW WATCH!
HE'S GONNA SLAM IT!
WHAK!
"IT'S OVER THE FENCE! IT'S A HOMER!
"...MOM AND DAD SHOULDA BEEN HERE BY NOW! THEY SHOULDA
I DID IT, COACH! HIT IT RIGHT OVER THE FENCE LIKE YOU--
COACH? ARE YOU OKAY? YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD.
NO, I--
--I HAVE SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU, JOHN HENRY. YOUR PARENTS WERE ON THEIR WAY HERE, AND...
...SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH THEIR BRAKES...
THEY... SKIDDED OFF WHITE-HILL MOUNTAIN.
OH, MY GOD! CLAY!
"--WHERE'S CLAY?"
MOM AN' POP... THEY'RE GONE NOW TOO.
IF I HADN'T ASKED IF YOU COULD COME HERE WITH ME AND THE TEAM...
...YOU'D HAVE BEEN IN THAT CAR, TOO. OH, GOD, CLAY...

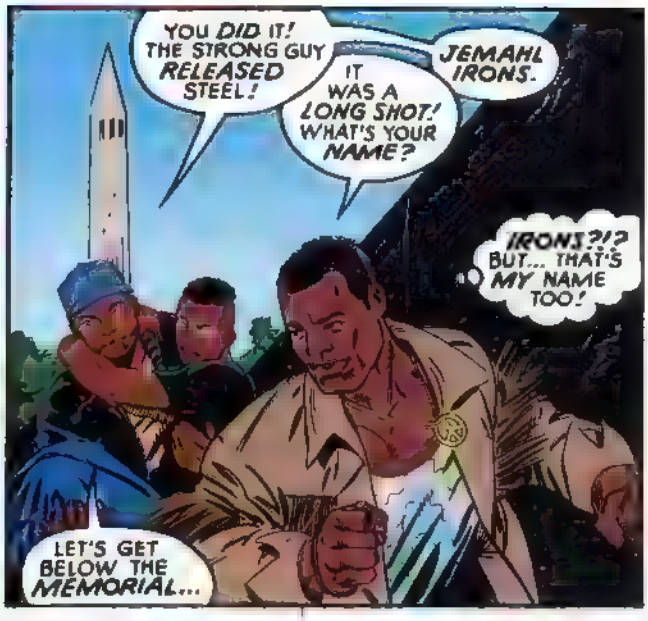
"... 'CEPT FOR GRANDMA BESS AN' GRANDPA BUTTER, WE'RE ALL THE FAMILY WE GOT LEFT.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN PROJECT IS BRAND-NEW...
...BUT I KNOW A FELLA WHO ASSIGNS APARTMENTS HERE WHO OWED ME A FAVOR.
WHEN I FOUND OUT YOU BOYS WOULD BE LIVIN' WITH US...
..I HAD 'IM PULL A FEW STRINGS TO GET US TO THE TOP OF THE LIST.
BUT... GRANDMA.. YOU GUYS HAD TA GIVE UP YOUR NIGHTCLUB ACT T'STAY HERE WITH CLAY AN' ME.
IT'S NOT FAIR.
HONEY, BUTTER-N-ME'RE GETTIN' TOO OLD FOR ALL THAT GALAVANTIN' AROUND ANYWAY.
BUTTER'S GONNA TAKE A NICE PIANO-PLAYING JOB AT THE IVORY CLUB DOWN-TOWN...
...AN' I'M PLAYIN' ORGAN AT THE CHURCH.
OH, WE WON'T BE GETTIN' RICH ANY TIME SOON...
BUT, GRANDMA--
NO BUTS ABOUT IT. YOU TWO'RE THE BEST REASON I CAN THINK OF TO SETTLE DOWN.
AN' BEIN' HERE FOR EACH OTHER ISN'T THAT WHAT FAMILY'S ALL ABOUT?

RAMS
55
WHAM!
JM
RIGHT OVER THE GOAL POST! THAT'S THE...
"...ROAD TO POWER!"
NICE WORK ON SATURDAY, JOHN HENRY.
YOU SHOWED GREAT CONTROL OVER THE FOOTBALL'S TRAJECTORY.
TRAJECTORY, Mr. JONES? WHAT'S TRAJECTORY?
PATH OF A MOVING BODY... LIKE A FOOTBALL ...IN THREE DIMENSIONS.
IT CAN BE STUDIED THROUGH PHYSICS...
...THE SCIENCE OF ENERGY AND MATTER AND THE RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN THEM.
SO... YOU CAN USE SCIENCE TO STUDY FOOTBALL?!
STAN JONES... I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU SAID TO JOHN HENRY...
...BUT HE'S STUDYING NOW AS HARD AS HE PLAYS.
IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO BE AS GOOD AT SCIENCE AS HE IS IN SPORTS...
"...HE'S GIFTED IN SO MANY WAYS."
Hey, JOHN HENRY, WANNA GO HANG OUT?
Nah, CLAY, YOU GO AHEAD. I'VE GOTTA STUDY FOR A TEST...

"...YOU JUST BE CAREFUL OUT THERE, OKAY?"
CHECK IT OUT! CHECK IT OUT!
HOW MUCH?
WHERE'S YER BODY-GUARD, CLAY?
YER BROTHER'S MADE IT REAL CLEAR HE DON'T WANT YOU BUYIN' ZIP FROM US.
HE DON'T WANT YOU HAVIN' NUTHIN' TA DO WITH US DRAGONS.
MY BROTHER DON'T OWN ME, ACES. ANYWAYS, HE'S UPSTAIRS STUDYIN'...
"...THESE DAYS HE'S ALWAYS STUDYIN'."
WHO'S THAT?
NAME'S BLONDELL. JUST MOVED HERE
SHE'S A "NICE" GIRL, CLAY. REAL STUCK-UP.
HER MAMA DON'T WANT HER HAVIN' NUTHIN' TA DO WITH US DRAGONS.
SHE WATCHES THAT GIRL REAL CLOSE.
NOT AS CLOSE AS I'M GONNA WATCH HER.
SEE YA AROUND.

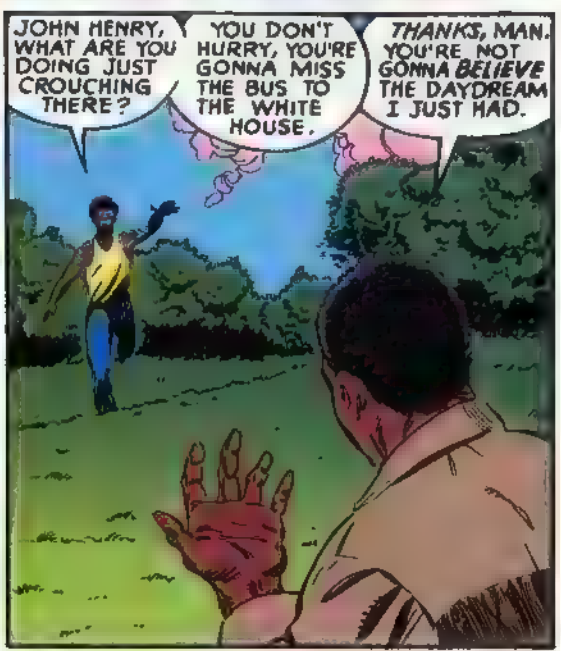
THIS STINKS. A SENIOR TRIP TO WASHINGTON WHEN WE LIVE IN WASHINGTON?
AT LEAST IT'S SOMEPLACE DIFFERENT IN WASHINGTON. REAL SENIOR TRIPS COST MONEY, FRANK M'MAN...
...AND LAST TIME I LOOKED, NONE OF OUR FOLKS HAD MUCH!
FRANK--? WHERE--?!
EXCUSE ME, I SEEM TO HAVE GOTTEN SEPARATED FROM MY CLASS. HAVE YOU SEEN--
WOW! WHAT'S THAT... SOME KIND OF GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENT?
EXPERIMENT? WHERE ARE YOU FROM THAT YOU NEVER HEARD OF THE MAN CALLED STEEL!
"OTHER FOLKS ARE UP THERE, TOO! THEY'RE ATTACKING HIM-- THREE TO ONE!"
STEEL COULD BREAK FREE AND STOP THE FLAMING LADY IF THE STRONG GUY WAS OUT OF THE MIX.
IF MY ARM HOLDS OUT, I JUST MIGHT BE ABLE TO CHANGE THE ODDS!

KLUNK


YOU DID IT! THE STRONG GUY RELEASED STEEL!
JEMAHL IRONS.
IT WAS A LONG SHOT! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
IRONS?!? BUT... THAT'S MY NAME TOO!
LET'S GET BELOW THE MEMORIAL...

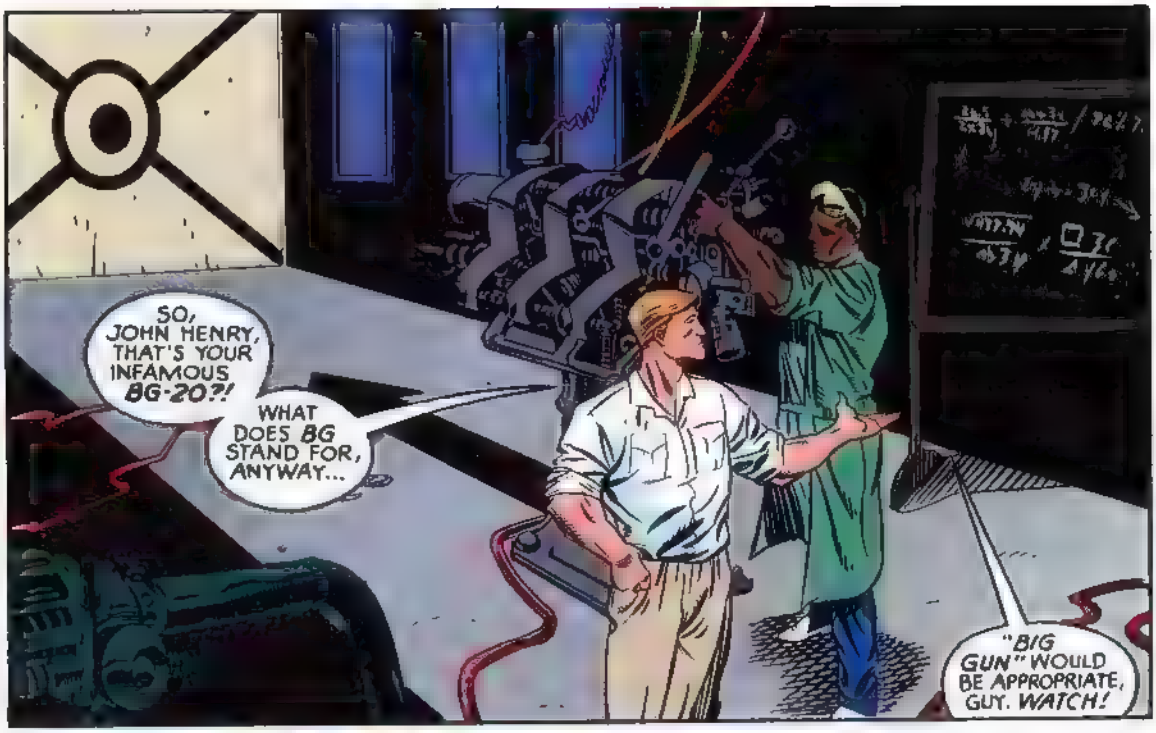
"...WHERE WE'LL BE OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE."
THE VIETNAM WAR MEMORIAL. JEM SAYS IT WON'T BE DEDICATED TILL '82.
AND THAT'S SEVERAL YEARS FROM NOW.
I WONDER... CAN I HAVE SOMEHOW SLIPPED OUT OF TIME?
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

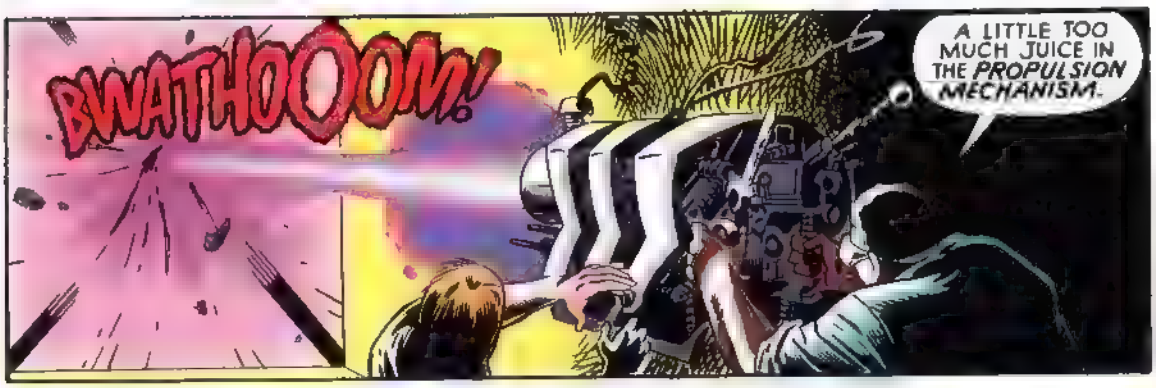
JOHN HENRY.
AWESOME! THAT'S MY UNCLE'S NAME.
HE'S THE ONLY OTHER GUY I EVER SAW WHO CAN THROW LIKE THAT.
WAIT! YOU'RE FADING OUT!


JOHN HENRY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING JUST CROUCHING THERE?
YOU DON'T HURRY, YOU'RE GONNA MISS THE BUS TO THE WHITE HOUSE.
THANKS, MAN. YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE THE DAYDREAM I JUST HAD.

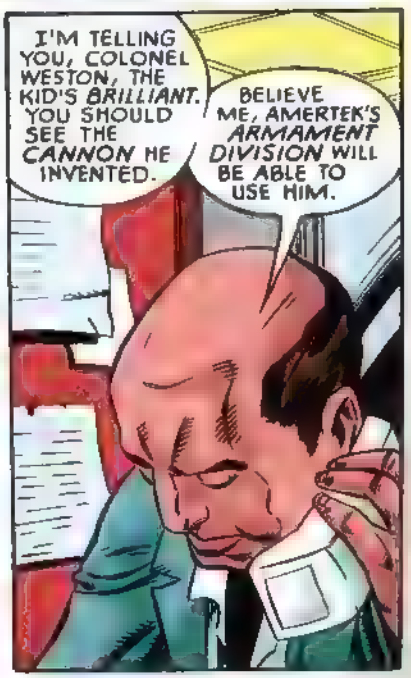
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU'RE GETTING MARRIED? YOU'RE ONLY SIXTEEN, CLAY!
NEARLY SEVENTEEN. BLONDELL IS PREGNANT AND WE'RE GETTING MARRIED.
I'M GOING TO BE A FATHER, HENRY. WE GOTTA FACE IT, BRO...
"...WE'RE NOT KIDS ANYMORE."
GRANDMA! I GOT IT! A FULL SCHOLARSHIP! AND GRANT MONEY BESIDES!
I'M GOING TO THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN!
BUT YOU'LL STILL BE HERE WHEN CLAY'S BABY'S BORN?
THE KID'S GONNA MAKE ME AN UNCLE. I WOULDN'T MISS IT...
"...FOR THE WORLD."
IT'S A BOY.
Hey, CONGRAT-ULATIONS, BRO!
CAN I SEE BLONDELL?
SO, WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO NAME HIM?
CLAY AND I ARE PARTIAL TO THE NAME JEMAHL.
WHAT DO YOU THINK, UNCLE JOHN?
JEMAHL...
JUST LIKE IN MY DREAM.

GOOD CATCH!
I KNOW. GOOD THROW!
I'M GUY GARDNER, IRONS! GLAD TO HAVE YOU ON THE TEAM.
WHAT'S YOUR MAJOR?
PHYSICS... SPECIALIZING IN BALLISTICS.
BALLISTICS?
STUDY OF THE DYNAMICS OF PROJECTILES
I KNEW THAT.
YOU MEAN YOU ACTUALLY STUDY THIS STUFF? Sheesh!
ALL I GOTTA DO IS HURL IT. BUT THEN ...I'M A NATURAL.
Yeah, I CAN SEE THAT. WHAT'S YOUR MAJOR?
PHYS. ED.
MY BROTHER CLAY'S JUST A YEAR YOUNGER THAN I AM, GUY. BUT I'M IN COLLEGE...
...WHILE HE'S MARRIED AND A DAD WITH ANOTHER KID DUE ANY DAY NOW!
SOMETIMES I WORRY--
Hey! JOHN HENRY... HALL PHONE FOR YOU!
A GIRL, CLAY, THAT'S TERRIFIC... Yeah, NATASHA IS A BEAUTIFUL NAME.


SO, JOHN HENRY, THAT'S YOUR INFAMOUS BG-20?!
WHAT DOES BG STAND FOR, ANYWAY...
"BIG GUN" WOULD BE APPROPRIATE, GUY. WATCH!


BWATHOOOM!
A LITTLE TOO MUCH JUICE IN THE PROPULSION MECHANISM.

BUT... THE WALL--
GUESS I'M GLAD I WAS USING RUBBER BULLETS.
THAT'S SOME JUNIOR THESIS, IRONS.
I HOPE YOU GRADUATE BEFORE YOU DESTROY THE BUILDING.
ME, TOO, Dr. SMEE.


I'M TELLING YOU, COLONEL WESTON, THE KID'S BRILLIANT. YOU SHOULD SEE THE CANNON HE INVENTED.
BELIEVE ME, AMERTEK'S ARMAMENT DIVISION WILL BE ABLE TO USE HIM.

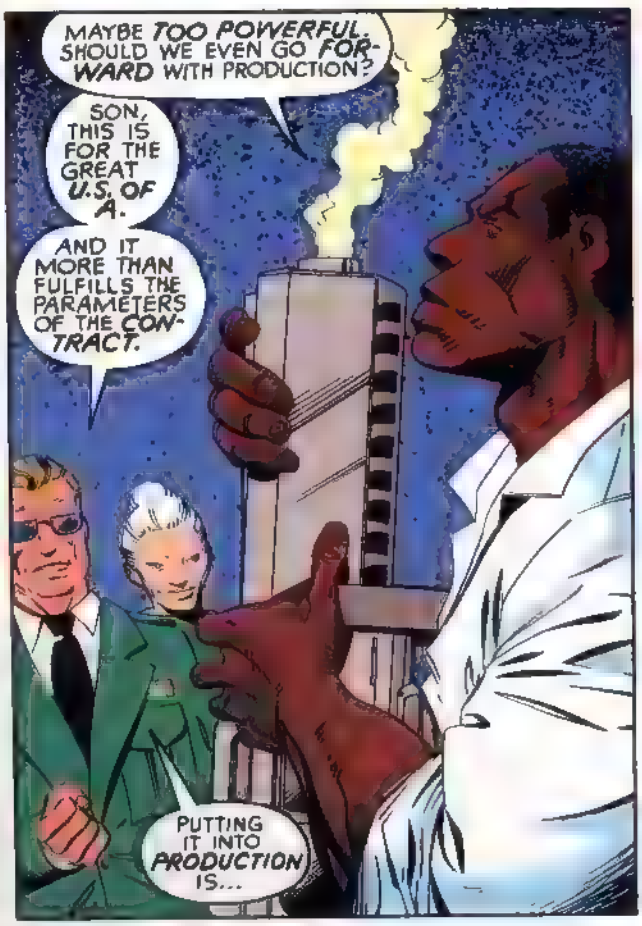
CHECKED MY ANSWERS TWICE NOW. MIGHT AS WELL TURN IT IN
AMONG OTHER FIRMS, HAD A NICE OFFER FROM AMERTEK.
WHICH I'LL BLOW OFF FOR NOW.
GRADUATION... HERE I COME. AND WITH HONORS IF I DID AS WELL THIS YEAR AS BEFORE.
CAN'T WAIT TO GET TO GRAD SCHOOL AT HARVARD...
SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR FINALS, Dr. SMEE, BUT... FOR IRONS ...ON THE PHONE... IMPORTANT.
Mr. IRONS...?
I SEE YOU WERE READY TO TURN IN THAT EXAM. GOOD.
THERE'S A CALL FOR YOU IN THE OFFICE
"OFFICE SAYS IT'S IMPORTANT.
NO! Oh, NO!
IT'S TRUE, JOHN HENRY... I'M SORRY... CLAY IS DEAD--
--SHOT IN A DRIVE-BY. COPS SAY THE SHOOTING'S DRUG-RELATED...

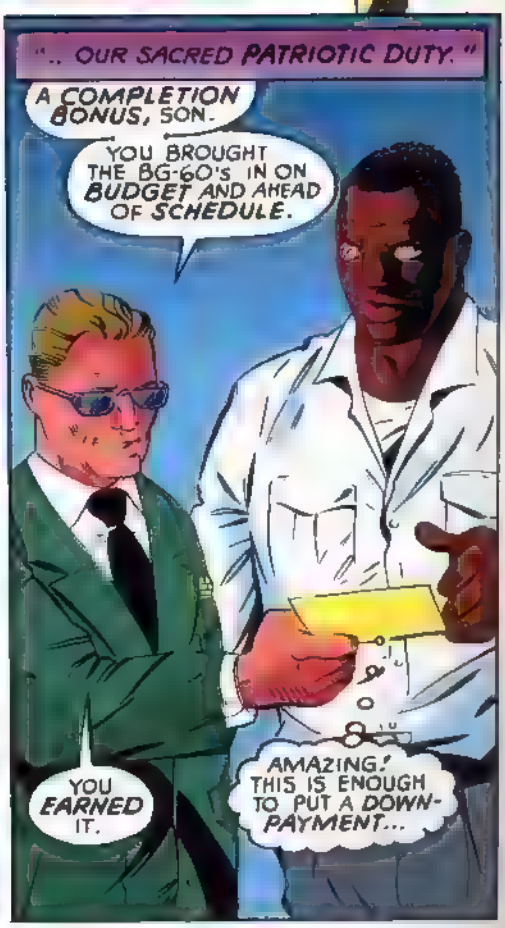
"HE WAS WORKING AT THE GROCERY... DOING GOOD. IT'S THIS NEIGHBORHOOD, JOHN HENRY.
"THE PROJECTS BEEN GOING DOWN HILL EVER SINCE WE MOVED HERE.
"AND NOW THEY'VE TAKEN CLAY FROM US."
...MAY HE REST IN PEACE.
IT'S MY FAULT. IF I'D BEEN HERE...
...IF I'D BEEN HERE FOR CLAY... THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED.
JUST LIKE GRANDMA AND GRANDPA. JUST LIKE MA AND PA. I WASN'T THERE TO SAVE HIM.
ALL THOSE SPORTS... ALL THAT SCHOOLING ...ALL TO GET RICH AND POWERFUL.
SO I CAN KEEP THEM SAFE. AND WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO?
I'M ALWAYS AWAY WHEN MY FAMILY NEEDS ME.
AND ONE BY ONE THEY'RE TAKEN FROM ME. LIKE THE PROJECTS TOOK CLAY.
FORGET POWER. I'VE GOTTA GET RICH... RICH ENOUGH TO GET THEM OUT OF THE PROJECTS.
NO GRAD SCHOOL FOR ME NOW. WHAT I NEED...

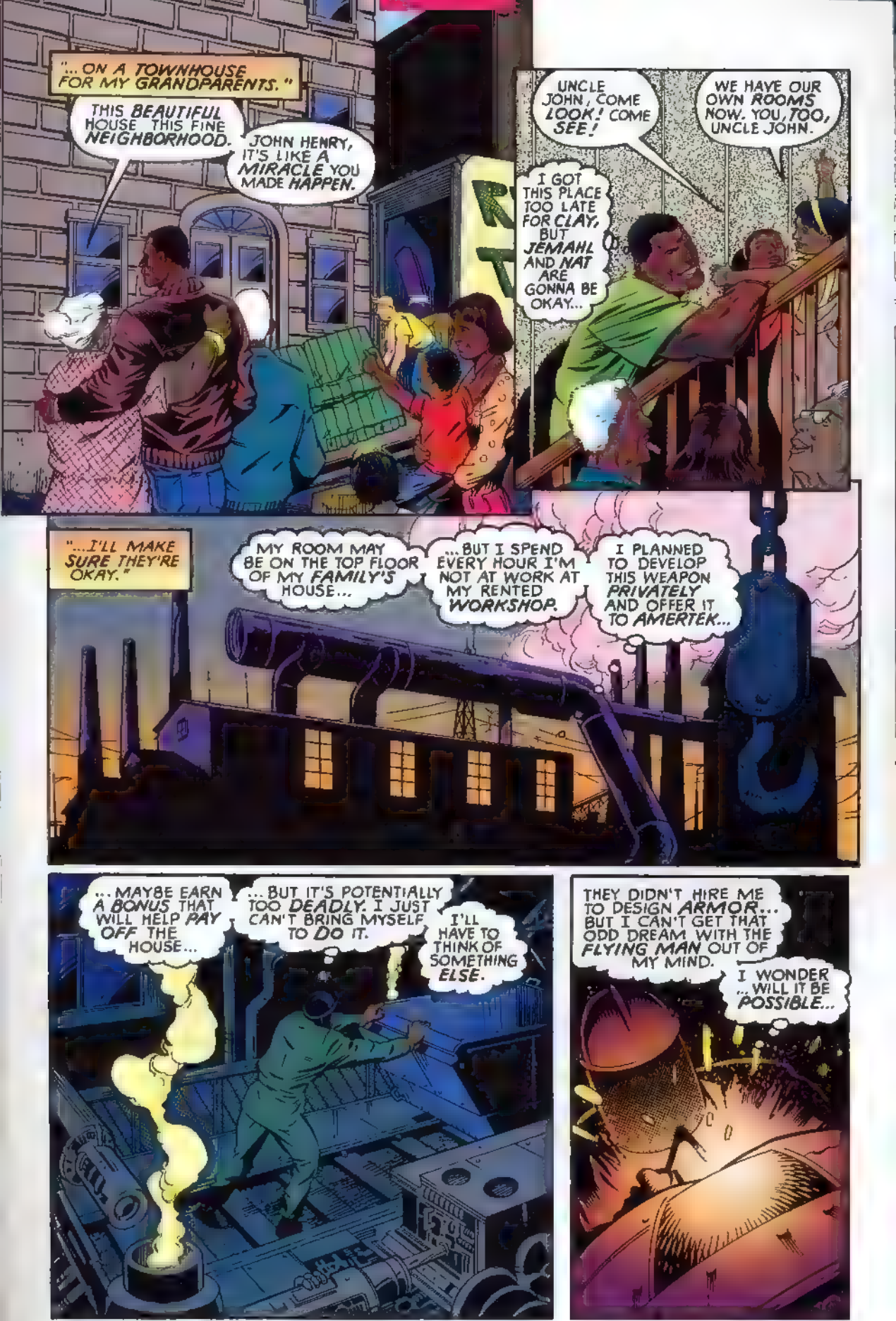
"... IS A JOB."
AMERTEK NEEDS FINE MINDS LIKE YOURS TO HELP FULFILL GOVERNMENT WEAPONS CONTRACTS.
THE JOB'S TOP SECRET, OF COURSE, BUT YOU'LL BE WELL COMPENSATED.
A STRONG AMERICA MEANS A PEACEFUL WORLD.
THANK YOU, COLONEL WESTON. THERE ISN'T ANY MORE I COULD ASK.
I'LL GET THEM OUT OF THE PROJECTS YET.
MEET JOHN HENRY IRONS, OUR RESIDENT BALLISTICS GENIUS.
ANGORA'S SPECIALTY IS COMPUTER IMAGING.
I'M SURE YOU TWO...
"... WILL WORK WELL TOGETHER."
YOU MEAN... YOU'RE NOT YET TWENTY-FIVE... AND YOU'RE SUPPORTING FIVE OTHER PEOPLE?
WELL... YES. THE KIDS ARE SO YOUNG...
... AND GRANDMA AND GRANDPA ARE GETTING UP THERE...
...AND BLONDELL'S IN SCHOOL WHEN SHE'S NOT WITH THE KIDS.
DON'T YOU SEE? IT'S UP TO ME TO KEEP THEM SAFE
Yeah? WELL WHO'S GONNA KEEP YOU SAFE FROM ME?

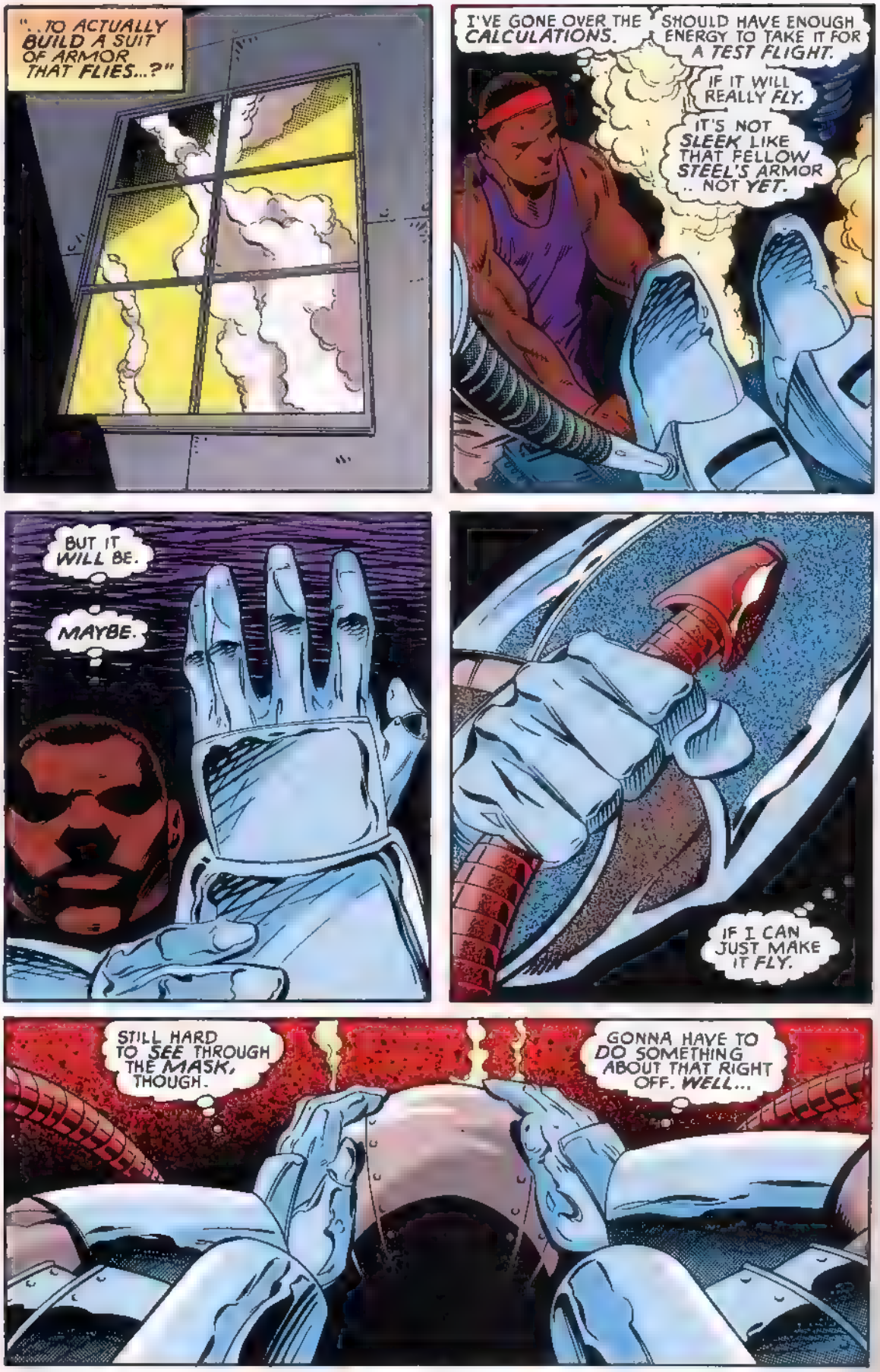
NOW REMEMBER, COLONEL, THIS IS JUST A ROUGH MODEL...

BWA-THOOM!
IMPRESSIVE. THAT LITTLE GUN PACKS A POWERFUL PUNCH, SON.

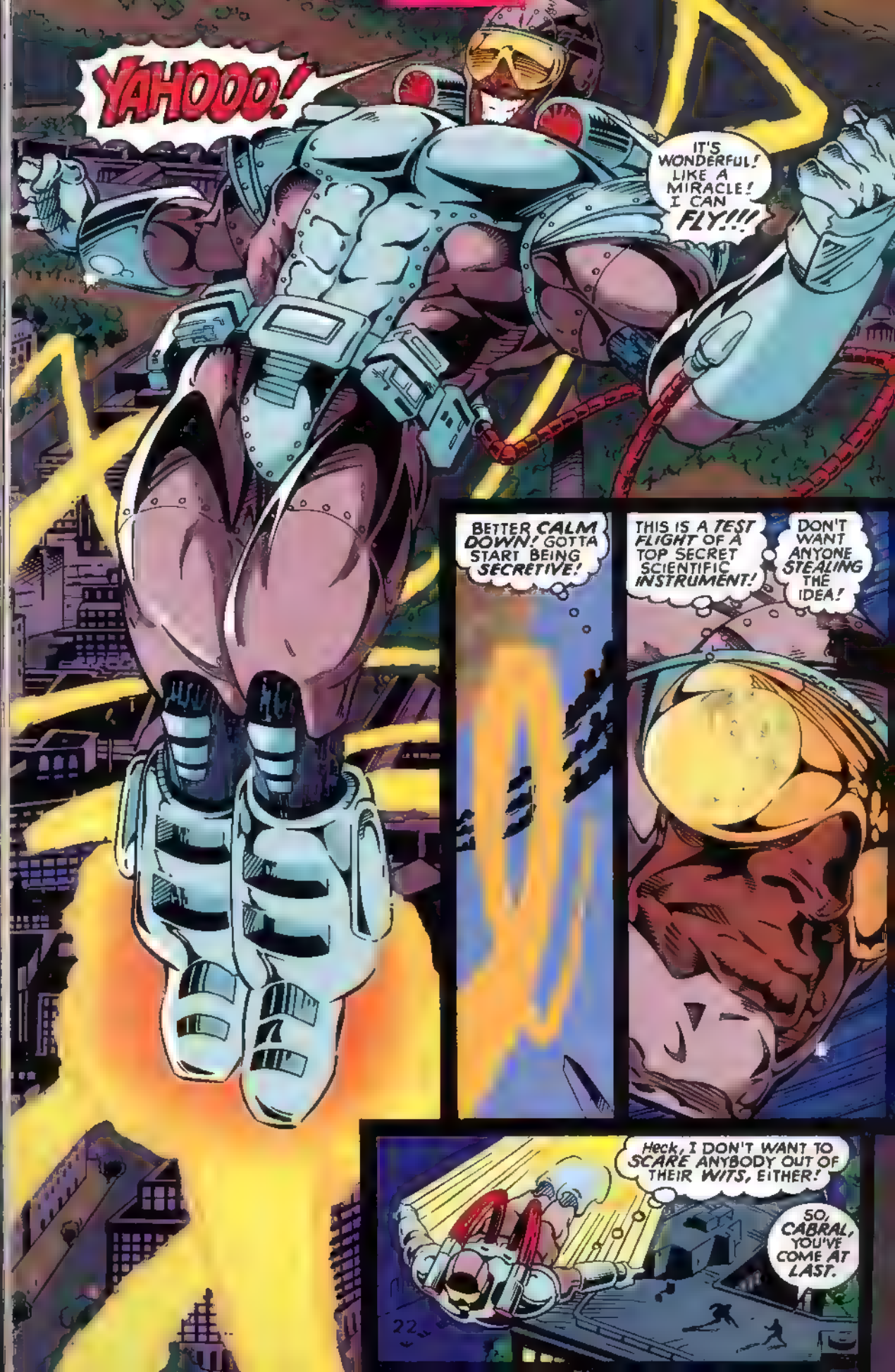

MAYBE TOO POWERFUL. SHOULD WE EVEN GO FORWARD WITH PRODUCTION?
SON, THIS IS FOR THE GREAT U.S. OF A.
AND IT MORE THAN FULFILLS THE PARAMETERS OF THE CONTRACT.
PUTTING IT INTO PRODUCTION IS...


"... OUR SACRED PATRIOTIC DUTY."
A COMPLETION BONUS, SON.
YOU BROUGHT THE BG-60'S IN ON BUDGET AND AHEAD OF SCHEDULE.
YOU EARNED IT.
AMAZING! THIS IS ENOUGH TO PUT A DOWN-PAYMENT...


"...ON A TOWNHOUSE FOR MY GRANDPARENTS."
THIS BEAUTIFUL HOUSE THIS FINE NEIGHBORHOOD.
JOHN HENRY, IT'S LIKE A MIRACLE YOU MADE HAPPEN.
UNCLE JOHN, COME LOOK! COME SEE!
WE HAVE OUR OWN ROOMS NOW. YOU, TOO, UNCLE JOHN.
I GOT THIS PLACE TOO LATE FOR CLAY, BUT JEMAHL AND NAT ARE GONNA BE OKAY...
"...I'LL MAKE SURE THEY'RE OKAY."
MY ROOM MAY BE ON THE TOP FLOOR OF MY FAMILY'S HOUSE...
...BUT I SPEND EVERY HOUR I'M NOT AT WORK AT MY RENTED WORKSHOP.
I PLANNED TO DEVELOP THIS WEAPON PRIVATELY AND OFFER IT TO AMERTEK...
...MAYBE EARN A BONUS THAT WILL HELP PAY OFF THE HOUSE...
...BUT IT'S POTENTIALLY TOO DEADLY. I JUST CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO DO IT.
I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE.
THEY DIDN'T HIRE ME TO DESIGN ARMOR... BUT I CAN'T GET THAT ODD DREAM WITH THE FLYING MAN OUT OF MY MIND.
I WONDER ... WILL IT BE POSSIBLE...


"...TO ACTUALLY BUILD A SUIT OF ARMOR THAT FLIES...?"
I'VE GONE OVER THE CALCULATIONS.
SHOULD HAVE ENOUGH ENERGY TO TAKE IT FOR A TEST FLIGHT.
IF IT WILL REALLY FLY.
IT'S NOT SLEEK LIKE THAT FELLOW STEEL'S ARMOR .. NOT YET.
BUT IT WILL BE.
MAYBE.
IF I CAN JUST MAKE IT FLY.
STILL HARD TO SEE THROUGH THE MASK, THOUGH.
GONNA HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT RIGHT OFF. WELL...

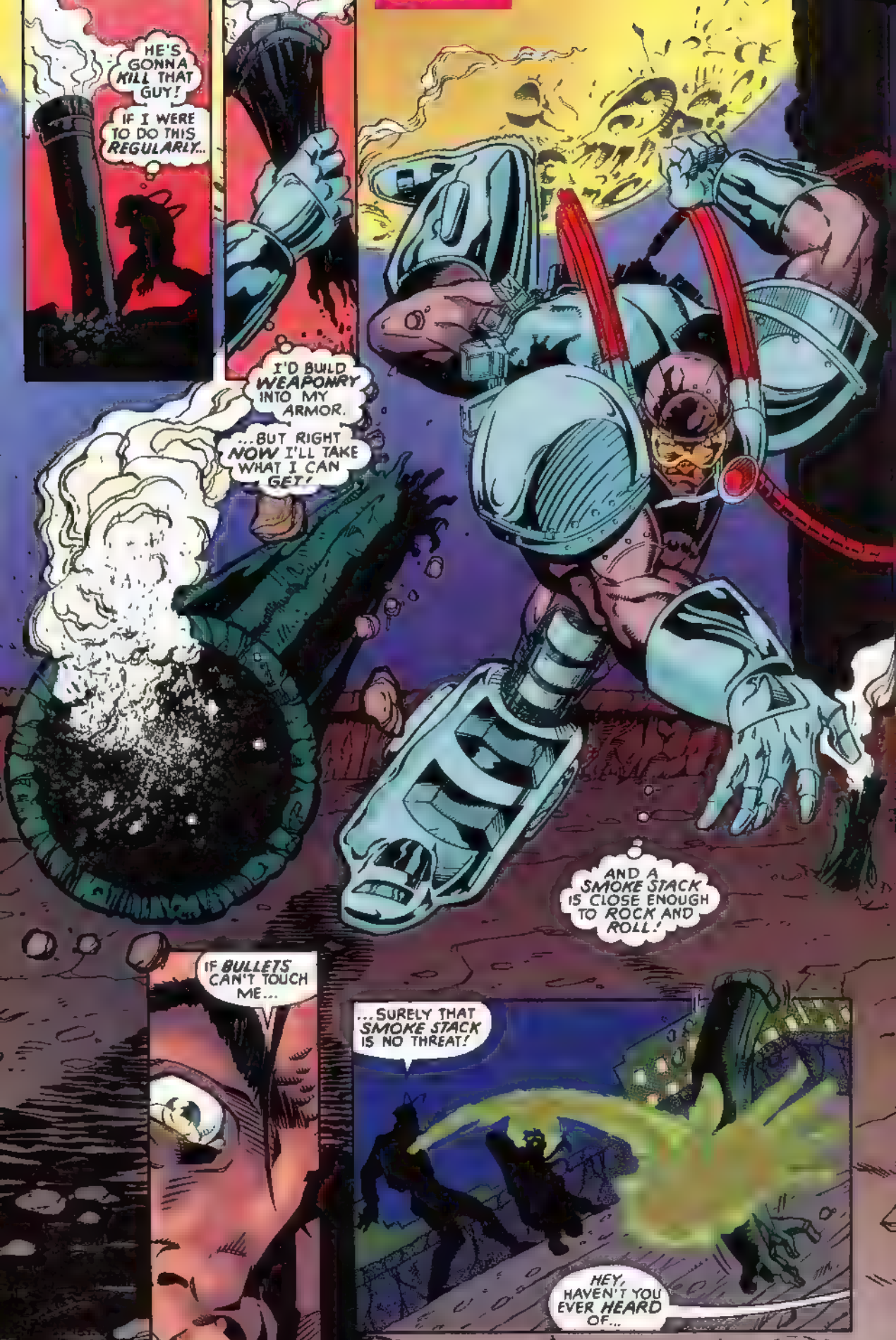
...HERE GOES NOTHING.
IGNITION--
--LIFT OFF!
IT WORKS! CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!
I'M FLYING!!!


YAHOOO!
IT'S WONDERFUL! LIKE A MIRACLE! I CAN FLY!!!
BETTER CALM DOWN! GOTTA START BEING SECRETIVE!
THIS IS A TEST FLIGHT OF A TOP SECRET SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT!
DON'T WANT ANYONE STEALING THE IDEA!
Heck, I DON'T WANT TO SCARE ANYBODY OUT OF THEIR WITS, EITHER!
SO, CABRAL, YOU'VE COME AT LAST.
22

THEY SAY YOU'RE KILLING THE SHOP OWNERS OF OUR VILLAGE, ONE BY ONE.
JACKAL
ONE A YEAR... TILL ALL OF YOU ARE GONE.
YOU ARE MISTAKEN TO BLAME ME, CABRAL.
I WAS NOT AMONG THE ASSOCIATION WHO HIRED THE HITMEN TO BLOW AWAY YOUR GANG.
A GANG COMPOSED OF ORPHAN CHILDREN.
A GANG WHO, UNDER YOUR LEADERSHIP, HAD BECOME ACCOMPLISHED THIEVES.
WHO STOLE TO KEEP FROM STARVING. DO NOT WASTE YOUR BREATH, MIRANDA
YOU WERE ONE OF THEM. OTHERS HAVE PAID. NOW IT'S YOUR TURN.
WE'LL SEE WHO PAYS!
BLAM
BLAM
GUNFIRE!

NO, MIRANDA! NOW THAT I'M AWARE OF MY TRUE TALENT...
...THAT TRICK...
... NO LONGER WORKS!
BULLETS... HEADING FOR ME! HOW!??
TELEKINESIS?
HOWEVER HE'S DOING IT... I'LL NEVER MAKE IT OUT OF THE WAY...
KLANG!
BANG!
B-DANG!
... IN TIME!
ARMOR'S DENTED, BUT IT DEFLECTED THE BULLETS!
THANK HEAVEN I BUILT IT STURDY OR I'D BE DEAD!
DROP IT, MIRANDA!

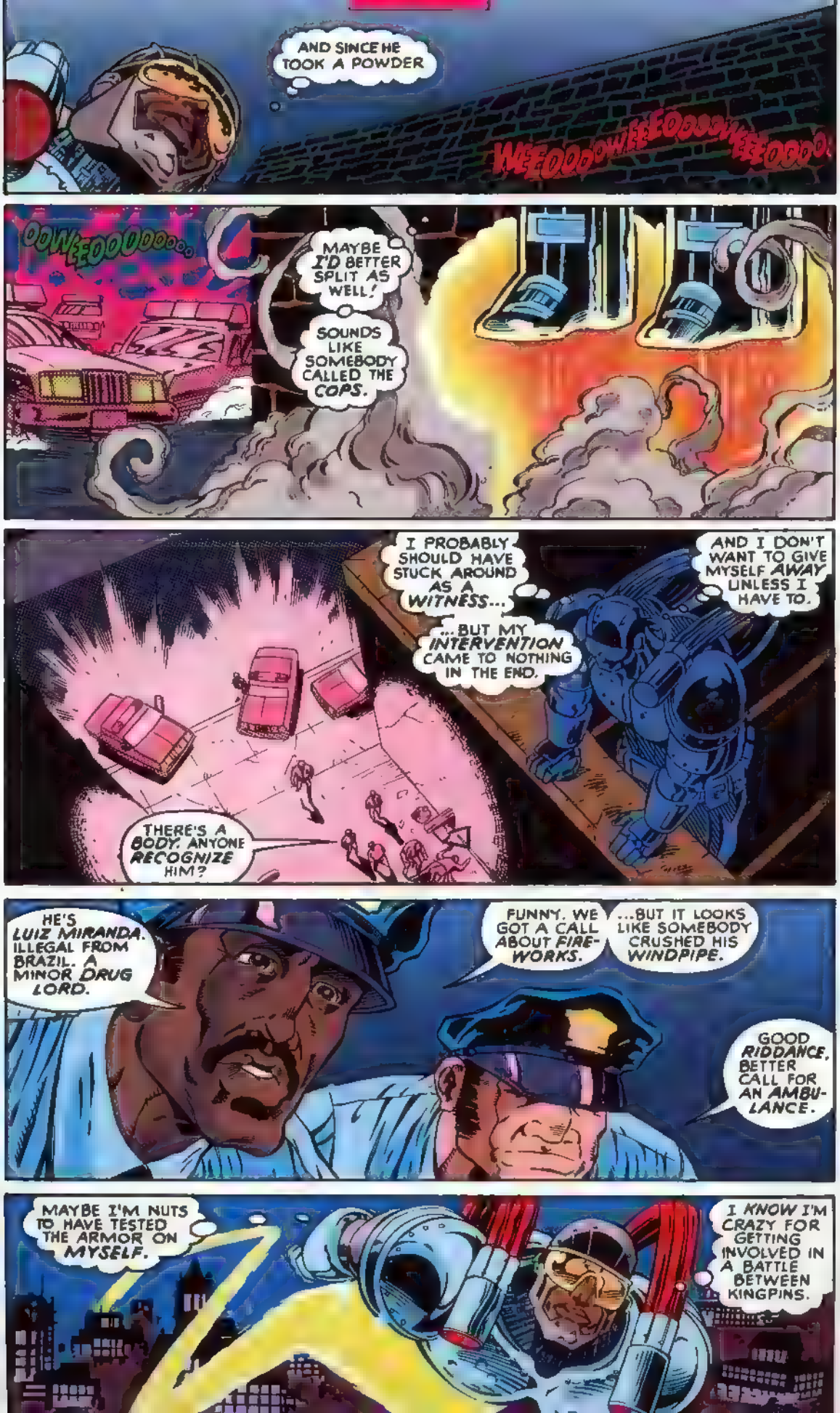
PUNCH MIGHT BE INVISIBLE, BUT IT PACKS AN INCREDIBLE WALLOP!
YOUR TIME ON EARTH HAS ENDED!
STOP THAT!
WHY DON'T YOU JUST..
POW!
...MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

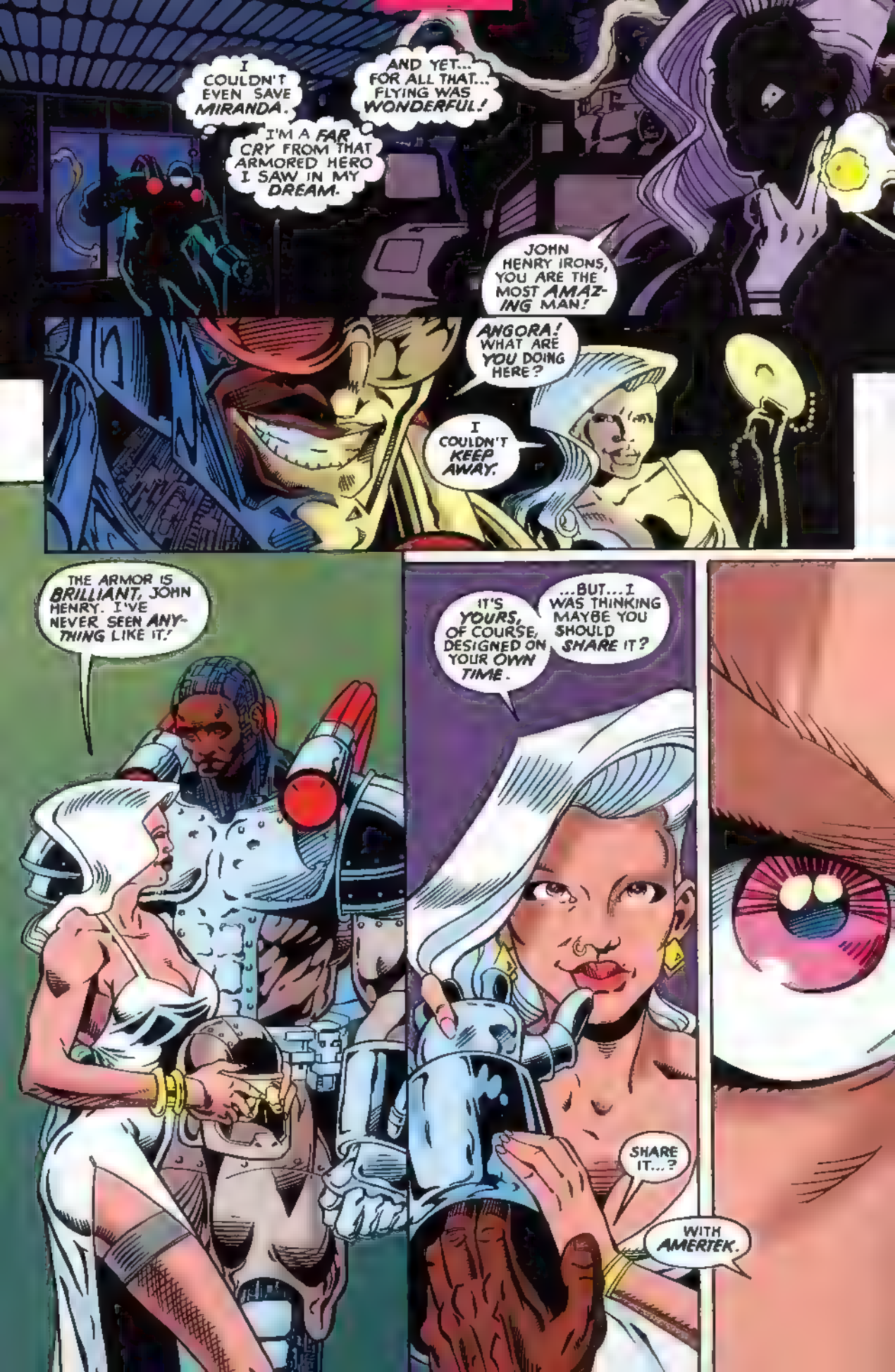

HE'S GONNA KILL THAT GUY!
IF I WERE TO DO THIS REGULARLY...
I'D BUILD WEAPONRY INTO MY ARMOR.
...BUT RIGHT NOW I'LL TAKE WHAT I CAN GET!
AND A SMOKE STACK IS CLOSE ENOUGH TO ROCK AND ROLL!
IF BULLETS CAN'T TOUCH ME...
...SURELY THAT SMOKE STACK IS NO THREAT!
HEY, HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD OF...

...A SUCKER PUNCH?
Ah! A DIVERSIONARY TACTIC, DESIGNED TO DISTRACT ME...
...WHILE YOU TACKLED ME INTO THE AIR?
GOOD!
MIRANDA CAN COME WITH US!
NOOOOO!

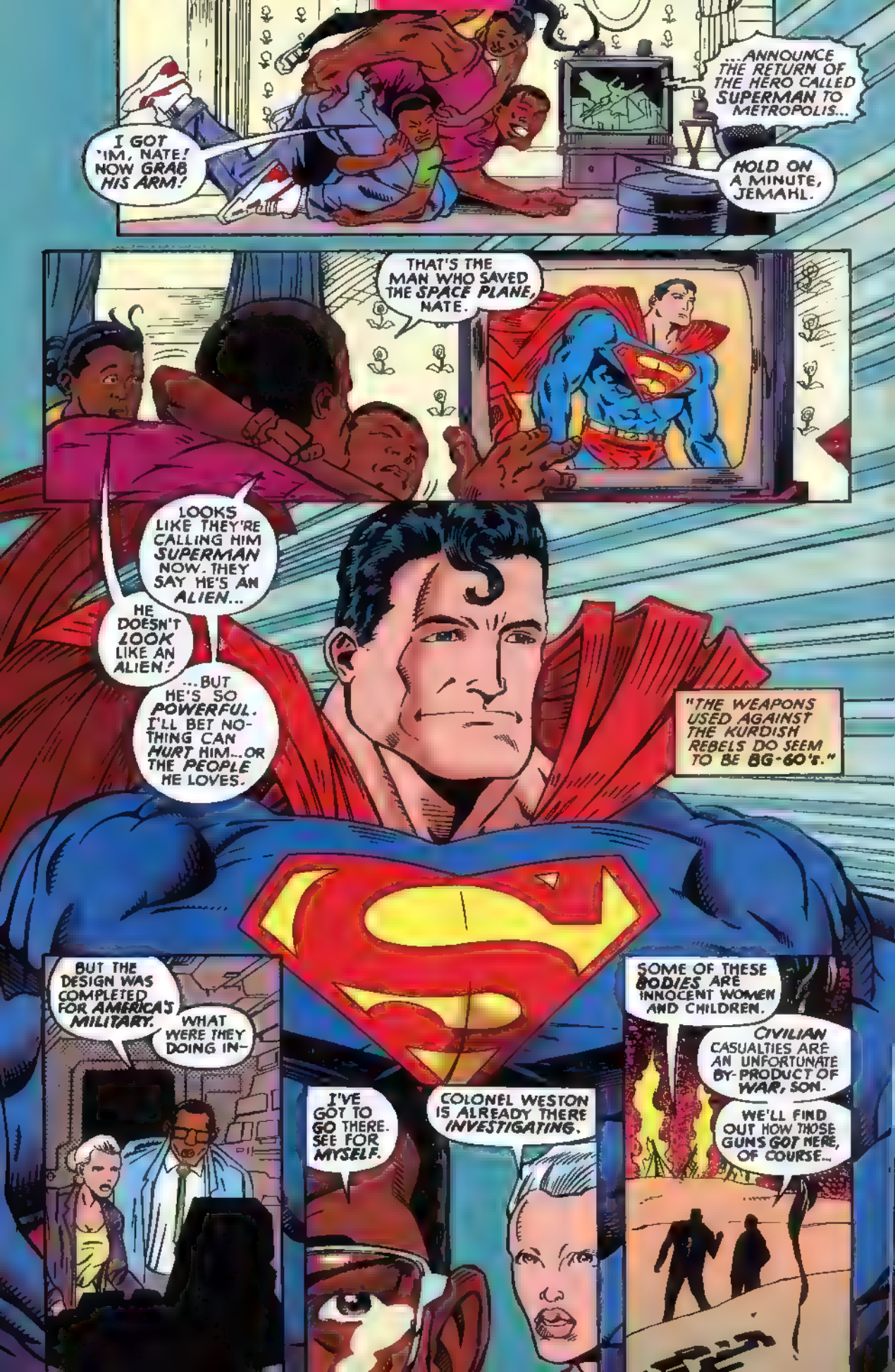
BUT ONLY...
...SO FAR!
HE DROPPED MIRANDA!
THE FALL WILL KILL HIM!
AS SURELY AS ANY OTHER METHOD!
NO!

NO MATTER WHAT THEIR QUARREL... I CAN'T JUST LET THIS GUY DIE!
GOT HIM!
SIR...?
HE'S DEAD.
AROUND HIS THROAT... BRUISES OF FIVE FINGERS ...WROUGHT BY AN INVISIBLE HAND.
SOONER OR LATER JUSTICE WILL CATCH UP TO THAT KID!

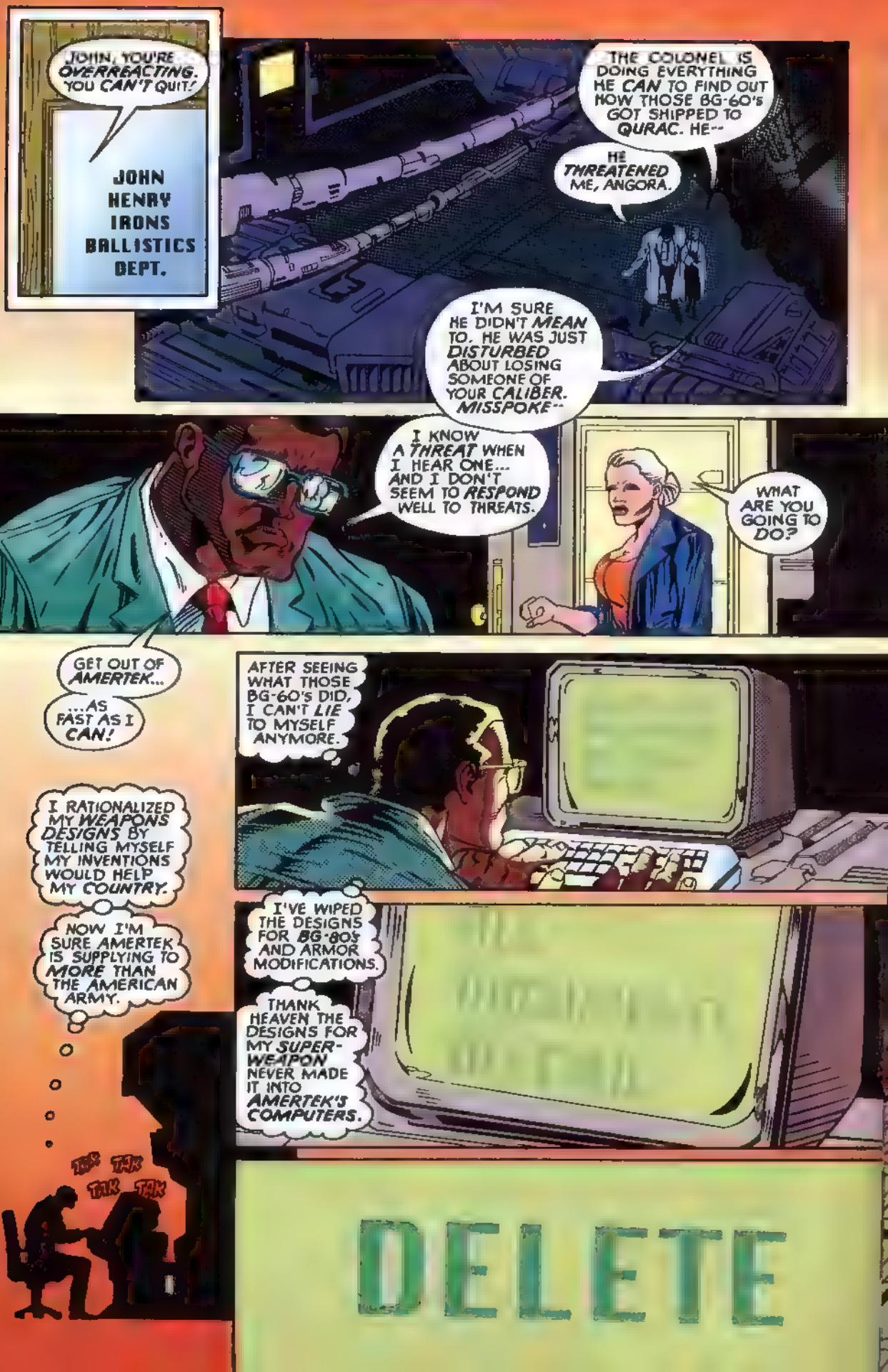

AND SINCE HE TOOK A POWDER
WEEOOOOWEEOOOOWEEOOOO
OOWEEOOOOOOO
MAYBE I'D BETTER SPLIT AS WELL!
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY CALLED THE COPS.
I PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE STUCK AROUND AS A WITNESS...
...BUT MY INTERVENTION CAME TO NOTHING IN THE END.
AND I DON'T WANT TO GIVE MYSELF AWAY UNLESS I HAVE TO.
THERE'S A BODY. ANYONE RECOGNIZE HIM?
HE'S LUIZ MIRANDA. ILLEGAL FROM BRAZIL. A MINOR DRUG LORD.
FUNNY. WE GOT A CALL ABOUT FIRE-WORKS.
...BUT IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY CRUSHED HIS WINDPIPE.
GOOD RIDDANCE. BETTER CALL FOR AN AMBU-LANCE.
MAYBE I'M NUTS TO HAVE TESTED THE ARMOR ON MYSELF.
I KNOW I'M CRAZY FOR GETTING INVOLVED IN A BATTLE BETWEEN KINGPINS.

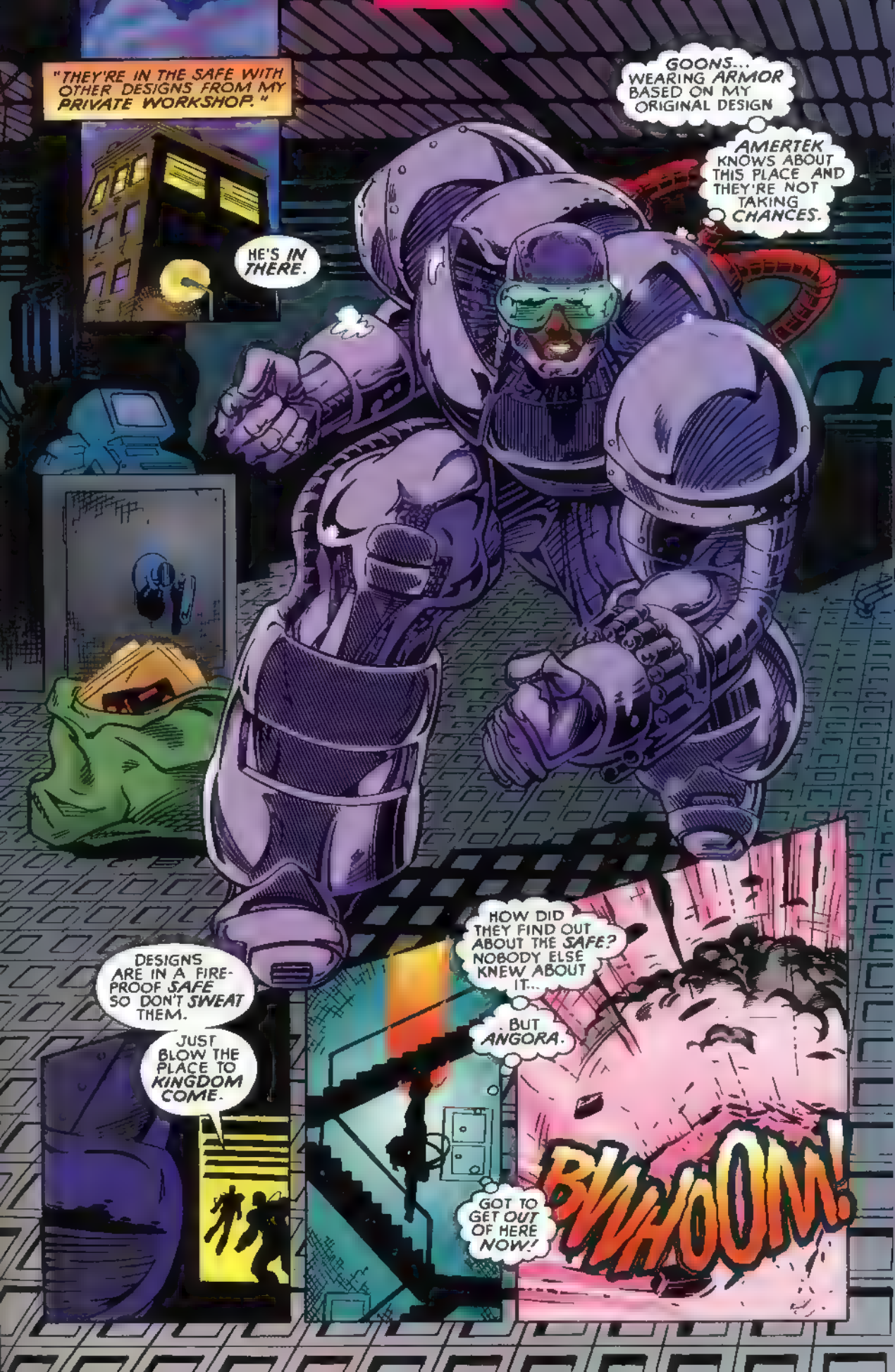

I COULDN'T EVEN SAVE MIRANDA.
AND YET... FOR ALL THAT... FLYING WAS WONDERFUL!
I'M A FAR CRY FROM THAT ARMORED HERO I SAW IN MY DREAM.
JOHN HENRY IRONS, YOU ARE THE MOST AMAZING MAN!
ANGORA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I COULDN'T KEEP AWAY.
THE ARMOR IS BRILLIANT, JOHN HENRY. I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.
IT'S YOURS, OF COURSE, DESIGNED ON YOUR OWN TIME.
...BUT... I WAS THINKING MAYBE YOU SHOULD SHARE IT?
SHARE IT...?
WITH AMERTEK.

TO THINK OF THE LIVES THAT COULD BE SAVED IF AMERICAN SOLDIERS WORE THIS ARMOR INTO COMBAT.
AND ANOTHER BONUS WOULD PAY OFF THE HOUSE YOU BOUGHT FOR YOUR GRANDPARENTS.
THEY'D BE SAFE AND SECURE... GUARANTEED.
AND YOU COULD BEGIN TO THINK OF YOUR OWN NEEDS.
Mmmm... GOOD ICING, GRANDMA.
27
KEEP YOUR FINGERS TO YOURSELF, YOU SCAMP.
HERE, GRANDPA. THIS IS FOR YOU.
IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY, SON, NOT MINE. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE OPENIN' PRESENTS--
--IT'S A DEED, BESS!
DEED
I PAID OFF THE MORTGAGE WITH THE BONUS MONEY FROM SOME ARMOR I DESIGNED.
THE HOUSE IS YOURS.

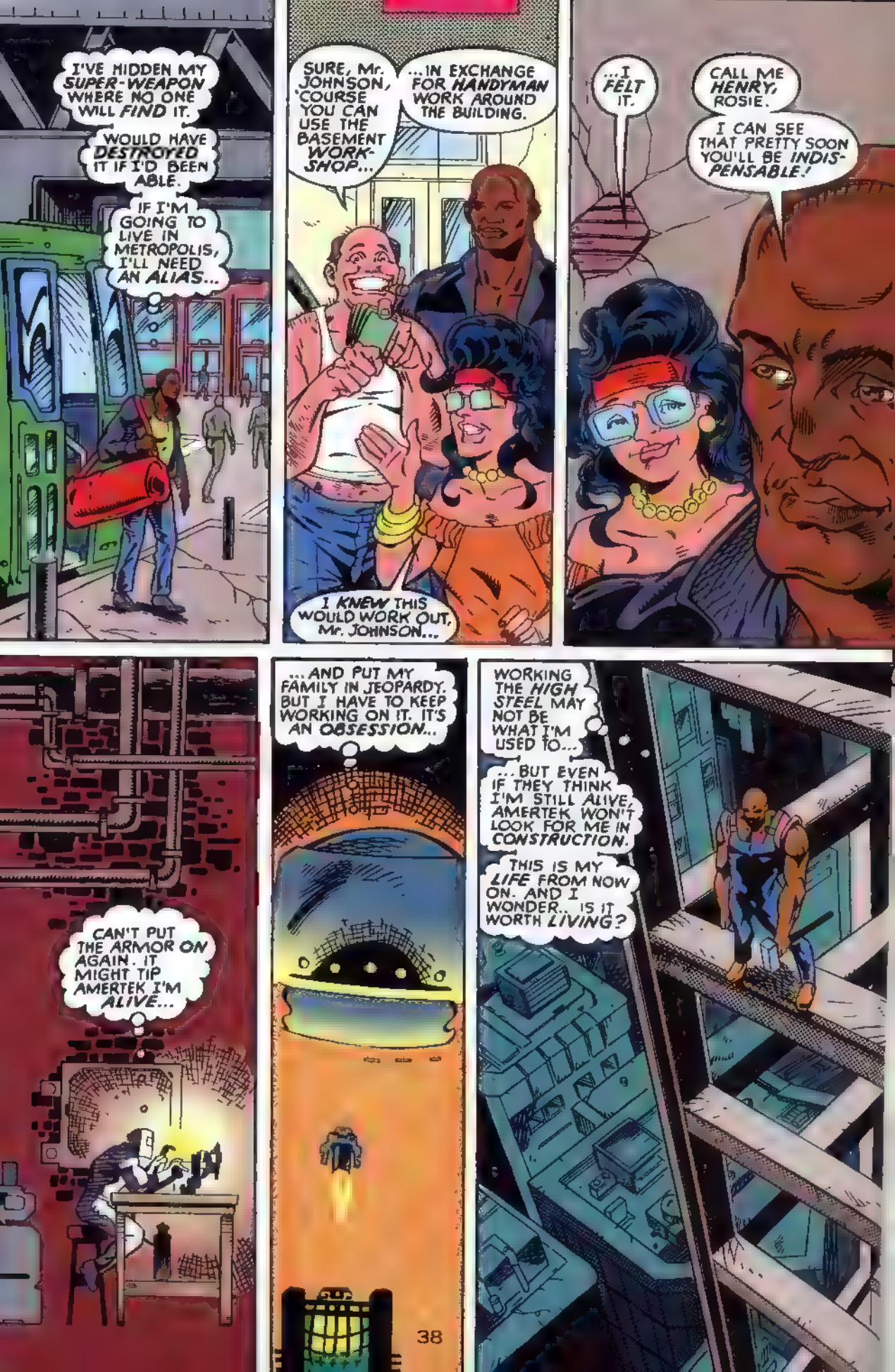

I GOT 'IM, NATE! NOW GRAB HIS ARM!
...ANNOUNCE THE RETURN OF THE HERO CALLED SUPERMAN TO METROPOLIS...
HOLD ON A MINUTE, JEMAHL.
THAT'S THE MAN WHO SAVED THE SPACE PLANE, NATE.
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE CALLING HIM SUPERMAN NOW. THEY SAY HE'S AN ALIEN...
HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE AN ALIEN!
...BUT HE'S SO POWERFUL. I'LL BET NOTHING CAN HURT HIM...OR THE PEOPLE HE LOVES.
"THE WEAPONS USED AGAINST THE KURDISH REBELS DO SEEM TO BE BG-60's."
BUT THE DESIGN WAS COMPLETED FOR AMERICA'S MILITARY.
WHAT WERE THEY DOING IN-
I'VE GOT TO GO THERE. SEE FOR MYSELF.
COLONEL WESTON IS ALREADY THERE INVESTIGATING.
SOME OF THESE BODIES ARE INNOCENT WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
CIVILIAN CASUALTIES ARE AN UNFORTUNATE BY-PRODUCT OF WAR, SON.
WE'LL FIND OUT HOW THOSE GUNS GOT HERE, OF COURSE...

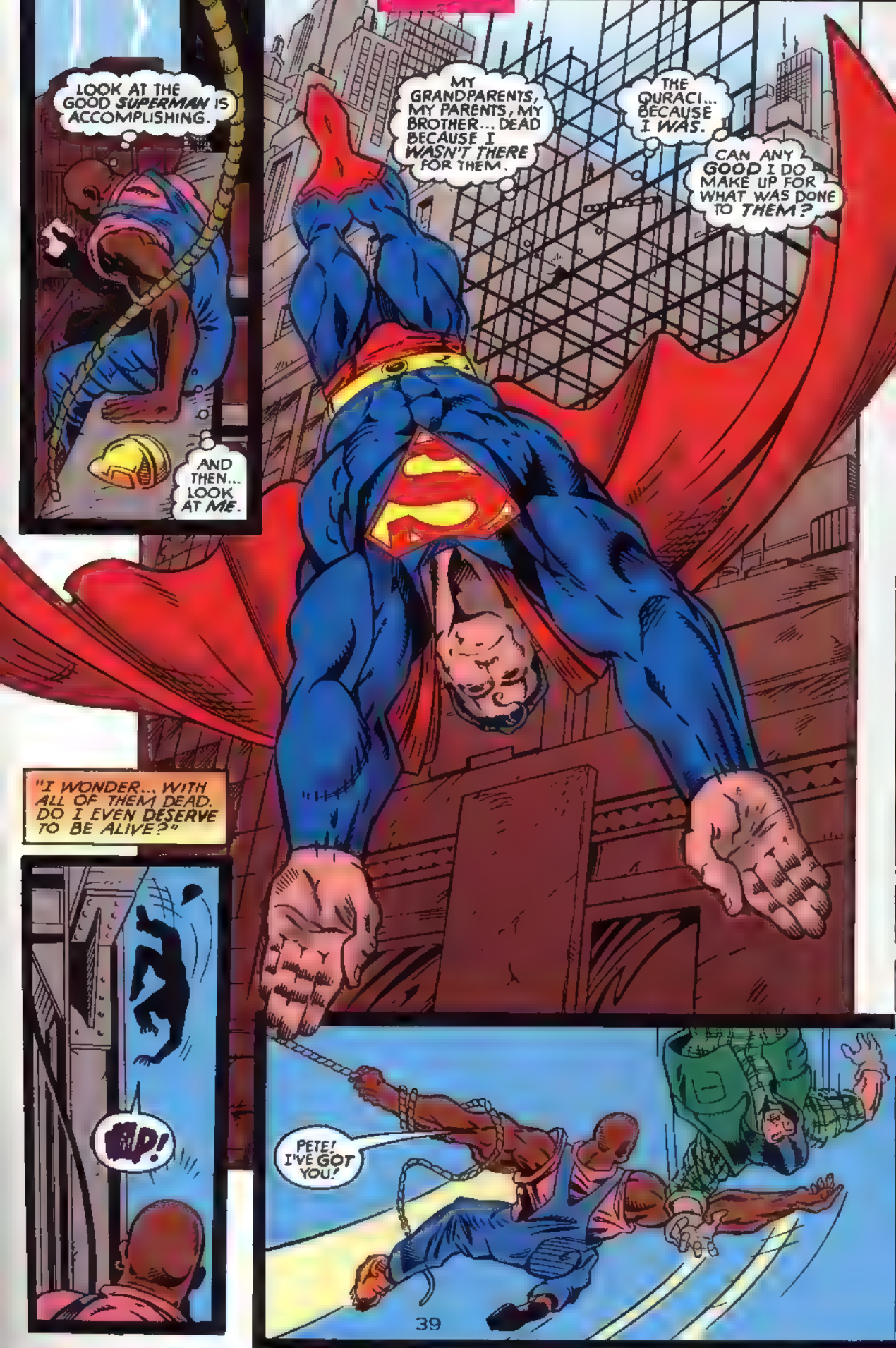
...BUT THEY'VE HAD THEIR FIELD TEST NOW. THEY'RE VERY EFFECTIVE...
THERE'S NO OTHER EXPLANATION.
THE ONLY WAY THOSE GUNS COULD HAVE GOTTEN TO QURAC...
...IS IF SOMEONE AT AMERTEK ROUTED THEM THERE.
COLONEL WESTON, YOU'VE BEEN TOTALLY INEFFECTIVE AT DISCOVERING HOW OUR BG-60's GOT TO QURAC.
I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF AMERTEK'S CONTRACTS ARE WITH GROUPS OTHER THAN THE U.S. GOVERNMENT.
COLONEL THOMAS WESTON
THAT'S RIDICULOUS, SON,
AMERTEK--
COLONEL THOMAS WESTON
RIDICULOUS OR NOT, I FIND I CAN NO LONGER CONTINUE TO WORK HERE
I HEREBY TENDER MY RESIGNATION!
COLONEL THOMAS WESTON
NOBODY WALKS AWAY FROM AMERTEK AND LIVES TO TELL ABOUT IT, IRONS.
YOU'RE JUST TOO VALUABLE.
COLONEL THOMAS WESTON
REMEMBER, YOU'RE WORKING FOR OUR WONDERFUL U.S. OF A.
AND THE STAKES ARE JUST TOO HIGH.


JOHN, YOU'RE OVERREACTING. YOU CAN'T QUIT!
JOHN HENRY IRONS BALLISTICS DEPT.
THE COLONEL IS DOING EVERYTHING HE CAN TO FIND OUT HOW THOSE BG-60's GOT SHIPPED TO QURAC. HE--
HE THREATENED ME, ANGORA.
I'M SURE HE DIDN'T MEAN TO. HE WAS JUST DISTURBED ABOUT LOSING SOMEONE OF YOUR CALIBER. MISSPOKE--
I KNOW A THREAT WHEN I HEAR ONE... AND I DON'T SEEM TO RESPOND WELL TO THREATS.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
GET OUT OF AMERTEK...
...AS FAST AS I CAN!
AFTER SEEING WHAT THOSE BG-60's DID, I CAN'T LIE TO MYSELF ANYMORE.
I RATIONALIZED MY WEAPONS DESIGNS BY TELLING MYSELF MY INVENTIONS WOULD HELP MY COUNTRY.
NOW I'M SURE AMERTEK IS SUPPLYING TO MORE THAN THE AMERICAN ARMY.
I'VE WIPED THE DESIGNS FOR BG-80's AND ARMOR MODIFICATIONS.
THANK HEAVEN THE DESIGNS FOR MY SUPER-WEAPON NEVER MADE IT INTO AMERTEK'S COMPUTERS.
TAK TAK TAK TAK
DELETE


"THEY'RE IN THE SAFE WITH OTHER DESIGNS FROM MY PRIVATE WORKSHOP."
HE'S IN THERE.
GOONS... WEARING ARMOR BASED ON MY ORIGINAL DESIGN
AMERTEK KNOWS ABOUT THIS PLACE AND THEY'RE NOT TAKING CHANCES.
DESIGNS ARE IN A FIRE-PROOF SAFE SO DON'T SWEAT THEM.
JUST BLOW THE PLACE TO KINGDOM COME.
HOW DID THEY FIND OUT ABOUT THE SAFE? NOBODY ELSE KNEW ABOUT IT...
BUT ANGORA.
GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE NOW!
BVVHOOM!

DONE!
NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND THE BODY.
WEE OOO WEE OOO WEE
COPS! NO POINT IN CHECKING NOW.
NOBODY COULD HAVE LIVED THROUGH THAT, ANYWAY
WE'LL COME BACK TO FIND THE SAFE...
"...LATER."
BURIED UNDER THE RUBBLE!
GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE COPS ARRIVE...
..GOT TO TALK TO BUTTER AND BESS.
YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO, SON. WE'LL BE FINE.
MONEY I INVESTED WILL PAY FOR EXPENSES. I SHOULDN'T WORRY.
TELL THE KIDS THE TRUTH LATER IF YOU WANT, BUT FOR NOW...
...IT'S BETTER IF EVERYONE THINKS I'M DEAD.


I'VE HIDDEN MY SUPER-WEAPON WHERE NO ONE WILL FIND IT.
WOULD HAVE DESTROYED IT IF I'D BEEN ABLE.
IF I'M GOING TO LIVE IN METROPOLIS, I'LL NEED AN ALIAS...
SURE, Mr. JOHNSON, 'COURSE YOU CAN USE THE BASEMENT WORK-SHOP...
...IN EXCHANGE FOR HANDYMAN WORK AROUND THE BUILDING.
I KNEW THIS WOULD WORK OUT, Mr. JOHNSON...
...I FELT IT.
CALL ME HENRY, ROSIE.
I CAN SEE THAT PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE INDIS-PENSABLE!
CAN'T PUT THE ARMOR ON AGAIN. IT MIGHT TIP AMERTEK I'M ALIVE...
...AND PUT MY FAMILY IN JEOPARDY. BUT I HAVE TO KEEP WORKING ON IT. IT'S AN OBSESSION...
WORKING THE HIGH STEEL MAY NOT BE WHAT I'M USED TO...
...BUT EVEN IF THEY THINK I'M STILL ALIVE, AMERTEK WON'T LOOK FOR ME IN CONSTRUCTION.
THIS IS MY LIFE FROM NOW ON. AND I WONDER.. IS IT WORTH LIVING?

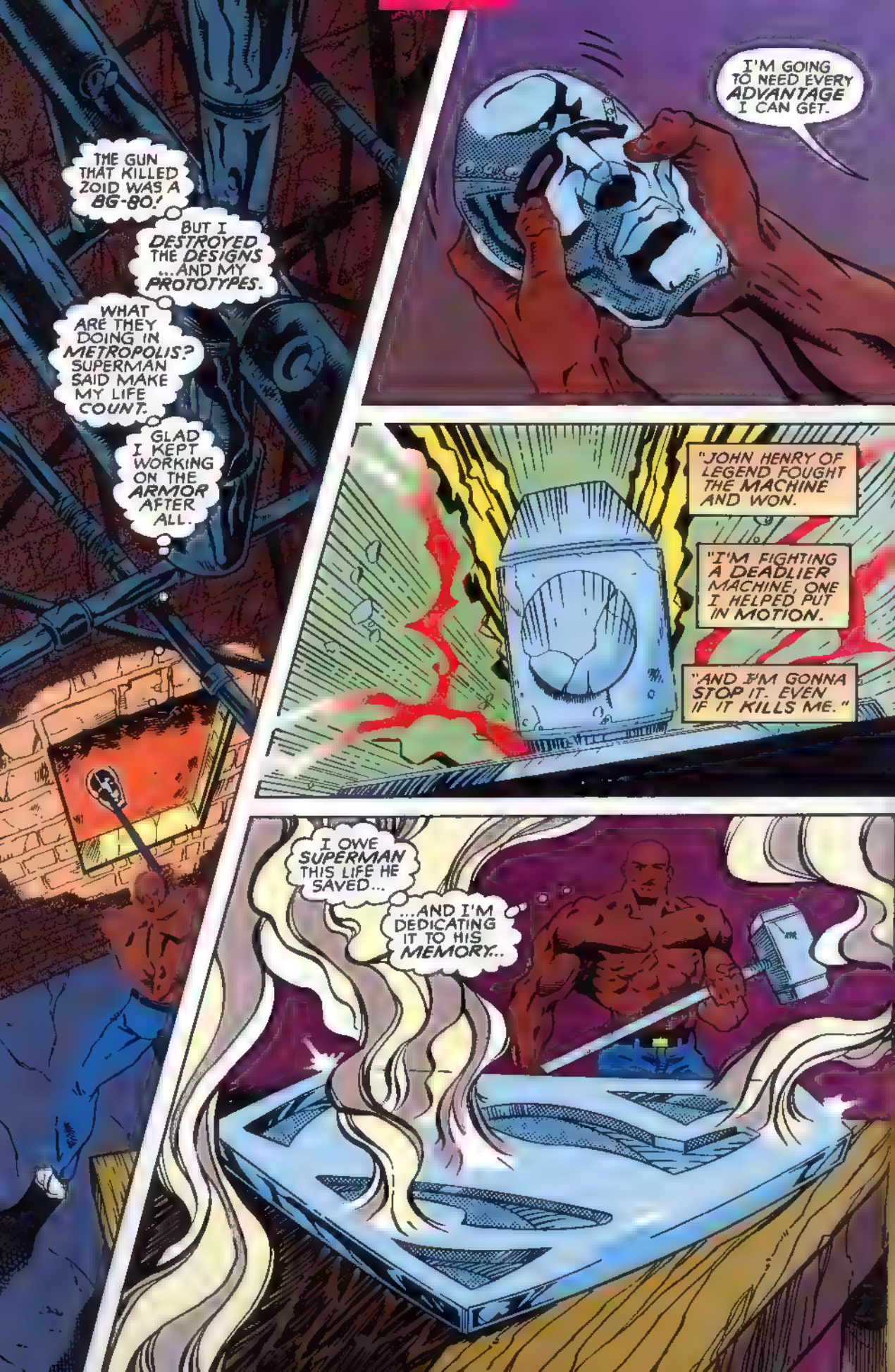

LOOK AT THE GOOD SUPERMAN IS ACCOMPLISHING.
AND THEN... LOOK AT ME.
MY GRANDPARENTS, MY PARENTS, MY BROTHER... DEAD BECAUSE I WASN'T THERE FOR THEM.
THE QURACI... BECAUSE I WAS.
CAN ANY GOOD I DO MAKE UP FOR WHAT WAS DONE TO THEM?
"I WONDER... WITH ALL OF THEM DEAD. DO I EVEN DESERVE TO BE ALIVE?"
UP!
PETE! I'VE GOT YOU!

JUST SWING ONTO THE PLAT-FORM.
HOOK SLIPPED! I'M GOING TO DIE... GOING TO GET MY WISH.
DUMBEST THING I EVER WISHED FOR.
I'VE GOT YOU!
SUPERMAN! I OWE YOU MY LIFE.
THEN MAKE SURE IT COUNTS FOR SOMETHING.
I'M NO SUPER-MAN...
. BUT MAYBE I CAN STILL DO SOMETHING WORTHWHILE...
"NO MORE SPENDING MY TIME OFF WORKING ON THE ARMOR."
THESE KIDS ARE MORE IMPORTANT.
AND ANY LIFE USED FOR GOOD...

"...COUNTS FOR SOMETHING."
AN EXPLOSION ACROSS TOWN. WHAT'S GOING ON?
WE'VE BEEN ORDERED TO ABANDON THE BUILDING.
SUPERMAN'S FIGHTING A DOOMSDAY MONSTER AND...
...THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY!
KRAKOOM!

SUPERMAN'S IN TROUBLE. COULD DIE!
THE PEOPLE OF METROPOLIS AREN'T HIS FAMILY. WHY IS HE DOING IT?
MAYBE BECAUSE... MORE THAN BLOOD TIES...
...THAT KIND OF LOVE IS WHAT IT MEANS TO BE FAMILY.
SUPERMAN, HOLD ON! I'M COMING! I'LL HELP YOU!
"SUPERMAN STAGGERING BACK! AND THE DOOMSDAY MONSTER
"...JUST RIPPED THROUGH THE POWER STATION."
BWA THOOM
ANOTHER BUILDING... COLLAPSING AROUND ME. AND THIS TIME...
".. NOT WEARING MY ARMOR...!"
IT'S ONE OF THE BUILDINGS DOOMSDAY DESTROYED!
THE RUBBLE! IT'S MOVING!
A MAN! WITH A HAMMER!
THIS LONG AFTER THE COLLAPSE, IT'S A MIRACLE HE SURVIVED.

DOOMS-DAY... GOT TO STOP HIM.
DOOMS-DAY'S DEAD.
DEAD? AND SUPER-MAN...?
SUPERMAN DIED STOPPING THAT MONSTER.
WITH SUPERMAN GONE, I'M TRYING TO TREAT THE WORLD AS FAMILY...
BUT WHAT I'M DOING HERE JUST DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ENOUGH ANY-MORE.
THERE HE IS!
I GOT HIM!
SHRAKT!
ZOID! THEY'VE KILLED LITTLE ZOID!
KEITH! ARTHUR! GET DOWN!


THE GUN THAT KILLED ZOID WAS A BG-80!
BUT I DESTROYED THE DESIGNS ...AND MY PROTOTYPES.
WHAT ARE THEY DOING IN METROPOLIS? SUPERMAN SAID MAKE MY LIFE COUNT.
GLAD I KEPT WORKING ON THE ARMOR AFTER ALL.
I'M GOING TO NEED EVERY ADVANTAGE I CAN GET.
"JOHN HENRY OF LEGEND FOUGHT THE MACHINE AND WON.
"I'M FIGHTING A DEADLIER MACHINE, ONE I HELPED PUT IN MOTION.
"AND I'M GONNA STOP IT. EVEN IF IT KILLS ME."
I OWE SUPERMAN THIS LIFE HE SAVED...
...AND I'M DEDICATING IT TO HIS MEMORY...

I DON'T LIKE GUNS. DON'T LIKE THEIR PERMA-NENCE...
...THE FACT THAT THEY CAN FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS.
...BUT THERE'S ALSO THE HERO I'M NAMED FOR
THE ARMOR IS FOR SUPERMAN.
THE HAMMER AND RIVETS ARE FOR JOHN HENRY ...THE STEEL-DRIVIN' MAN.
BEST ADVICE I'VE EVER HAD...
..."MASTER THE MACHINE."
"MAKE YOUR LIFE COUNT."
WORDS TO LIVE BY.

BOOM!
THE BUILDING! SOMEONE FIREBOMBED IT!
HELP! HELP!
THAT'S ROSIE. GLAD I MADE THE ARMOR FIRE--AS WELL AS BULLET-PROOF
GET OUT OF THE WAY, WORLD. STEEL IS COMING THROUGH!
I'M GOING TO SAVE YOU, ROSIE.
I'M GOING TO SAVE YOU ALL....!
THE BEGINNING!

HEY, MR. JOHNSON, TELL US THE STORY OF JOHN HENRY!

NOT AGAIN! THE GUY AIN'T EVEN REAL!

HE'S REAL, ZOID! MY GREAT-GRANDADDY WORKED RIGHT ALONGSIDE HIM.

HE'S THE ONE TOLD ME THE STORY!

"YA SEE, BACK IN THE OLD DAYS, MEN CALLED STEEL DRIVERS USED TEN-POUND HAMMERS...

"...TO POUND STEEL DRILLS INTO ROCK TO MAKE HOLES FOR BLASTIN' EXPLOSIVES.

"THEN, ONE DAY, THE MANAGERS BROUGHT IN AN EXPERIMENTAL STEAM-DRIVEN STEEL DRILL.

"THEY CLAIMED THE ENGINE -- CALLED IT THE INKYPOO -- COULD OUT-POUND ANY MAN ALIVE.

"WELL, JOHN HENRY LAUGHED AT THAT AND BET HE COULD BEAT THAT INKYPOO IN A RACE

"HE LIFTED A 20-POUND HAMMER IN EACH HAND, AN' HE STARTED POUNDIN'!

CHOOM!

"HALF AN HOUR LATER, HE'D DRILLED TWO 7-FOOT HOLES, ALMOST TWICE AS FAR AS THE STEAM ENGINE."

SUPERMAN: THE MAN OF STEEL 22. June, 1993. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1325 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019 POSTMASTER: Send address changes to SUPERMAN THE MAN OF STEEL, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510. Annual subscription rate $18 00. Canadian subscribers must add $8.00 for postage and GST. GST # is R125921072. All other foreign countries must add $12.00 for postage. U.S funds only. Copyright © 1993 DC Comics All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional For advertising space contact: Tom Ballou, (212) 636-5520 Printed on recyclable paper Printed in Canada.
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HE'S LIKE... DEAD! HE POUNDED SO HARD, A BLOOD VESSEL IN HIS BRAIN BURST AN' HE DIED!

HE MAY BE DEAD, ZOID, BUT HE WON!

I DON'T SEE WHY JOHN HENRY WAS SUCH A BIG DEAL, ANYWAY!

YOU'VE GOT A POINT, KEITH!

YMCA

I STILL DON'T SEE WHAT'S SO GREAT ABOUT THAT JOHN HENRY DUDE!

HE WENT UP AGAINST SOMETHIN' EVERYBODY KNEW COULDN'T BE BEAT... AN' HE BEAT IT ALL THE SAME!

YOU KIDS RUN ON NOW, MYRA'LL BE LOOKIN' FOR YOU!

HE'S COOL! SORTA LIKE SUPERMAN! HE--

BWHAM!

MR. JOHNSON COULD MAKE ANY DUDE SEEM LIKE SUPERMAN!

YOU BEEN FOOLED BY PRODUCTION VALUES, MAN! JOHNSON'S VOICE SOUNDS LIKE DARTH VADER! HE--

AAAAHH!

KROOM!

STEEL

ZOID?!

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SUPERMAN created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

KEITH! HENRY! MOVE!

BA-DWAM!

IT'S SOME KINDA GANG FIGHT! WE GOT CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE!

ZOID!

THEY KILLED ZOID!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE... PLEASE, LORD, LET IT BE IMPOSSIBLE!

YO, DUTCH -- BIG GUY CAME OUTTA NOWHERE! HE'S AFTER US!

PROBABLY ONE'A THEIRS!

YEAH, RIGHT. LIKE HE'S GONNA CATCH A MUSTANG ON FOOT!

HE CUT 'CROSS THE EMPTY LOT, MAN!

HE'S JUMPIN' OVER THEM HEAPS!

YOU GOT THE TOASTMASTER, MAN--JUST POP 'IM!

YEAH, I GOT THE--

HEY!

THE GUN! GIVE IT TO ME!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, MAN! HE'S BREAKIN' THE GUN!

PEEL 'IM OFF, MAN!

YOU GOT IT, BRO!

JUST LIKE A BANANA!

SKRUNCH! EEEEE

UNFFFF!

INTERFERIN' PUNK AIN'T DEAD, WE COME BACK AN' FINISH 'IM!

TEACH 'IM NOT TA MESS WI' SHARKS!

SECRET WEAPONS. DESTROYED... PROTOTYPES.

WHAT'RE THEY DOIN'...

...IN METROPOLIS...?

THE NURSES HERE BEEN LOOKIN' AFTER YOU, HENRY?

MM-HMMM! I JUST BET THEY HAVE!

M-MYRA?!

SHE GOT A HAIR CUT! AN' PUT ON HER DRESS-UP CLOTHES TO COME SEE YOU!

KEITH HONEY, YOU HUSH NOW! HOW'S YOUR BACK, HENRY?

HEY, I JUST REALIZED--YOUR NAME'S HENRY JOHNSON... LIKE JOHN HENRY BACKWARDS!

HOW 'BOUT THAT? HOPE NOBODY ELSE FIGURES IT OUT!

WHY--?

NEVER MIND, SHORT STUFF. HOW'S ZOID'S FAMILY TAKIN' HIS DEATH?

WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED.

WHEN I THINK HOW I HURRIED YOU KIDS HOME...

I PRACTICALLY SHOVED YOU INTO THE MIDDLE OF THAT FIRE-FIGHT!

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT... YOU DIDN'T KNOW.

I JUST WISH SUPERMAN WAS ALIVE. SUPERMAN SAVED ME A COUPLE 'A TIMES.

HE WOULDN'T LET SOMETHING LIKE THAT HAPPEN. HE--HE--;sniff;

YOU KNOW, KEITH, SUPERMAN SAVED ME ONCE, TOO.

"I WAS AT MY JOB, WORKIN' THE HIGH STEEL...

"...BUT I COULDN'T KEEP MY MIND OFF SOME BAD THINGS THAT HAD HAPPENED--

"THAT'S WHEN MY FRIEND PETE SKY-WALKER'D BEEN PULLIN' A LOT OF OVERTIME...

"...AN' HE CAUGHT HIS FOOT AN' TRIPPED!"

"--THINGS I FIGURED WERE MY FAULT. I WAS SORTA WONDERIN' IF I EVEN DESERVED TO BE ALIVE.

"I GRABBED A CABLE... AND SWUNG OUT.

"...AND GOT HIM ONTO A PLATFORM.

"I MANAGED TO GRAB PETE...

TONK

"THAT'S WHEN THE HOOK HOLDING THE CABLE CAME LOOSE.

"THAT'S WHEN I STARTED TO FALL.

"THOSE THINGS I'D DONE... THINGS I WAS SORRY FOR... FLASHED THROUGH MY MIND.

"FIGURED I'D NEVER GET A CHANCE TO PUT THINGS RIGHT NOW.

"THAT'S WHEN SUPERMAN SAVED ME. I SAID..."

I OWE YOU MY LIFE!

THEN MAKE IT COUNT FOR SOMETHING!

"I KNEW THEN I MEANT TO REPAY HIM."

WASN'T LONG AFTER THAT DOOMSDAY SMASHED HIS WAY INTO METROPOLIS.

THE FIGHT MOVED NEARBY AND THE FOREMAN CLEARED EVERYBODY OFF THE BUILDING.

"I SAW THE FIGHT... AND I KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO!

"I HAD TO STOP DOOMSDAY! I HAD TO SAVE SUPERMAN!

"SOMETHING HAPPENED THEN... AN EXPLOSION, THEY SAY, CAUSED BY A RUPTURED GAS MAIN.

"THE BUILDING FELL... BURIED ME IN THE UNFINISHED BASEMENT.

"AND ALL I COULD THINK WAS... THIS CAN'T HAPPEN. I CAN'T DIE. I OWE MY LIFE TO SUPERMAN!"

I WAS BURIED QUITE A WHILE. DON'T REMEMBER MUCH OF IT.

FOG. ANGELS AND DEMONS. I THINK MY GRANDADDY. HE DIDN'T WANT ME TO DIE. FUNNY...

I MUST'VE BEEN A LITTLE OUT OF MY HEAD, 'CAUSE I CLAWED MY WAY OUT. STILL THINKING I HAD TO STOP DOOMSDAY.

WEDNESDAY.

GLAD TO BE OUT OF THE HOSPITAL. DOC SAID BY RIGHTS I SHOULD'VE DIED THAT TIME, TOO.

GOT MORE LIVES THAN A CAT THESE DAYS.

ZOID'S DEAD. LIKE IT OR NOT, I HELPED KILL HIM.

HOW CAN I MAKE A THING LIKE THAT RIGHT?

SUPERMAN! I OWE HIM A LIFE! HE SAID MAKE IT COUNT!

METROPOLIS NEEDS A SUPERMAN!

READER ADVISO

HOROSCOPE SAID THIS'D BE MY LUCKY DAY! AND HERE YOU ARE! WELCOME HOME!

COME IN AN' HAVE SOME TEA AN' I'LL TELL YOU MORE!

IT'S ALL IN THE CARDS!

NO THANKS, ROSIE! LAST THING I NEED IS SOMEBODY LOOKIN' INTO MY FUTURE!

HOW COME YOU'RE GOING DOWN TO THAT BASEMENT?

YOU'RE THE FORTUNE TELLER, ROSIE! YOU TELL ME!

THAT JOHNSON HERO'S BEEN OUTTA THE HOSPITAL 'BOUT A WEEK NOW!

TIME TA BRING HIM A LITTLE HOMECOMING PRESENT!

JOHN HENRY FOUGHT THE MACHINE AND WON.

WHAT I'M FIGHTIN' IS A DEADLIER KIND OF MACHINE--

--ONE I HELPED PUT IN MOTION.

ONE I'M GONNA STOP...

...EVEN IF IT KILLS ME.

WHAT'S HE DOIN' DOWN THERE?

DON'T MATTER! FIVE SECONDS FROM NOW, HE'S GONNA BE DEAD!

FLAM

KRISH

POK!

ADER ADVISOR

FWOOM

EEE

EEEEEE

FIREBOMB-- HIT THE OIL RESERVOIR! FLAMES EVERY-WHERE! THAT'S ROSIE!

VHRROOOO

THE MAN OF STEEL IS COMING THROUGH!

BOGDANOVE & JANKE

WHO--?!

YOU'RE THE *PSYCHIC!* YOU TELL *ME!*

OH, I KNOW WHO YOU *ARE*. WHAT *YOU* DON'T KNOW IS THE HURSTS ARE IN THERE...

...TRAPPED ON THE SECOND FLOOR IN THE *BACK*.

"*THANKS*, I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT," HE SAID! HE CARRIED OTHERS OUT OF THE BUILDING...

...AND THEN HE WAS *GONE*. I'M A *PROFESSIONAL*, YOU UNDERSTAND. I SEE THE *FUTURE*.

I KNEW ALL *ALONG* SUPERMAN WOULD RETURN. AND NOW HE *HAS*.

NOT NECES-SARILY IN HIS *OWN BODY*, OF COURSE.

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A *WALK-IN SPIRIT?*

A WHAT--?!

WHY DON'T YOU LET ME TAKE YOU--

--AWAY FROM ALL OF THIS?

IT'S YOUR FAVORITE RABBLE-ROUSIN' UNION WRANGLER! AREN'T YOU GLAD TO SEE ME?

JEB?

JEB FRIEDMAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I JUST GOT BACK FROM HOUSTON! HEY, WHAT'S THIS, BABE? WATER WORKS?

I HEARD ABOUT CLARK. I'M SORRY, SWEETIE. HE WAS AN OKAY GUY.

BUT THE OFFER WAS SERIOUS-- YOU WANNA COME AWAY WITH ME?

GIVE ME A BREAK, JEB. WHEN HAVE YOU EVER BEEN SERIOUS?

OH, WELL, IF I CAN'T LURE YOU TO THE BAHAMAS...

... HOW 'BOUT A CUP OF COFFEE AT THE HOB'S BAY GRILL?

GANGS ARMED WITH SUPER-WEAPONS CLASH OVER TURF IN HOB'S BAY...

...A PSYCHIC, SAVED FROM A BURNING BUILDING BY A MAN SHE CLAIMS WAS SUPERMAN!

EVERY TIME I TURN ON THE TV, THERE'S NEWS OF ANOTHER SUPERMAN SIGHTING.

THIS IS THE WEIRDEST ONE YET.

HER BUILDING WAS BOMBED IN APPARENT RETALIATION, MR. LUTHOR, AGAINST A MAN CALLED HENRY JOHNSON...

OCCASIONALLY, A BODY IS ABANDONED BY ITS SPIRIT, BUT IS NOT YET UNINHABITABLE...

...AND ANOTHER SPIRIT, WHOSE BODY HAS BEEN LOST, MOVES IN.

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO SUPERMAN.

THE FACTS ARE CLEAR TO ANYONE WITH A SHRED OF CLAIRVOYANCE...

...A LOCAL WHO GOT CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TURF WAR BETWEEN THE SHARKS AND BLOODS.

WHAT ABOUT THE SUPER-WEAPONS THOSE GANGS ARE USING?

I DON'T KNOW, SIR. THEY... AREN'T OURS.

WHOSE THEN?

I... DON'T KNOW.

...THE MAN WHO SAVED ME TODAY IS THE MAN OF STEEL!

THEN FIND OUT, HAPPERSEN! THAT'S WHAT I PAY YOU FOR! FIND OUT!

IT'S STOPPING! HIGH ROLLERS GETTING OUT.

I COULD TAKE 'EM NOW. NO, BETTER WAIT! SEE WHERE THEY'RE GOING!

THAT'S IT! THE MUSTANG THE SHARKS USED TO GRIND ME INTO THE PAVEMENT!

THE CAR DRIVEN BY THE ENFORCER WHO KILLED ZOID!

MIGHT BE VISITING OUR WEAPONS SUPPLIER!

IF NOT, IT'S STILL MORE FOLKS TO TALK TO... MORE TO ANSWER MY QUESTIONS...

"...MORE DEALERS WHO'LL SOON BE OFF THE STREETS!"

ROCK AND C&H--CAPPED UP AND READY TO TRAVEL.

BLOOD MULE SAID YOUR STUFF'S GARBAGE, DUTCH!

KRAKOOM!

HOW WOULD HE-- HUH?!

JUST A SALES MEETING! TIME TO DROP THESE WHEELER-DEALERS--

--AND GET SOME ANSWERS!

IT'S THE MAN OF STEEL! DO 'IM!

I GOT 'IM, DUTCH!

BLAM! BLAM!

NOT WITH THAT GUN, PIN HEAD--

--THIS GUN!

BWHAM!

I'LL HOLD HIM FOR YOU, DUTCH!

THANKS, MUCUS!

BWHAM!

CHALK UP ANOTHER TWO TO THE TOAST-MASTER!

TOASTMASTERS... BG-80S...

...MY DESIGN.

BWAM!

ALL THOSE DEATHS...

...MY FAULT...

DON'T LOOK, JOHN!

:SMMMF: I SHOULDA BEEN HERE...

...ALL MY FAULT!

THE BG-80S SHOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN OUT, SON, BUT THEY'VE BEEN TESTED NOW!

WELL TESTED!

EFFECTIVE, SON! VERY EFFECTIVE!

IT'S SOME KINDA GANG FIGHT! WE GOT CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE!

ZOID! THEY KILLED ZOID!

SO MANY GUNS!

SO MANY KILLED!

NOT ANY MORE!

THE DEATHS END HERE!

DUTCH!

THOOMB! THOOMB!

THOOMB! THOOMB!

THOOMB! THOOMB!

WHERE'D YOU GET THIS PIECE, DUTCH?

I KNEW DUTCH WOULD BE TROUBLE. GLAD I DECIDED TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM.

WHERE'D IT COME FROM?

TH-THE WHITE RABBIT!

THAT VOICE... LIKE THE WRATH OF GOD. I KNOW THAT VOICE!

THAT'S JOHN HENRY IRONS! HE'S THE SUPERMAN THEY CALL THE MAN OF STEEL!

BUT WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?!

MAKES A GOOD BEDTIME STORY, DUTCH! NOW HOW 'BOUT THE TRUTH?

HE MAKES A FORMIDABLE OPPONENT.

HIS EFFORTS ARE ALREADY CUTTING INTO MY PROFITS. BETTER KILL HIM WHILE I CAN!

IT'S THE TRUTH! IT'S THE BUNNY--

KPOK!

YOU HAD A BEAD ON THE MAN OF STEEL, RABBIT! WHY'D YOU POP DUTCH?!

DUTCH WAS SINGING HIS HEART OUT, LUG. AND IF THERE'S ONE THING I HATE, IT'S A PIGEON!

B-BUT THE MAN OF STEEL...?

HE'S POTENTIALLY MORE PROFITABLE THAN BOTH OF YOU COMBINED.

"HE MIGHT LISTEN TO REASON... OR TO BLACKMAIL. NO, THERE'S NO POINT IN KILLING HIM... YET."

DAILY PLANET

THERE ARE FOUR GUYS OUT THERE WHO CLAIM TO BE SUPERMAN--!

THE KID WHO SAYS HE'S A CLONE OF SUPERMAN, THE CYBORG WHO CLAIMS HE'S SUPERMAN REBUILT...

...THE FASCIST IN SHADES. AND THE MAN OF STEEL THE FORTUNE TELLER SAID IS SUPERMAN RETURNED IN A DIFFERENT BODY.

SHE CALLED HIM A WALK-IN SPIRIT.

CAN SOMETHING LIKE THAT ACTUALLY BE POSSIBLE?

IT'S NOT POSSIBLE, LOIS.

HOW CAN IT BE POSSIBLE? C'MERE AND LISTEN TO ME.

SUPERMAN IS DEAD. AND CLARK IS DEAD.

BUT I'M ALIVE. AND SO ARE YOU. AND RIGHT NOW, YOU NEED SOMEBODY TO TAKE CARE OF YOU.

GRAB YOUR JACKET. WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT MORE OVER DINNER.

MARTHA? MARTHA! COME HERE! YOU GOTTA COME SEE THIS!

IT'S LIKE I TOLD YOU. IT'S OUR BOY... HE'S COME BACK FROM THE DEAD!

... A W-LEX CAMERA CREW ON THE SCENE OF THE SHOOT-OUT GOT THESE DRAMATIC SHOTS AS THE MAN OF STEEL...

...STEPPED INTO THE MIDDLE OF A FIRE-FIGHT, IN HIS ONE-MAN FIGHT...

...TO BAN ILLEGAL WEAPONS FROM THE STREETS OF METROPOLIS.

IT... IT CAN'T BE...

...CAN IT?

THE PERSON SUPPLYING THOSE WEAPONS IS A NEWCOMER TO METROPOLIS, MR. LUTHOR...

... WHO IS CALLED THE WHITE RABBIT.

WHY "WHITE RABBIT?"

UNKNOWN, SIR. PERHAPS IT'S BECAUSE SHE HAS SO MANY BOLT HOLES. SHE'S NEVER BEEN CAUGHT, SIR.

IT TOOK ME TWENTY-FOUR HOURS JUST TO LEARN HER STREET NAME.

THE WHITE RABBIT'S A WOMAN, THEN? INTERESTING.

I WONDER IF THE MAN OF STEEL'S QUARREL WITH HER IS PERSONAL.

FOR NOW, WE'LL LET HIM HANDLE HER. BUT I WANT TO TALK TO HIM, HAPPERSEN.

IT MIGHT BE USEFUL TO FINALLY HAVE A MAN OF STEEL IN MY POCKET.

GARY, LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!
WHAT IS THAT THING? A METEOR? OR MAYBE A COMET?
VROOOOOOOOOOM
DUNNO! LOOKS LIKE IT'S ABOUT TA HIT!
WHADDYA SAY WE CHECK IT OUT?

BOOOM

CUTTING EDGE!

STORY - LOUISE SIMONSON * PENCILLER - EDDY NEWELL
INKER - MIKE BARREIRO * LETTERER - ALBERT DE GUZMAN
COLORIST - GLENN WHITMORE

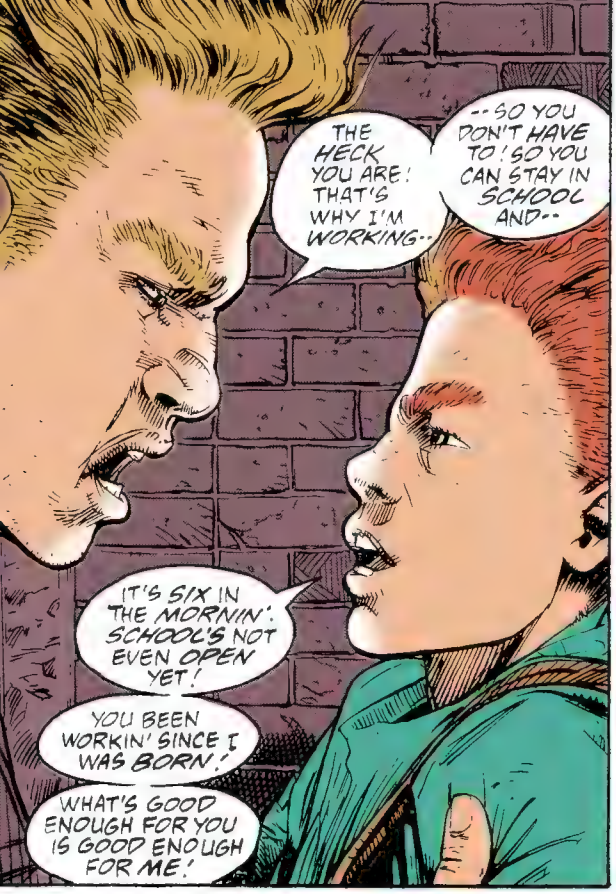
THE VESSEL --DID IT SURVIVE THE IMPACT?!?
LOOK AROUND YOU, GEMIR. IT DID...AS DID ALL OF US.
BUT WHERE ARE WE?
WE PASSED ONE OF THEIR PRIMITIVE SPACE PROBES! THE PLANET IS INDUSTRIALIZED!
WE'LL HAVE TO HIDE THE VESSEL!
ALL RIGHT! YOU HEARD WHAT PRITOR SAID!
TAKE DOWN THESE PLANTS. HURRY!
WE'LL COVER THE VESSEL WITH THEM! DISGUISE IT AS A SMALL HILL!
KRAKK!
I HOPE THIS BRISTLING WORLD HAS APPROPRIATE NUTRIENTS!
REALLY, GLONTH, YOUR VAST BELLY IS ALL YOU EVER THINK ABOUT!
THERE IS NO NEED TO WORRY. THE DENIZENS OF THIS WORLD ARE INTELLIGENT!
SURELY WE WILL FIND HIGH-QUALITY JUICES SUITABLE FOR OUR--
WAIT! SOMEONE IS COMING!

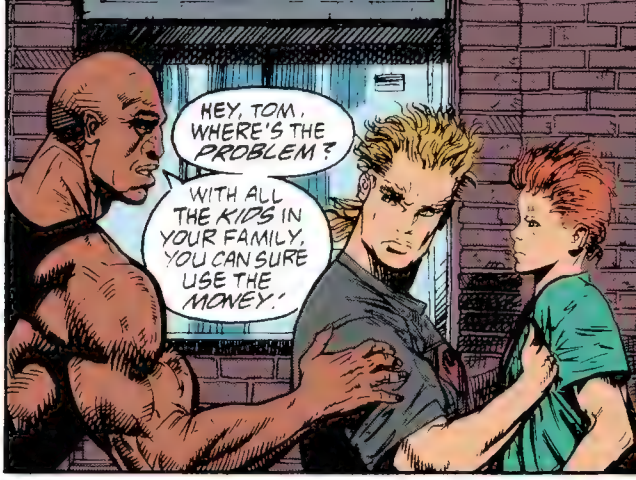
VROOOOM
THEN LET US OBSERVE OUR PREY!
WHY OBSERVE...
KRAANG!
ARGH
...WHEN WE CAN ACT!
ANGON! WAIT!

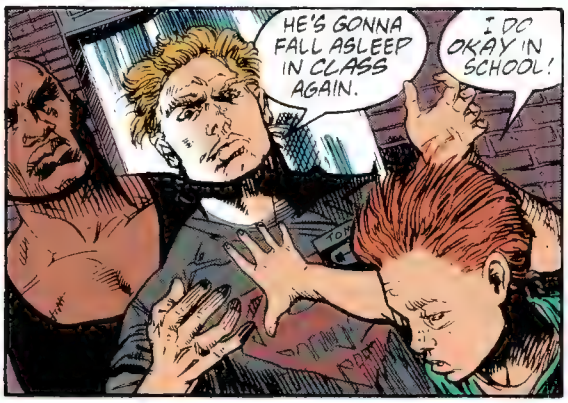
TOO LATE! SHE WON'T HAVE THEM ALL!
THE YELLOW-HAIR IS MINE!
AIIEEEEE!
DELICIOUS!
THIS WORLD HAS THE JUICES THAT WE NEED!
YOU WERE FOOLISH TO RISK YOURSELF, ANGON!
ONLY SIX OF US REMAIN.
TO LOSE ANOTHER OF US WOULD SERIOUSLY IMPERIL OUR MISSION!
ALREADY OUR SHAPE-SHIFTING ABILITY IS LIMITED TO THESE TWO FORMS.
LUCKILY THE DENIZENS OF THIS WORLD...
...ARE MUCH LIKE THE SHAPES WE HAVE ALREADY ASSUMED.

ANGON, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
YOU ARE OVERCAUTIOUS BEYOND REASON! YOU SICKEN ME!
DO AS YOU WANT!
BUT THERE IS A LARGE CITY IN THAT DIRECTION... I SAW IT BEFORE WE CRASHED!
ITS GLOW LIT UP THE SKY!
KEEP AWAY FROM IT! REMEMBER--
-- THE PIGS WHO BURROW THERE ARE MINE!
HOT-HEADED FOOL!
ANGON ALWAYS GETS TO DO EVERYTHING SHE WANTS!
IF SHE IS NOT CAREFUL, SHE WILL BE THE END OF US...
... AND OUR MISSION HERE ON THIS WORLD.

NICE... YUNG... SHIRT! SUPERMAN SYMBOL?
IRON FACTORY
YEAH. MY SISTER KATIE PAINTED IT AT GIRL SCOUTS. COULDN'T AFFORD TO BUY A REAL ONE.
MY BROTHER PETEY HELPED TOUCH IT UP. THEY KNOW HOW MUCH I ADMIRED SUPERMAN.
THEY GAVE IT TO ME FOR FATHER'S DAY. SHE'S PROUD AS THE DICKENS WHEN I WEAR IT!
FUNNY, HUH? GUESS I'M THE CLOSEST THING TO A DAD THEY'VE GOT.
NOT THAT I'D WANNA BE ANYONE'S DAD. IT'S SCARY ENOUGH, BEING THEIR BROTHER.
IT'S BAD OUT THERE. JUST WALKING TO SCHOOL CAN GET YOU KILLED IN METROPOLIS.
FATHER'S DAY?
ESPECIALLY NOW... WITHOUT SUPERMAN!
I KNOW. THE GANGS'RE GETTING WORSE.
HEARD LITTLE ZOID GOT CAUGHT IN A DRIVE-BY.
EXIT
I'LL LIVE. BETTER GET HOME, GET CHANGED FOR WORK.
THAT YOU TRIED TO STOP 'THE GUYS AN' THEY RAMMED YOU.
COPS HAD TO SCRAPE YOU OFF THE SIDEWALK!
HOW YOU FEELIN' NOW?
I PUT OUT WORD ON THE STREET! NOBODY MESSES WITH MY BROTHERS OR SISTER.
THAT SHOULD KEEP 'EM SAFE. BUT--
PETEY?!
WHAT THE HECK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
I GOT A JOB! I'M HELPIN' OUT! SO SUE ME!

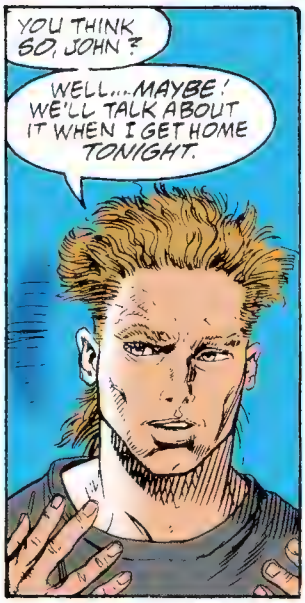

THE HECK YOU ARE! THAT'S WHY I'M WORKING--
--SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO! SO YOU CAN STAY IN SCHOOL AND--
IT'S SIX IN THE MORNIN'. SCHOOL'S NOT EVEN OPEN YET!
YOU BEEN WORKIN' SINCE I WAS BORN!
WHAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!


HEY, TOM, WHERE'S THE PROBLEM?
WITH ALL THE KIDS IN YOUR FAMILY, YOU CAN SURE USE THE MONEY.


HE'S GONNA FALL ASLEEP IN CLASS AGAIN.
I DO OKAY IN SCHOOL!

B'S AND C'S. YOU HEARD WHAT THE TEACHER SAID.
YOU OUGHTA BE GETTING A'S.

MISSING A LITTLE SLEEP IN THE MORNING SHOULDN'T HURT...
...IF HE GETS TO BED EARLY ENOUGH AT NIGHT.


YOU THINK SO, JOHN?
WELL...MAYBE! WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT WHEN I GET HOME TONIGHT.

YEAH! GREAT! WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT!

I WISH TOM'D LIGHTEN UP.
HE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO BOSS US!
HE JUST WANTS TO KEEP YOU SAFE...
...WANTS YOU TO STAY IN SCHOOL SO YOU CAN MAKE SOMETHING OF YOURSELVES.
LIKE WHAT?
LIKE...HERE, LET ME TRY.
LIKE THIS?
PLOP!
GOOD ARM! HOW'D YOU DO IT?
DARN! HOW'D YOU LEARN TA THROW LIKE THAT?
PAF!
STUDIED TRAJECTORIES ...MISSILES OF ALL KIND, IN SCHOOL...
...A LONG TIME AGO. TOM WANTS YOU IN SCHOOL SO YOU LEARN THINGS LIKE THAT.
AW, TOM QUIT SCHOOL AND HE'S DOIN' GREAT.
HE'S THE STRONGEST GUY AT THE GYM, NEXT TO YOU.
EVERYBODY ON THE STREET IS SCARED OF 'IM.
I'M GONNA BE JUST LIKE 'IM WHEN I GROW UP.
DARN, HOW'M I GONNA GET IT DOWN?
USE THE BROOM!
HEY, PETEY? YOUR BROTHER KNOW HOW YOU FEEL? THAT YOU WANT TO BE JUST LIKE HIM?

FRESH
89¢
APPLES
$1
HE JUST SAYS HE WANTS ME TO BE BETTER. BUT ASK ANYBODY...
...THERE'S NOBODY BETTER THAN MY BROTHER!
VROOOOOOM!
YEIII!
SHE DIDN'T EVEN SLOW DOWN! LIKE SHE WANTED TA RUN ME OVER!
K-CHINK
VROOOOOOOOOM
HUH? WHUZZAT?! WHACHA DOIN'?

MY HOOCH! YA SPILLED MY HOOCH!
DON'T YA TOUCH IT, YA SHRINK-WRAPPED, CLOD-HOPPIN'--
NO!
SKRASH
GET BACK! HERE, TAKE IT! YOU C'N HAVE IT!
N-NO!
AAAAIIIIIIEEEE

NOISY CREATURE! I'LL HAVE TO ENSURE SILENCE IN THE FUTURE.
AN EXCELLENT PLACE...
...TO HIDE THE CARCASS!
KLANG
SLIGHTLY SOUR TASTE... PROBABLY A NATURAL FLAVOR VARIATION AMONG THE SPECIES!
BUT EDIBLE! DEFINITELY! THIS WORLD IS EXACTLY...
...WHAT WE REQUIRE!

MARY O'BRIEN! JUST THE PERSON I WANTED TO SEE!
I HAD A FEELING YOU'D WALK BY ABOUT NOW.
I ALWAYS WALK BY ABOUT NOW, ROSIE. IT'S WHEN MY SHIFT'S OVER.
LISTEN, I'D LOVE TO STAY AND TALK, BUT I'M RUNNING LATE.
I'VE GOT TO GET DINNER ON THE TABLE AND...
READER
ADVISOR
HERE, LET ME TAKE THOSE GROCERIES.'
COME ON. THIS'LL JUST TAKE A MINUTE.'
AND IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT, HONEST.
I NEED THE PRACTICE.
I... I DON'T KNOW. FATHER KEVNER SAYS TAROT CARDS AREN'T... AREN'T CHRISTIAN.
OH, TISH TOSH, JUST THINK OF IT AS A KIND OF... OF CARD GAME. NOW CHOOSE A CARD.
HMMM. THE KNIGHT OF SWORDS, WHO-?
THAT'S TOM. MY OLDEST SON. HE ALWAYS BEEN MY KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR.
IT'S A WARRIOR SYMBOL. FAIR ENOUGH.' HE DOES HAVE A TOUGH REPUTATION.
I KNOW, BUT... IT'S JUST A... A SHELL... HIS PROTECTION AGAINST THE WORLD, YOU KNOW?

HE'S BEEN THAT WAY EVER SINCE HIS DAD DIED, BACK WHEN HE WAS TWELVE.
OH, ON THE OUTSIDE, MAYBE HE'S TOUGH AND HARD, BUT INSIDE... HE'S EVERYBODY'S HERO.
YOU KNOW, HE SKIPPED SCHOOL TO DO ODD JOBS, TILL FINALLY HE DROPPED OUT.
I DIDN'T WANT HIM TO, HE WAS SO BRIGHT... BUT WE NEEDED THE MONEY AND--
THIS CARD CROSSES HIM... THIS... IS BENEATH HIM.
WHAT IS IT? WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
THE DEVIL... AND DEATH.
THIS IS BEHIND HIM...
THE TOWER... THE SYMBOL FOR CATASTROPHE.
SOMETHING HORRIBLE IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN. UNLESS--
ROSIE, WHAT IN THE WORLD...?
I... I JUST REMEMBERED... THERE'S SOMEBODY I GOTTA SEE. HERE'RE YOUR GROCERIES, MARY.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING. EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.
IF I HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT! AND I DO! AT LEAST I HOPE I DO!
HENRY! HENRY JOHNSON!
HE ISN'T ANSWERING! DON'T TELL ME THAT MAN ISN'T HOME FROM WORK YET!

QUITTIN' TIME!
SEE YA, TOM!
IRON FACTORY
EAT
SAY "HI" TA YER MOM!
SAY, WHERE'S SAM?
HE'S GOT THE NEXT SHIFT.
DON'T SWEAT IT.
HE ALWAYS SHOWS... EVENTUALLY.
AAK!
KRAK!
S...STOP!
WHAT'S THAT?
HEY, YOU! GET OFF HER!
TOM

LEAVE THAT WOMAN--
PAKK
--ALONE!
S-SAM? IT'S YOU! BUT WHY--?
MY... MY!
OH, UH, M'AM... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
OH, YES... COULDN'T BE BETTER!
LET ME SHOW YOU--

-- JUST HOW GRATEFUL...
... I REALLY AM.
OH, LORD!
HAVING ROBBED ME OF MY MEAL...
... I THINK IT ONLY FITTING--

--THAT YOU TAKE ITS PLACE!
SPLAKK
NICE. VERY VERY NICE.
THE TASTIEST MORSEL I'VE YET FOUND ON THIS BACKWATER WORLD!
DON'T WORRY, PETEY! TOM JUST GOT HELD UP! HE'LL BE HOME SOON!
SOMETHIN'S HAPPENED! IF HE'S GONNA BE LATE HE ALWAYS CALLS!
YOU ARE SUCH A WEENIE!
YOU'RE THE WEENIE! AN' I'M NOT EATIN' MY DINNER...
...'TIL TOM GETS HOME, AN' I CAN EAT WITH HIM! I TOLE YOU, ME AN' HIM--WE GOTTA TALK!

HENRY JOHNSON--WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
YOU MEAN THE CARDS DIDN'T TELL YOU I WAS AT THE GROCERY STORE, ROSIE? WHAT'S UP?
I WAS READING MARY O'BRIEN'S CARDS AND THERE'S GONNA BE TROUBLE!
HECK, THERE ALREADY IS TROUBLE!
COME ON, ROSIE... YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT STUFF!
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I BELIEVE. IT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING!
SOMEBODY'S GOTTA DO SOMETHING, HENRY, AND YOU'VE BEEN ELECTED...
"...I ONLY HOPE YOU'RE NOT ALREADY TOO LATE."
TOM'S MOM SAID SHE'D CALLED AROUND. TOM IS MISSING, ALL RIGHT. MARY SEEMS REAL WORRIED.
HOW CAN ROSIE'S CARDS REVEAL THAT?
WHY'D SHE COME RUNNING TO ME? THE CARDS HAVEN'T TOLD HER I'M THE MAN OF STEEL... HAVE THEY?
AH, WHO'M I KIDDING? CARDS, FOR PETE'S SAKE!
TOM PROBABLY STOPPED FOR DRINKS WITH THE GUYS AND FORGOT THE TIME.
IT'S NOT LIKE HIM, BUT STILL...
...IT'D TAKE SOMETHING PRETTY DEADLY TO HURT A GUY LIKE TOM.

UNDERWORLD AIN'T SO FLOODED ANYMORE... AT LEAST UP HERE IN THE MAN-MADE TUNNELS NEAR THE SURFACE.'
METROPOLIS PUMPED 'EM OUT. THE LOWER LEVELS AIN'T EVER GONNA BE DRY.
HEY, WHAT'S THAT AHEAD IN THAT PATCH OF MOONLIGHT?
LOOKS LIKE BODIES... A WHOLE PILE OF BODIES.
MAYBE WE BETTER CALL THE COPS.'
NAH, THEY'LL BLAME US. WE GOTTA GET ONE OF THE SUPERMEN.'
NOT THE KID. OR THE ROBOT, THOUGH. OR THE FASCIST WITH SUNGLASSES.
WE WANT THE MAN OF--YE!!!'
LOOKS LIKE O-ONE OF 'EM'S ALIVE, AFTER ALL.

HEY, FELLA, YOU OKAY?
UNGH!
AAHK!
W...WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM?
W-WHERE...

...AM I...?
...UH...
MONSTERS.!!
KEEP AWAY.!
HE'S FIRING BLADES!
POP
KRACKLE
GET BACK!
THOK
KRACKLE
THOK
THOK
HELP! A MONSTER! HELP!
FEET

THE LITTLE GUY'S SHAKIN'! AN' SWEATIN'... SPARKS?!?
HE'S TALKING ABOUT ME! HE THINKS I'M THE MONSTER!
KRACKLE
WHO CAN BLAME HIM? WHAT... WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME?
I HAVE BLADES... ALL OVER MY BODY! THAT ISN'T RIGHT... IS IT?
LOOK, I WON'T HURT YOU. I JUST WANT TO KNOW--
POP
NO! KEEP BACK!
BAM
POPP
POP
POPPT
POPPP
HE WHAT KILL THE OTHERS! HE GOTTA BE! KEEP BACK!
NO. LOOK-- I... I'M NOT A MONSTER. I'M--

--I'M... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I AM!
DID I KILL THEM?
DID I DO IT? SLASH THAT PILE OF BODIES WITH THESE BLADES ...LIKE I NEARLY DID THESE...THESE OTHERS?!
I DON'T KNOW! I CAN'T REMEMBER!
LOOK AT ME! I MUST HAVE KILLED THEM!
HOW ELSE DID THEY DIE?
GOT TO GET AWAY
GOT TO THINK!
WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER?!

KRAKKLE
SNAPT
FZZT
HEY, 'CRACKER! CHILL! THE MONSTER'S GONE!
HOW WE GONNA GET YOU UNSTUCK IF YOU KEEP SPITTIN' SPARKS?
CHINCK KLANG
WHAT NOW?
SPARKS AND SMOKE... BUT NO FIRE!
THERE MUST BE FIFTEEN BODIES!
AND A LIVING, BREATHING FIRECRACKER NAILED TO THE WALL!
WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE? WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN HERE?
YOU'RE THE SUPERMAN THEY CALL THE MAN OF STEEL, RIGHT?
NAME'S GRUB! PALS 'RE MITTS AN' FIRECRACKER!
AND, MAN, ARE WE GLAD T'SEE YOU!

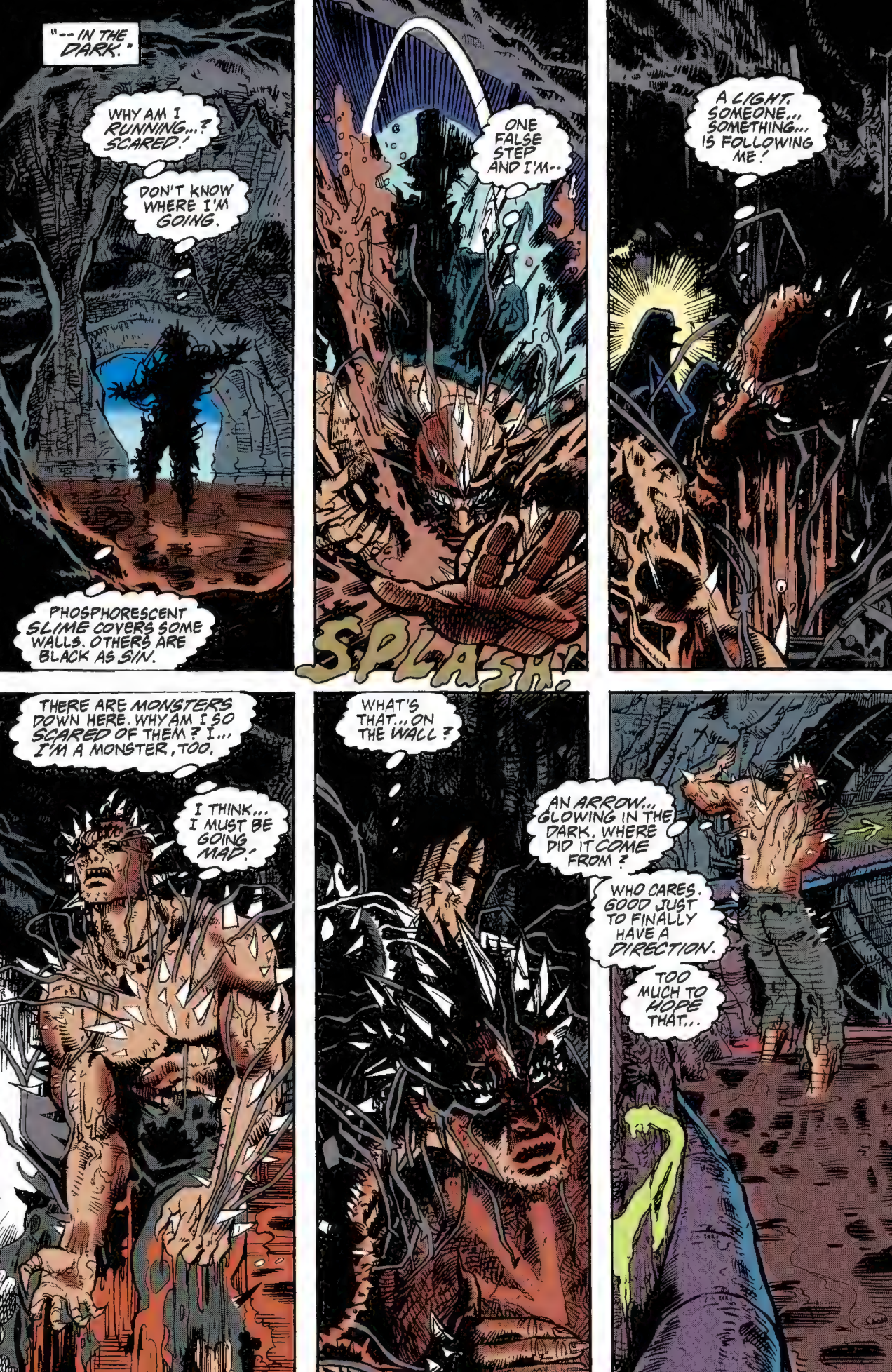
ROSIE SAW SOMETHING BAD IN HER CARDS. I TOLD MYSELF IT WAS A JOKE.
HOW CAN TAROT CARDS TELL ANYBODY ABOUT ANYTHING?
BUT THEN... WHAT'S HAPPENED TO TOM?
PLEASE... PLEASE, GOD...
"...LET MY BOY BE ALL RIGHT!"
MOM TOLE US HOW THAT FORTUNE TELLER ROSIE ACTED 'BOUT THE CARDS. SHE THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY...
...TILL TOM DIDN'T COME HOME!
MOM'S SCARED TO DEATH, ME, TOO.
NO WAY I'M GONNA LIE THERE, STARIN' AT THE CEILING ALL NIGHT!
NOT WHEN I CAN BE OUT LOOKIN' FOR TOM!
'CAUSE I'M GONNA FIND HIM...

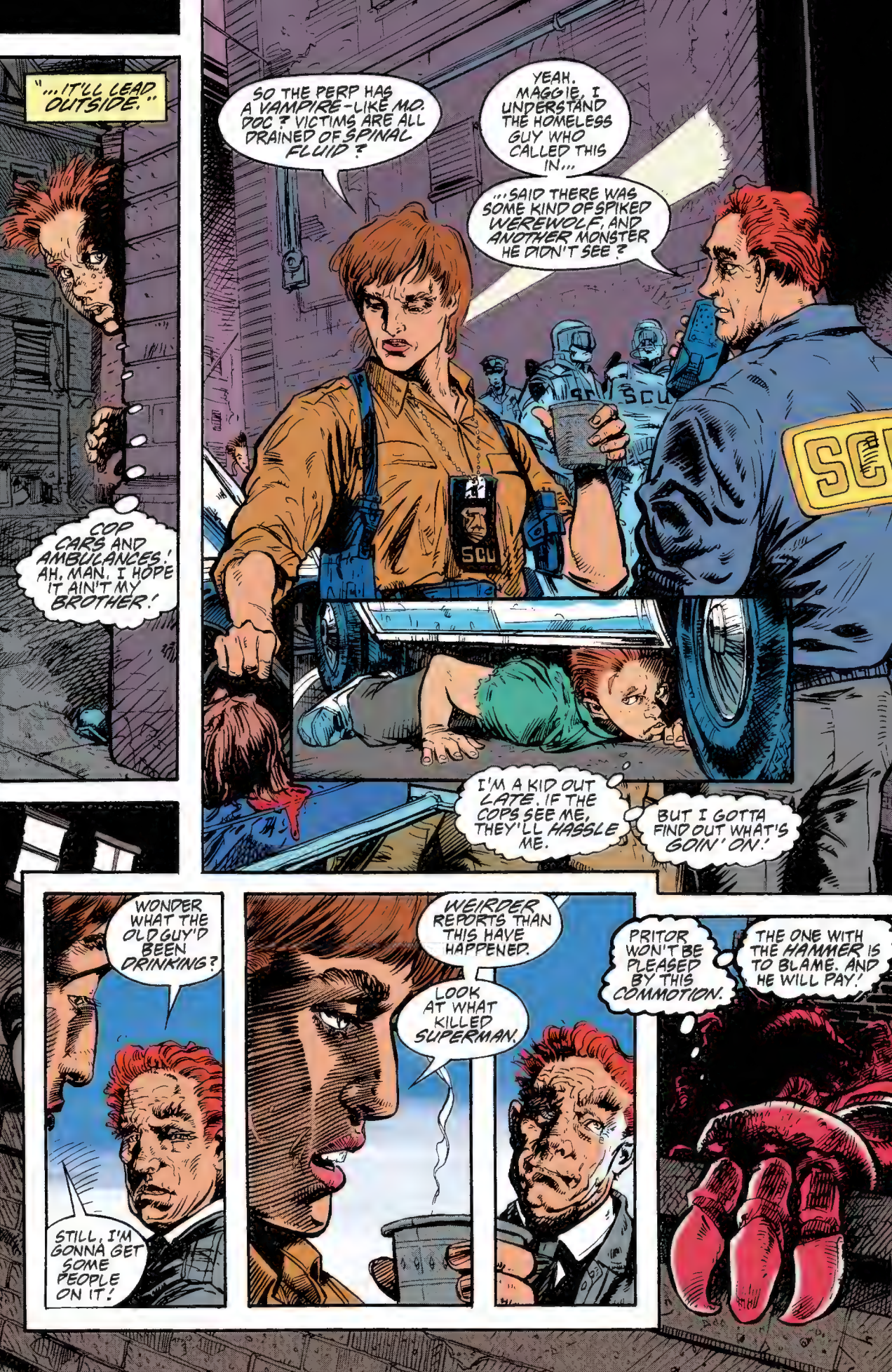
"...WHEREVER HE IS."
LAST ONE, FIRECRACKER! YOU'RE FREE!
OOPH! THANKS!
THESE BLADES SPROUTED FROM A MAN WHO WAS LYING IN THAT PILE OF BODIES?
YEP! CUT THE SHIRT RIGHT OFF 'IS BACK! THERE IT IS, OVER THERE!
ONE O' THOSE SOUVENIR FUNERAL SHIRTS WITH A SUPERMAN SYMBOL ON IT...
MUST BE A MILLION OF 'EM!
NOT OF THIS ONE! THIS SHIRT WAS HAND-PAINTED FOR A FRIEND BY HIS LITTLE SISTER.
FRIEND A RED-HEADED KID... NINETEEN... TWENTY, MAYBE?
YEAH.
THEN IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT.
HE'S LIKE A LIVING KNIFE FACTORY... A WALKING, CUTTING EDGE.
SHOT THOSE BLADES AT US ...TRIED TO TELL US HE WASN'T A MONSTER.
THEN HE RAN DOWN THE TUNNEL AND--
KA KLANGG!
LOOK-- UP AT THE GRATING!
ANOTHER BODY!
GET BACK--

WHOOOSH
--AND STAY BACK!
HUHRF?
KRAKKANG
WHAAK!
SLAMMED IT WITH MY HAMMER... DIDN'T FAZE IT!
GRABBED ME AS I ROCKETED PAST!
WHAT IN HEAVEN IS THIS THING?!!
HANDS STRONG AS VISES! GOT ME... CAN'T BREAK FREE!
JAWS OPEN WIDE! SEEN ENOUGH MONSTER MOVIES TO KNOW WHAT'S SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN NEXT--

THOOMB
THOOMB
THOOMB
--AND HOPE I'VE GOT A WAY TO COUNTER IT!
LUCKY FOR ME, MY SPIKE-GAUNTLET'S STILL FREE!
GARRRGH!
ITS MOUTH WAS SENSITIVE! BUT MAN--
CRASH
BANG
--THAT IS ONE P.O'ED MONSTER!
RATTLE
ONE OF THE BEETLES WHO GRUBS HERE HAS A STING!
PERHAPS I SHOULD RECONSIDER MY STRATEGY.
IT SEEMS THIS WORLD MAY BE MORE THAN JUST A FEEDING TROUGH!
PERHAPS IT ALSO OFFERS...

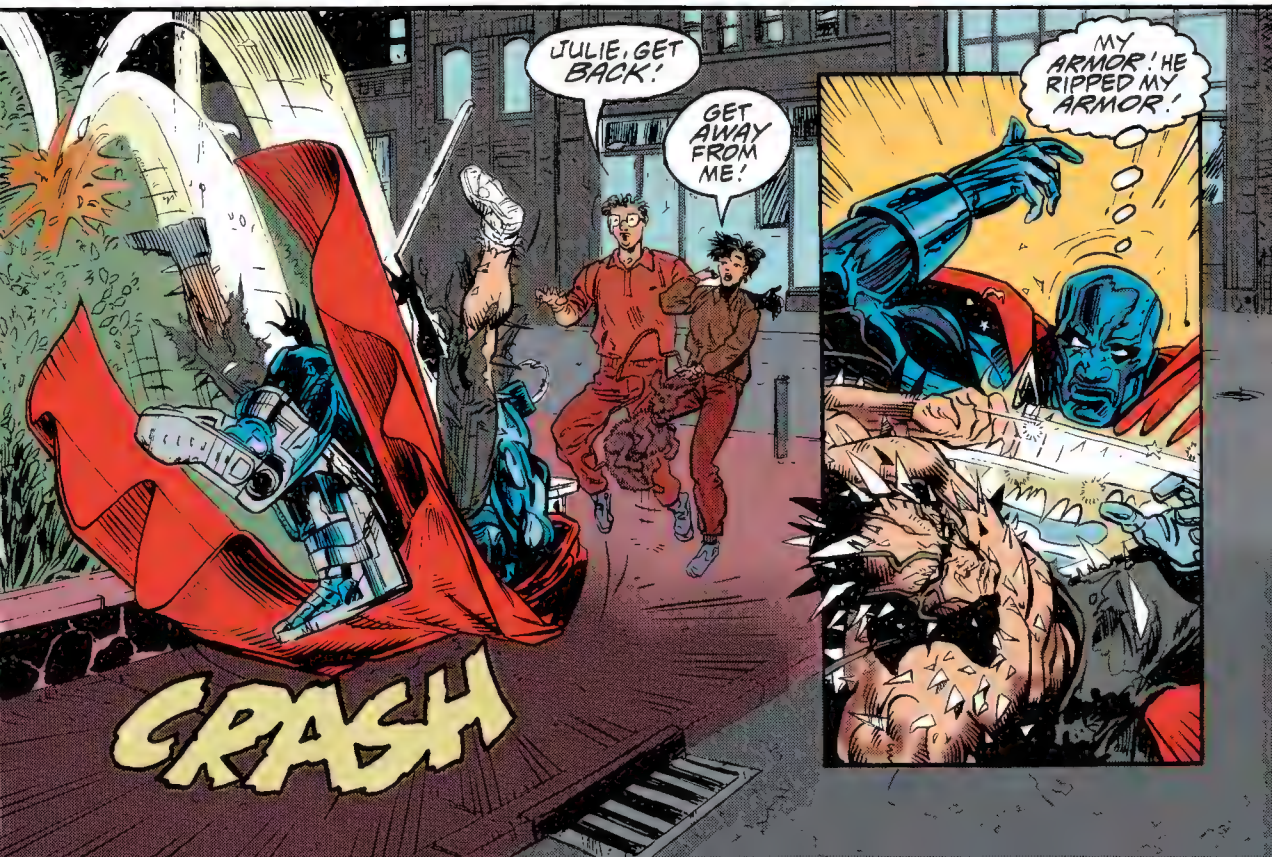
...THE JOY OF BATTLE!
MONSTER... BURIED ME IN GARBAGE! THERE IT IS--
NO... JUST A WOMAN!
OR WAS IT? THINK I SAW IT CHANGE... BUT CAN I BE SURE?
GONE! DAMN AND BLAST!
WHAT HAPPENED UP THERE?
LOOKS LIKE THERE'S ANOTHER SHAPE-SHIFTING MONSTER IN THE STREETS ABOVE.
GRUB, CONTACT THE POLICE ABOUT THESE BODIES. YOU HAVE MY WORD...
...YOU UNDERWORLDERS WON'T BE BLAMED FOR THEIR DEATHS.
YOU GOIN' AFTER YER FRIEND?
HERE, TAKE THIS FLASHLIGHT! YOU GO INTO THOSE TUNNELS...
"...YOU'RE GONNA NEED IT."
ROSIE'S RIGHT. TOM'S IN TROUBLE. HAVE TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON...
...FIND A WAY TO HELP HIM. TOM DIDN'T HAVE LIGHT... PROBABLY CAN'T SEE.
SURE WOULD HATE TO BE STUCK LIKE THAT, DOWN HERE ALONE--


"-- IN THE DARK."
WHY AM I RUNNING...? SCARED!
DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING.
PHOSPHORESCENT SLIME COVERS SOME WALLS. OTHERS ARE BLACK AS SIN.
ONE FALSE STEP AND I'M--
SPLASH!
A LIGHT. SOMEONE... SOMETHING... IS FOLLOWING ME!
THERE ARE MONSTERS DOWN HERE. WHY AM I SO SCARED OF THEM? I... I'M A MONSTER, TOO.
I THINK... I MUST BE GOING MAD!
WHAT'S THAT... ON THE WALL?
AN ARROW... GLOWING IN THE DARK. WHERE DID IT COME FROM?
WHO CARES. GOOD JUST TO FINALLY HAVE A DIRECTION.
TOO MUCH TO HOPE THAT...


"...IT'LL LEAD OUTSIDE."
COP CARS AND AMBULANCES! AH, MAN, I HOPE IT AIN'T MY BROTHER!
SO THE PERP HAS A VAMPIRE-LIKE M.O. DOC? VICTIMS ARE ALL DRAINED OF SPINAL FLUID?
YEAH. MAGGIE, I UNDERSTAND THE HOMELESS GUY WHO CALLED THIS IN...
...SAID THERE WAS SOME KIND OF SPIKED WEREWOLF, AND ANOTHER MONSTER HE DIDN'T SEE?
SCU
I'M A KID OUT LATE. IF THE COPS SEE ME, THEY'LL HASSLE ME.
BUT I GOTTA FIND OUT WHAT'S GOIN' ON!
WONDER WHAT THE OLD GUY'D BEEN DRINKING?
STILL, I'M GONNA GET SOME PEOPLE ON IT!
WEIRDER REPORTS THAN THIS HAVE HAPPENED.
LOOK AT WHAT KILLED SUPERMAN.
PRITOR WON'T BE PLEASED BY THIS COMMOTION.
THE ONE WITH THE HAMMER IS TO BLAME. AND HE WILL PAY!

HERE'S THE SHIRT THE WEREWOLF WAS WEARING. BAG IT AND TAG IT...
...AND WE'LL TRY TO IDENTIFY HIM FROM IT.
THAT'S TOM'S SHIRT!
LET'S KEEP THIS AS QUIET AS POSSIBLE TILL WE KNOW WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST.
WE DON'T WANT TO CAUSE A NEEDLESS PANIC.
THEY PUT IT IN THE CAR!
THE COPS THINK TOM'S A WEREWOLF. THEY THINK HE COMMITTED THOSE MURDERS.
POLICE
BUT TOM WOULDN'T DO THAT!
I CAN'T LET THEM CATCH HIM.
ANOTHER RED-HAIR! MY, MY, LOOK AT IT RUN!
MY CONFRONTATION WITH THAT SPIKE-WIELDING, ARMORED BOAR HAS MADE ME FEEL A BIT PECKISH!
PERHAPS I SHOULD GO AFTER HIM. AFTER ALL...
...HE LOOKS MUCH LIKE THE RED-HAIRED PIGLET I JUICED EARLIER--

"...WHO TASTED SO SWEET!"
THE ARROWS LED OUTSIDE! I'M FREE.
BUT WHATEVER'S FOLLOWING ME IS STILL ON MY TAIL!
GOT TO GET AWAY!
TOM! STOP!
YEIIII!


JULIE, GET BACK!
GET AWAY FROM ME!
MY ARMOR! HE RIPPED MY ARMOR!
CRASH

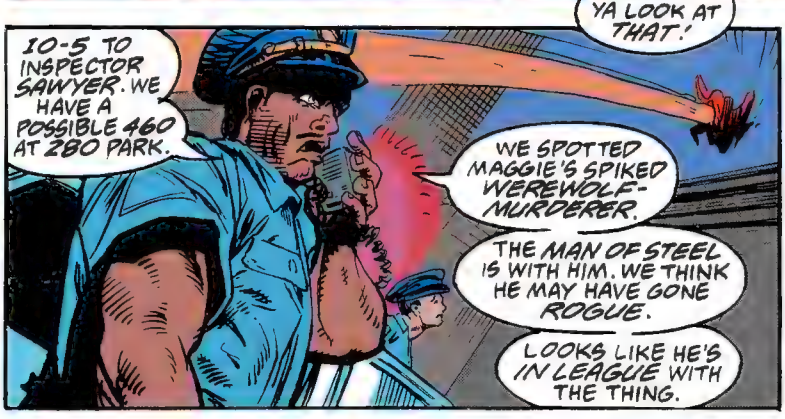
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
OR AT LEAST IT OUGHT TO BE!
WHAM!
OW! MY HAND!
SPIKES SHREDDED MY GLOVE!
LOOK AT THAT CAR!
THE KID CAN'T HELP IT! WHATEVER HE TOUCHES HE CUTS...
CRUNCH
...LIKE THE EDGE OF A KNIFE!
MY MASK HIDES MY IDENTITY AS EFFECTIVELY AS THOSE SPIKES OBSCURE HIS.
HE HASN'T GOT A CLUE WHO I AM!
BEST THING TO DO IS PIN HIM DOWN BY THE SHREDS OF WHATEVER CLOTHES HE HAS LEFT...
...AND TRY TO HOLD HIM STILL, SO I CAN TALK TO HIM!
TOM--?
BLAST! IF HE KNEW WHO I WAS, MAYBE HE'D LISTEN TO ME.
THOOMB!
THOOMB!
THOOMB!

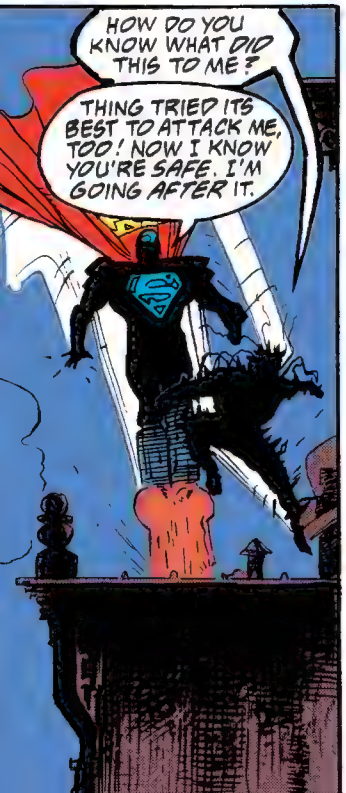
NO! KEEP BACK!
I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU...
...BUT I WILL...
...IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO BE FREE OF YOU!
HEY! GET AHOLD OF YOURSELF!
CRAAASH!
WHATEVER'S HAPPENED TO YOU...
...YOU'RE NOT A KILLER.
I--
YOU'RE RIGHT! I CAN'T!
LISTEN TO ME, TOM! YOU'RE NOT A MONSTER!

TAKE ANOTHER LOOK!
EVERY MIRROR IN THIS PLACE SHOWS ME WHAT I AM!
AND I HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE WHAT THAT IS! SO TELL ME--
--WHAT AM I?
WHO AM I
CRASH
HOW DID I GET THIS WAY?
YOU MEAN... YOU... DON'T KNOW--?
YOUR NAME'S TOM O'BRIEN.
I... BELIEVE YOU WERE ATTACKED BY A MONSTER... A REAL MONSTER.
POLICE
ITS OTHER VICTIMS ARE DEAD. BUT, SOMEHOW, YOU SURVIVED.
THE ATTACK MUST HAVE CHANGED YOUR BODY, TOM.
AND IT SEEMS TO HAVE ERASED SOME OF YOUR MEMORIES.
BUT IT DIDN'T CHANGE YOUR SOUL.
OR THE KIND OF MAN YOU ESSENTIALLY ARE!
THROW YOUR WEAPONS OUT! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS RAISED--!
COPS! WE MUST HAVE TRIPPED AN ALARM!

WE HAVE BETTER THINGS TO DO THAN TO GO INTO LONG-WINDED EXPLANATIONS!
COME ON!

SO I WASN'T LIKE THIS BEFORE?
NO.

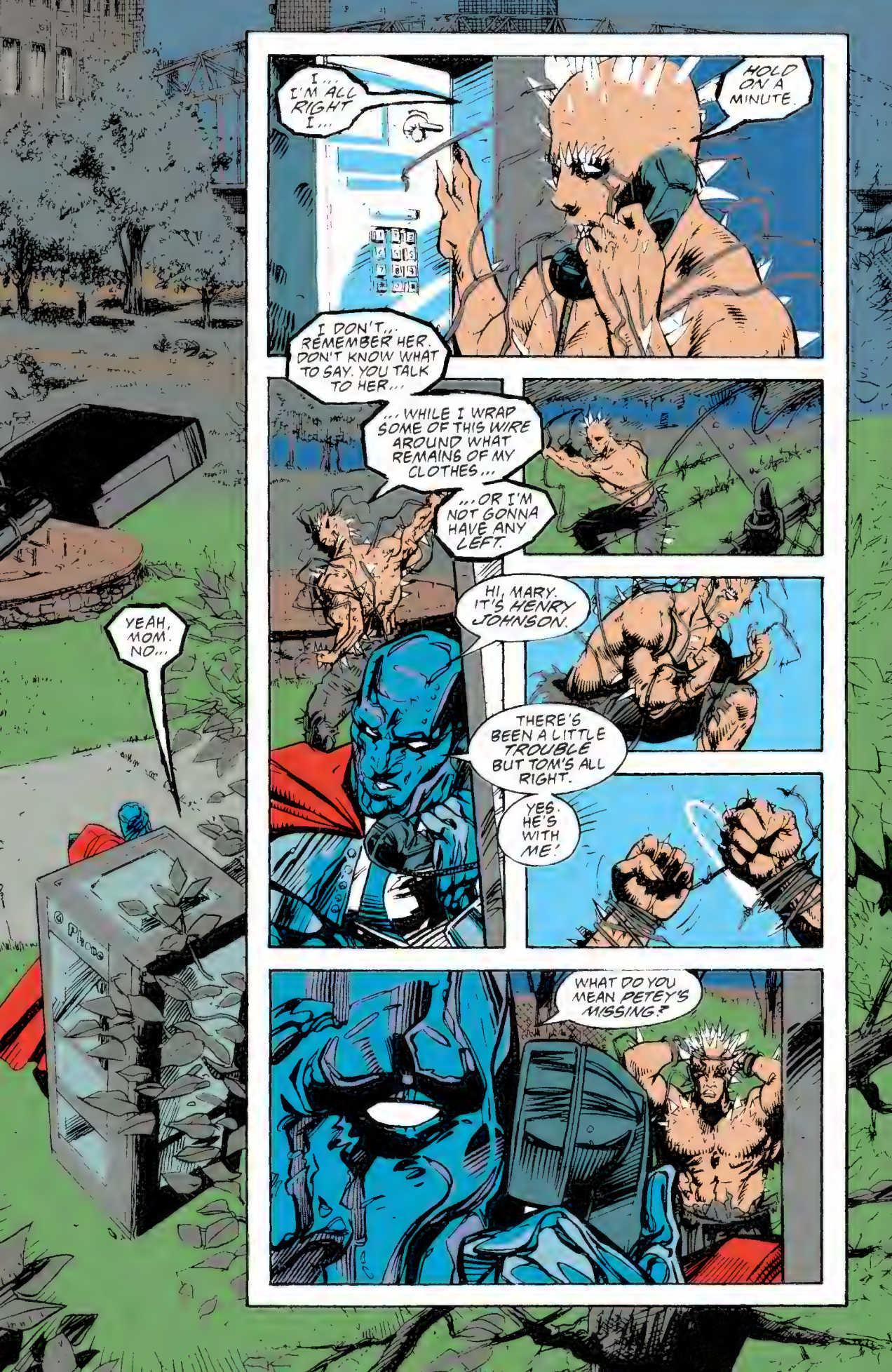

WOULD YA LOOK AT THAT!
10-5 TO INSPECTOR SAWYER. WE HAVE A POSSIBLE 460 AT 280 PARK.
WE SPOTTED MAGGIE'S SPIKED WEREWOLF-MURDERER.
THE MAN OF STEEL IS WITH HIM. WE THINK HE MAY HAVE GONE ROGUE.
LOOKS LIKE HE'S IN LEAGUE WITH THE THING.


HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT DID THIS TO ME?
THING TRIED ITS BEST TO ATTACK ME, TOO! NOW I KNOW YOU'RE SAFE. I'M GOING AFTER IT.

I'M COMING WITH YOU.
LOOK. MAYBE IF WE CATCH IT, WE CAN MAKE IT CHANGE ME BACK.

MAYBE, I GUESS YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO GO AFTER IT.
BUT MAYBE, FIRST WE OUGHTA CALL YOUR MOTHER.

MY... MOTHER?


I... I'M ALL RIGHT I...
HOLD ON A MINUTE.
I DON'T... REMEMBER HER. DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. YOU TALK TO HER...
... WHILE I WRAP SOME OF THIS WIRE AROUND WHAT REMAINS OF MY CLOTHES...
...OR I'M NOT GONNA HAVE ANY LEFT.
HI, MARY. IT'S HENRY JOHNSON.
THERE'S BEEN A LITTLE TROUBLE BUT TOM'S ALL RIGHT.
YES. HE'S WITH ME.
YEAH, MOM. NO...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN PETEY'S MISSING?

WHO'S PETEY?
YOUR LITTLE BROTHER, TWELVE OR SO, SPITTING IMAGE OF YOU...
I DON'T REMEMBER HIM. I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER MY OWN MOTHER.
...AT LEAST THE WAY YOU USED TO BE.
YOUR MOM SAID PETEY WAS WORRIED WHEN YOU DIDN'T COME HOME.
SHE THINKS HE WENT LOOKING FOR YOU.
BUT... WHERE WOULD HE GO? WHERE WOULD HE THINK I'D GO?
MAYBE THE GYM WHERE YOU WORK.
THAT KID MUST BE CRAZY! WE'VE GOTTA FIND HIM, FAST--
"...THERE'S A MONSTER OUT HERE."
GYM'S THE ONLY PLACE I HAVEN'T CHECKED, AND THE DOOR'S LOCKED.
WHAT IF TOM'S IN THERE AND HE NEEDS ME?
I COULD TAKE THIS ROCK!
OR MAYBE THAT OLD BAR BREAK THE WINDOW...
KEEP OUT

...AND CLIMB IN AND CHECK--
YE!!! GET AWAY FROM ME! HELP!
IRON FACTORY
THAT SOUNDS LIKE PETEY!

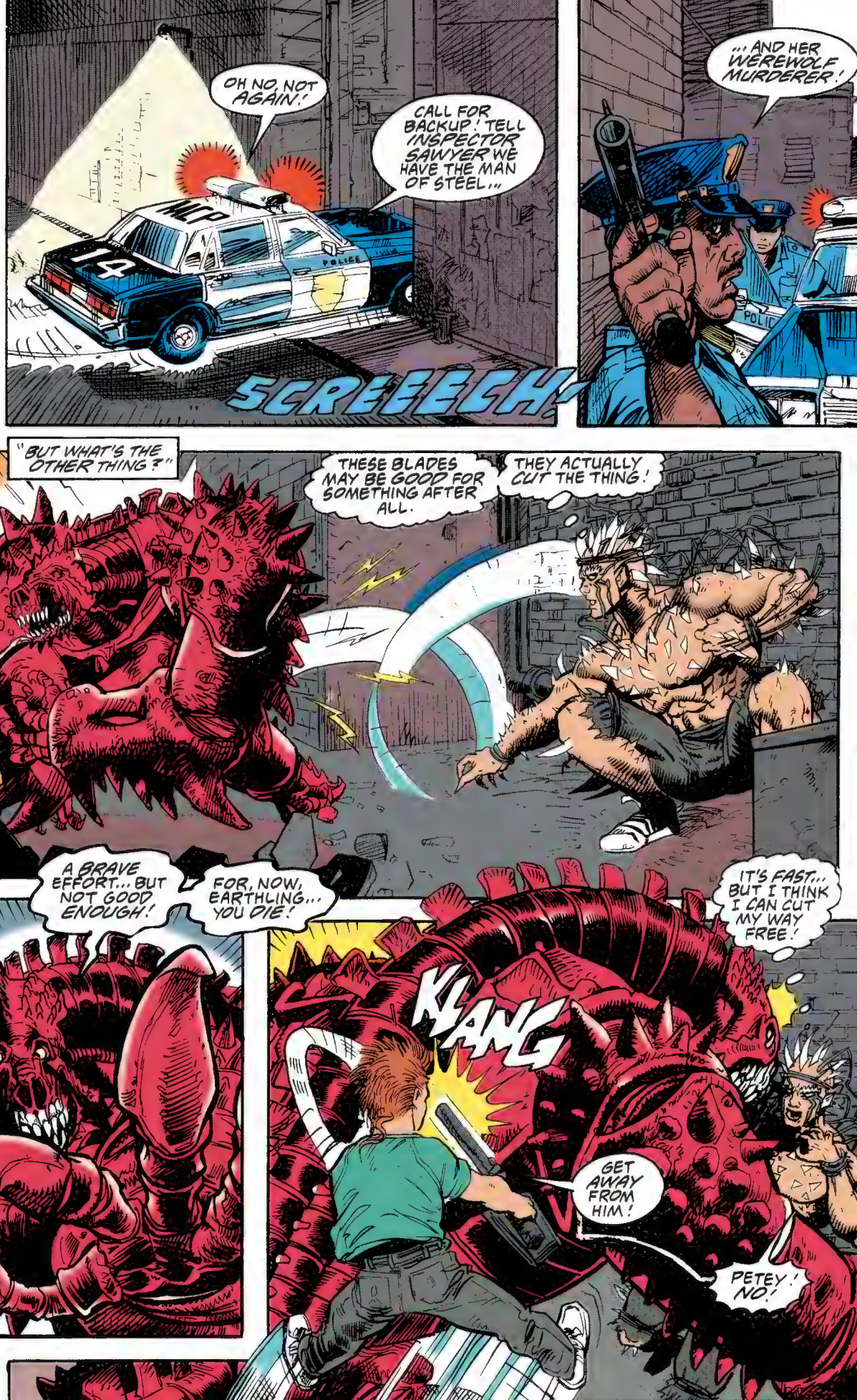
LET ME GO!
KLANG!!
NO MATTER HOW HARD I HIT THE THING, IT DIDN'T STOP!
GOT MY MOUTH COVERED! CAN'T EVEN SCREAM ANYMORE!
HOW'S ANYBODY GONNA KNOW TA COME AN' SAVE ME!
WHAT'S IT DOIN' TA ME NOW!
CAN'T WIGGLE FREE! CAN HARDLY MOVE!

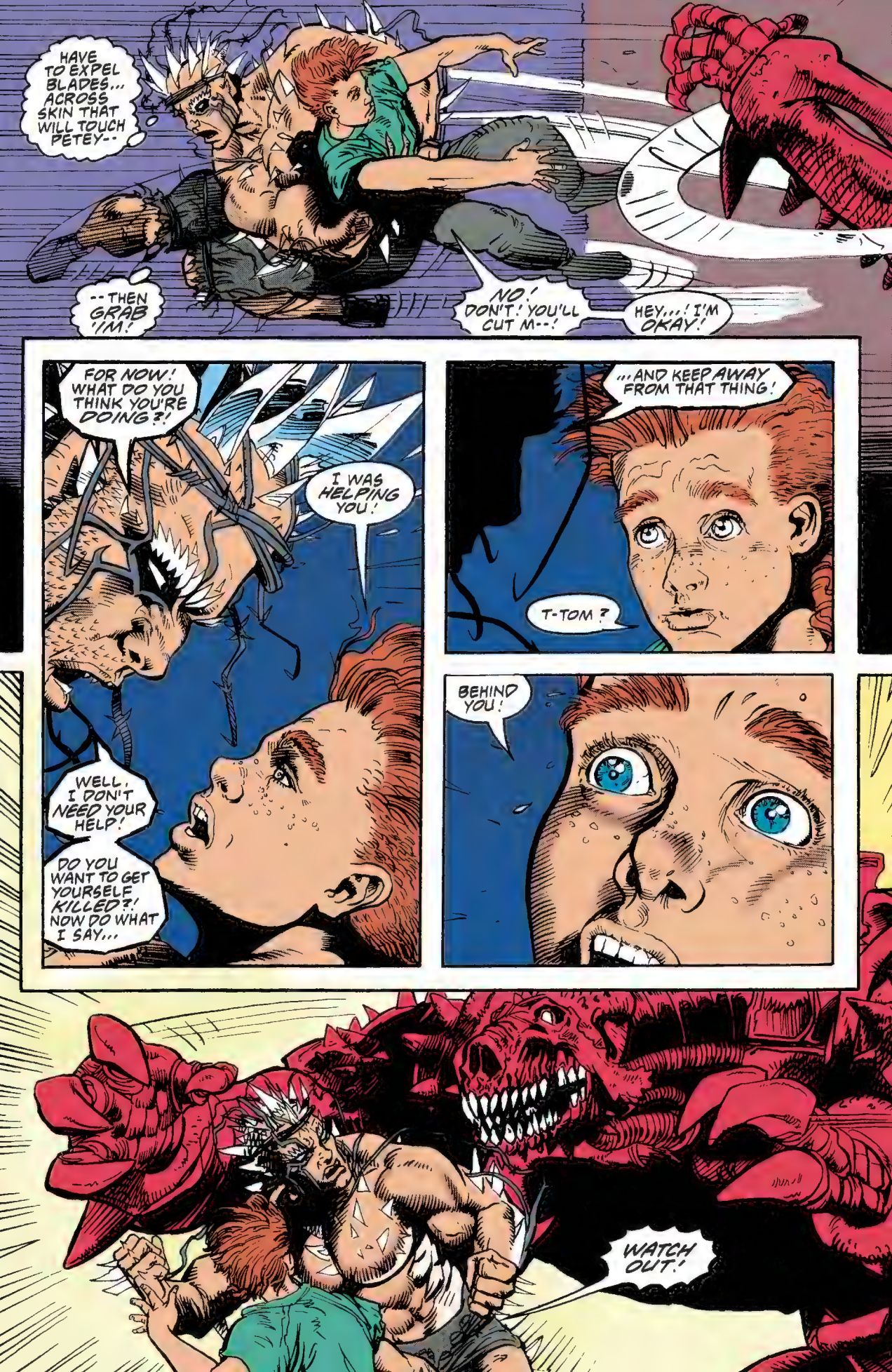
WHAT I NEED IS THE COPS! MAYBE IF I BREAK THE WINDOW, IT'LL SET OFF AN ALARM!
BRANGA BRANGA BRANGA!
WHAT ?!?
GOOD MOVE, PETEY! DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT YOU NOW!
WHO--? HEY, WAIT A MINUTE. I KNOW YOU!
SO MUCH FOR MY BIG SECRET!
SO YOU'RE WHAT DID THIS TO ME!
YOU'RE THE MAN OF STEEL!

BUT WHAT KIND OF CREATURE IS IT?
AAK!
THING'S STRONG AS IT IS UGLY.
PUNCHED ME RIGHT...
...THROUGH THE WALL...
STAY HERE AND KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE!
I'M A'READY IN TROUBLE... AN' I'M SCARED YOU ARE TOO!
LUCKY THIS ALLEY'S FILLED WITH DISCARDS FROM THE IRON FACTORY.
BAR DIDN'T DO MUCH GOOD AGAINST THAT THING BEFORE...
...BUT IT'S BETTER THAN NUTHIN'!
THAT'S ONE SCARY MONSTER...

"...AND THOSE GUYS MIGHT NEED MY HELP!"
DROP HIM! NOW!
WHAKM!
ALL MY TROUBLES HERE ARE YOUR FAULT!
AND SO I WILL JUICE YOU BEFORE TAKING THE OTHERS.

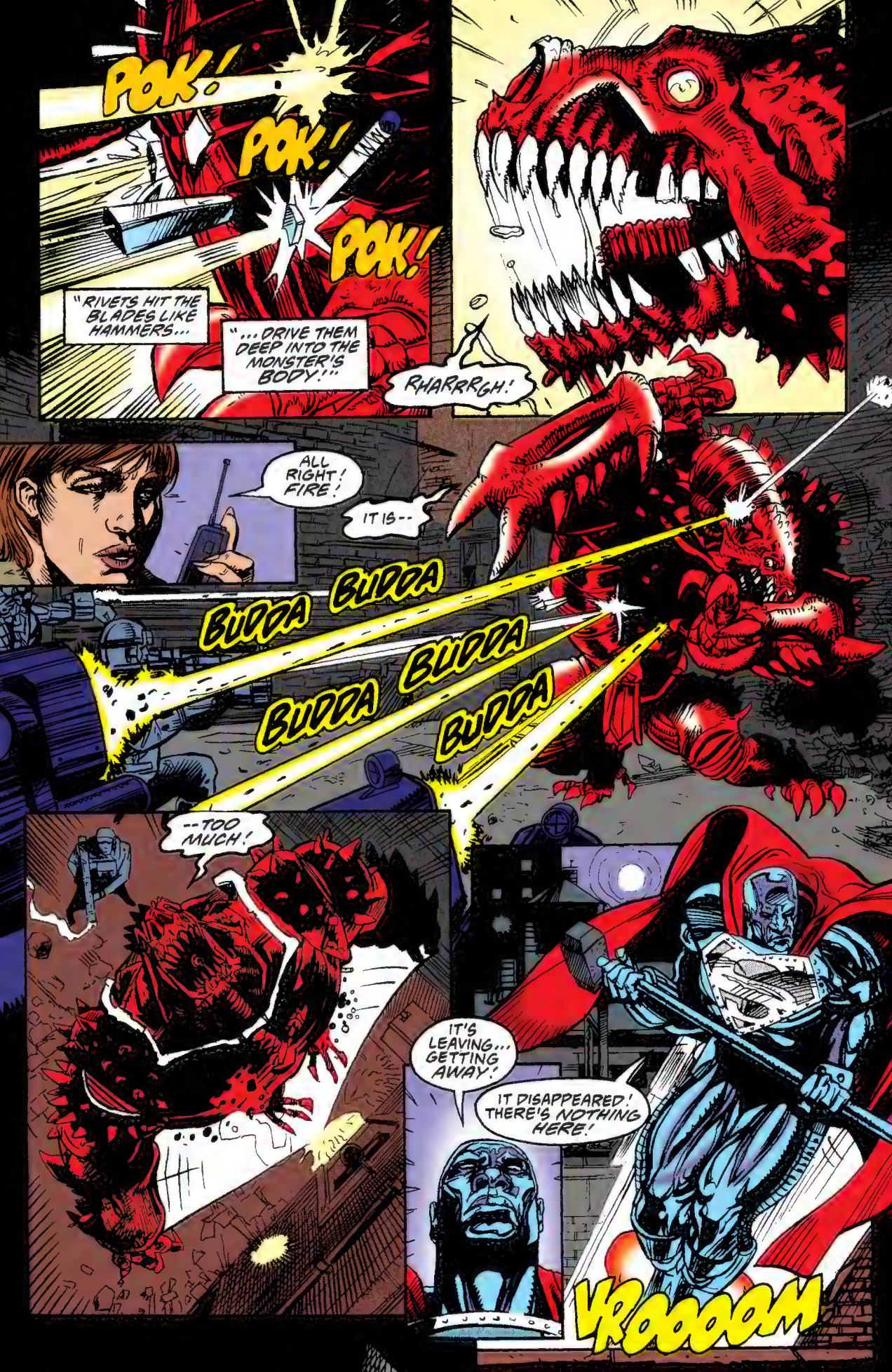
YOUR DEATH WILL BE SLOW AND PAINFUL...
KRSNANG!
... AND YOUR JUICES WILL TASTE ESPECIALLY SWEET.
NO!
AAARGH! MY STOMACH!


OH NO, NOT AGAIN!
CALL FOR BACKUP! TELL INSPECTOR SAWYER WE HAVE THE MAN OF STEEL...
SCREEECH!
...AND HER WEREWOLF MURDERER!
"BUT WHAT'S THE OTHER THING?"
THESE BLADES MAY BE GOOD FOR SOMETHING AFTER ALL.
THEY ACTUALLY CUT THE THING!
A BRAVE EFFORT... BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH!
FOR, NOW, EARTHLING... YOU DIE!
IT'S FAST... BUT I THINK I CAN CUT MY WAY FREE!
KLANG
GET AWAY FROM HIM!
PETEY! NO!

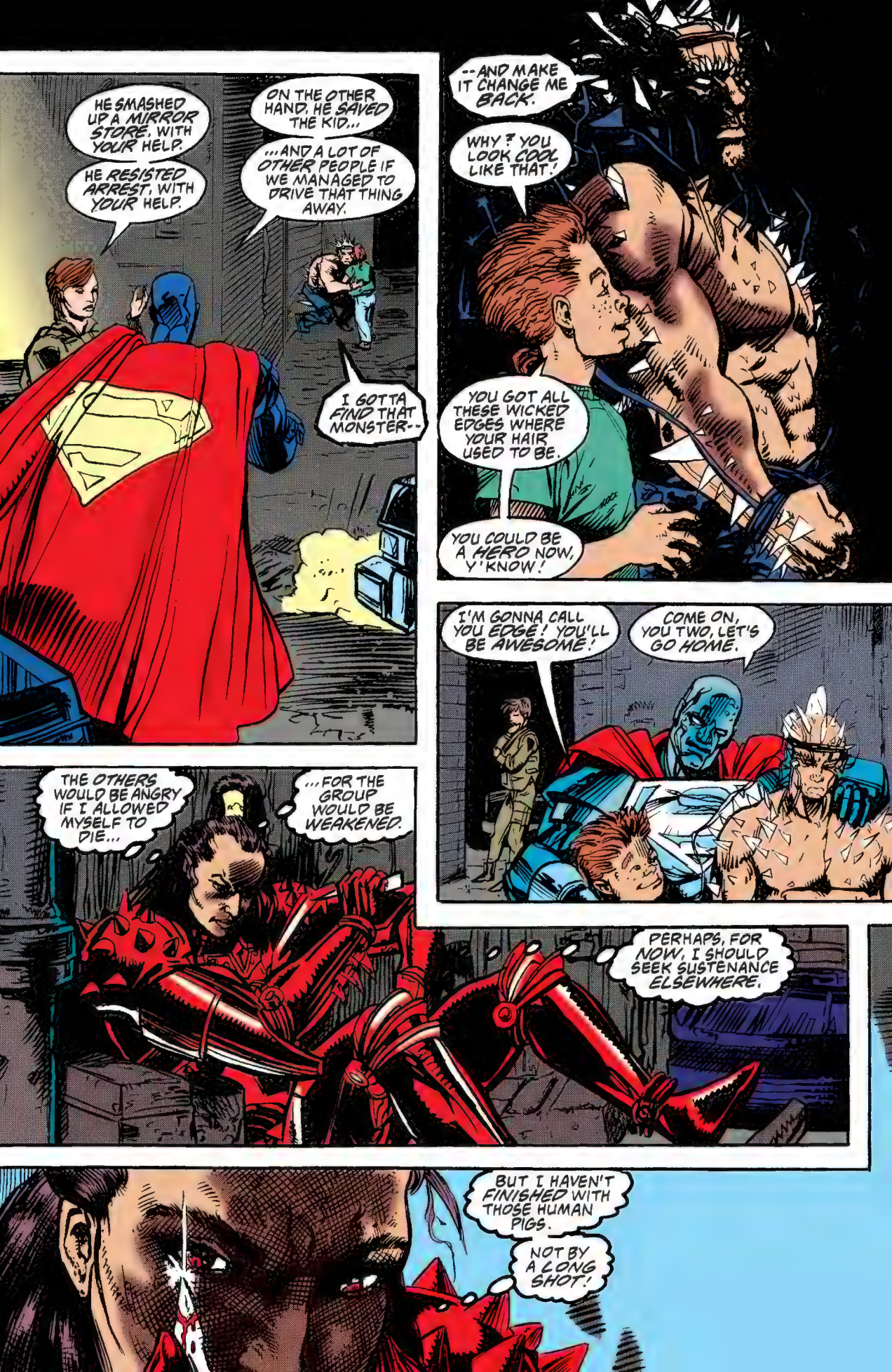

HAVE TO EXPEL BLADES... ACROSS SKIN THAT WILL TOUCH PETEY--
--THEN GRAB 'IM!
NO! DON'T! YOU'LL CUT M--!
HEY...! I'M OKAY!
FOR NOW! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!
I WAS HELPING YOU!
WELL, I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP!
DO YOU WANT TO GET YOURSELF KILLED?! NOW DO WHAT I SAY...
...AND KEEP AWAY FROM THAT THING!
T-TOM?
BEHIND YOU!
WATCH OUT!

THOOMB!
THOOMB!
RIVETS! THEY DROVE IT AWAY ONCE BEFORE!
THEY HURT IT!
BUT THEY BARELY MADE DENTS IN ITS HIDE!
THING MUST'VE LEARNED THEY DON'T REALLY DAMAGE IT!
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ITS GOING ANYWHERE THIS TIME!
WHOOO WHOOO WHOOO WHOOO
SCU
LIEU-- INSPECTOR SAWYER. LOOK! THE MAN OF STEEL!
SCU
AND TWO MONSTERS! JUST LIKE THAT OLD BUM GRUB TOLD US!

PULLED THE LAST RIVET OUT OF ITS SNOUT! FOR ALL THE FORCE BEHIND THEM...
K-TINK
...THEY'RE TOO BLUNT TO PENETRATE ITS HIDE!
WHILE YOUR BLADES CUT, BUT DON'T HAVE ENOUGH FORCE TO DO SERIOUS DAMAGE!
I'VE GOT IT!
FIRE YOUR BLADES AT THAT SUCKER!
ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM LOOK LIKE A PIN CUSHION!
YOU GOT IT!
NOW!
THOOMB!
THOOMB!
THOOMB!


POK!
POK!
POK!
"RIVETS HIT THE BLADES LIKE HAMMERS...
"...DRIVE THEM DEEP INTO THE MONSTER'S BODY!"
RHARRRGH!
ALL RIGHT! FIRE!
IT IS--
BUDDA BUDDA
BUDDA BUDDA
BUDDA
--TOO MUCH!
IT'S LEAVING... GETTING AWAY!
IT DISAPPEARED! THERE'S NOTHING HERE!
VROOOOOM

TOM! TOM!
KEEP BACK, PETEY...THE BLADES.
LOOK, I KNOW YOU'RE MAD AT ME, TOM, BUT--
IT'S NOT THAT, PETEY. YOUR BROTHER DOESN'T REMEMBER WHO HE IS.
OR WHO YOU ARE. HE WAS ATTACKED BY THAT MONSTER, LIKE A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE.
THEY DIED... BUT SOMEHOW TOM WAS CHANGED.
YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW WHO I AM?
NO. BUT I'D LIKE TO! YOU'RE A COOL KID, YOU KNOW THAT!
IT'S OKAY. DON'T WORRY... YOU CAN SHED SOME KNIVES, YOU DID IT BEFORE WHEN YOU SAVED ME.
'SIDES, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
YOU'RE TOM, MY BROTHER. YOU'RE THE BEST...
...WHETHER YOU KNOW IT OR NOT!
YOU TOOK CARE OF US FOR ALL THOSE YEARS.
AND NOW WE'RE GONNA TAKE CARE OF YOU!


HE SMASHED UP A MIRROR STORE, WITH YOUR HELP.
HE RESISTED ARREST, WITH YOUR HELP.
ON THE OTHER HAND, HE SAVED THE KID...
...AND A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE IF WE MANAGED TO DRIVE THAT THING AWAY.
I GOTTA FIND THAT MONSTER--
--AND MAKE IT CHANGE ME BACK.
WHY? YOU LOOK COOL LIKE THAT!
YOU GOT ALL THESE WICKED EDGES WHERE YOUR HAIR USED TO BE.
YOU COULD BE A HERO NOW, Y'KNOW!
I'M GONNA CALL YOU EDGE! YOU'LL BE AWESOME!
COME ON, YOU TWO, LET'S GO HOME.
THE OTHERS WOULD BE ANGRY IF I ALLOWED MYSELF TO DIE...
...FOR THE GROUP WOULD BE WEAKENED.
PERHAPS, FOR NOW, I SHOULD SEEK SUSTENANCE ELSEWHERE.
BUT I HAVEN'T FINISHED WITH THOSE HUMAN PIGS.
NOT BY A LONG SHOT!

THURSDAY.

THE PAIN HAS YET TO GO AWAY.

IT RIPS AT HER HEART, HER SOUL, LIKE A SLASHING KNIFE. HE WAS HER LOVER, HER FIANCE AND BEST FRIEND.

BUT DEATH CLAIMED HIS LIFE AND SHE STILL HASN'T LEARNED TO LIVE WITHOUT HIM.

THE CRUEL RUMORS... AND EMPTY CASKET... HAVE ONLY MADE IT WORSE.

FACE IT, LOIS. THE FACT THAT YOU'RE HERE JUST PROVES HOW DESPERATE YOU REALLY ARE.

ALL OF A SUDDEN PEOPLE NATIONWIDE ARE CLAIMING SIGHTS OF SUPERMAN--

--AND YOU'RE CHASING THEM DOWN LIKE SOME GOSSIP REPORTER CHASING ELVIS'S GHOST SIGHTINGS.

LEXC

BUT STILL...NO MATTER HOW UNLIKELY IT IS...IF ANYONE COULD COME BACK FROM--

NO!

I'M DR. MEYER! I'M THE ONE WHO PHONED YOUR ASSIGNMENT EDITOR!

I AM *NOT* A DESPERATE WOMAN! I CANNOT LET MYSELF SLIP INTO A DESPERATE STATE OF IRRATIONALITY!

MS. LANE!

YOU'RE ALSO THE ONE WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE SEEN SUPERMAN, DOCTOR. PLEASE DON'T TAKE MY SKEPTICISM PERSONALLY.

LEXCORP

NOT AT *ALL*, MS. LANE! BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY THAT I WOULD SHARE YOUR CYNICISM HAD I NOT SEEN THE MAN MYSELF!

BUT I MET SUPERMAN ONCE BEFORE * AND I AM CONVINCED THAT THE MAN WHO HELPED US--

--WAS DEFINITELY *THE MAN OF STEEL!*

* *Superman* #51

WE HAD A TRAIN HERE PICKING UP SOME OF OUR NUCLEAR WASTE WHEN WE EXPERIENCED AN *ACCIDENT!* ONE OF THE CONTAINERS HAD CRACKED--

--AND WE WERE IN GRAVE DANGER OF CONTAMINATION! BUT THEN THIS MAN FLEW DOWN FROM OUT OF NOWHERE--

--PICKED UP THE CONTAINER AND CARRIED IT OFF!

COULDN'T THAT HAVE BEEN ONE OF A NUMBER OF HEROES, DOCTOR?

TRUE, WE MAY HAVE BEEN TOO FAR AWAY TO GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIM BUT ONE OF OUR SECURITY CAMERAS CAPTURED HIM ON FILM.

SEE FOR YOURSELF.

YOU HAVE... A *PHOTO?*

LORD.

IT... CAN'T BE.

I THINK IT IS, MS. LANE. THE EVIDENCE DOESN'T LIE.

SUPERMAN IS *ALIVE!*

ALIVE

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BRETT BREEDING finished art
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SUPERMAN 78 June 1993 Published monthly by DC Comics 1325 Avenue of the Americas New York, NY 10019 POSTMASTER: Send address changes to SUPERMAN, DC Comics Subscriptions PO Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510 Annual subscription rate $18.00 Canadian subscribers must add $8.00 for postage and GST GST # is R125821972. All other foreign countries must add $12.00 for postage. U.S. funds only. Copyright © 1993 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. For advertising space contact Tom Ballou (212) 636-5520. Printed on recyclable paper. Printed in Canada.
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I UNDERSTAND THE MAYOR IS HERE AT S.T.A.R. LABS.

WELL...Y-YEAH, HE IS B-BUT YOU CAN'T... I MEAN--

--YOU CAN'T *SEE* HIM NOW. HE'S IN A MEETING. WITH DR. FAULKNER...

YOU... ARE YOU REALLY *HIM*? HAVE YOU... COME BACK?

TELL US WHAT'S GOING ON! *PLEASE!*

NO TIME.

I'M HERE TO SEE THE MAYOR.

HE'S NOT SEEING ANYBODY RIGHT NOW UNLESS IT'S INCREDIBLY IMPORTANT!

HE *WILL* SEE *ME*.

OPEN

BLAST IT, KITTY, HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY HAVE LET *CADMUS* COME IN AND WALK OFF WITH *DOOMSDAY!*

SIR, AFTER S.T.A.R. WAS UNABLE TO ANALYZE THE MONSTER'S REMAINS, CADMUS CONVINCED THE PRESIDENT TO LET THEM TRY--

--AND HE, IN TURN, SIGNED DOOMSDAY OVER TO THEM! I DON'T LIKE IT ANY BETTER THAN... YOU...?

TELL ME WHERE HE IS. NOW.

HOLY--!

DOOMSDAY! WHERE IS HE?

ONE THING ABOUT METROPOLIS! WHEN THE WEATHER GETS THE LEAST BIT MESSY, GRIDLOCK IS THE INSTANT RESULT!

MIGHT AS WELL TURN ON MY POLICE SCANNER--

V GER

--TO SEE IF THERE'S AN ACCIDENT UP AHEAD!

--SAWYER'S UNIT IS TO REPORT TO S.T.A.R. LABS IMMEDIATELY! BELIEVE IT OR NOT, MAYOR BERKOWITZ IS THERE--

--AND HE SWEARS SUPERMAN JUST STORMED OUT OF THERE!

IS THIS FOR *REAL*?

MAYBE THE OFFICE HAS SOME MORE INFORMATION! IF THIS COULD POSSIBLY BE TRUE...

YEAH, WE HEARD THE REPORT ABOUT BERKOWITZ TOO, LOIS! I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S TRUE BUT CHECK *THIS* OUT!

THE POLICE HAVE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE! THERE'S NO SIGN OF SUPERMAN'S BODY!

HE'S *GONE!*

THEN THE SAME PEOPLE WHO STOLE HIS BODY BEFORE MUST BE BACK AT IT!

WELL, I'M GOING TO WALK RIGHT IN THERE AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS--

"--IF I HAVE TO BURN DOWN ALL PROJECT CADMUS TO DO IT!"

THIS IS SECURITY, DIRECTOR WESTFIELD.

WE HAVE A PERIMETER ALERT.

ONE FAST APPROACHING BOGEY HEADING FROM METROPOLIS FOR ZOOMWAY ALPHA!

IDENTIFY.

HUMANOID, SIR. MOVING EXTREMELY FAST.

COULD IT BE THE KID RETURNING?

NO, SIR! SENSOR READINGS CAN ONLY IDENTIFY THIS AS A TOTAL UNKNOWN, SIR!

THEN SCRAMBLE THE SKY SENTINELS!

DO WHATEVER IS NECESSARY TO KEEP THIS INSTALLATION SECURE!

YOU HEARD THE MAN, TEAM! HAUL IT!

I HAVE THE BOGEY ON RADAR, DIRECTOR! WE'LL BE AT THE INTERSECT POINT IN LESS THAN A MINUTE!

DON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO GET IN! USE MAXIMUM FIRE-POWER AS SOON AS YOU HAVE VISUAL CONTACT!

COULDN'T HE JUST SAY, "FIRE WHEN YOU SEE THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES!"?

CLAM UP AND KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED!

THERE HE IS!

BUT IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER I'D ALMOST SAY IT'S --

SHEEEEW

NOTHING CAN MOVE THAT FAST! NOTHING!

WELL, SOMETHING JUST DID! BETTER ALERT THE NEXT WAVE OF DEFENSE!

THE SKY SENTINELS FAILED, GUARDIAN! THE BOGEY IS IN THE ZOOMWAY!

KILL THE LIGHTS AND GET IN POSITION! FROM NOW ON WE'RE ON INFRA-VISION!

THIS PERP IS GONNA HAFTA BE A *BAT* TO GET PAST US NOW!

GUARDIAN PUT THE WHOLE ZOOMWAY IN THE BLACK, SIR. BEST I CAN DO IS GIVE US AN INFRA-IMAGE.

DO IT, BROCK. AT LEAST IT WILL GIVE US A VAGUE IDEA OF WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST!

THERE HE IS--UGH!

FIRE! FIRE!

NO--IT CAN SEE US!

IT'S TAKING US APART! HELP!

WHAT THE HELL...

WE'RE DEALING WITH SOMETHING *NASTY*, BROCK!

IT'S NOT MUCH BUT I HAVE AN IMAGE!

TELL THE MEN TO STAY ON THE FLOOR AND BLOW THAT SUCKER APART WITH THE DIS-RUPTERS!

INFRA-IMAGE

FIP

FIP

STAY DOWN! WE'RE IN A *KILL ZONE* NOW!

FIRE!

MAXIMUM POWER ON TARGET! THIS'LL SHAKE HIM APART FOR SURE!

YOUR WEAPONS CAN'T HURT ME! GIVE ME WHAT I WANT AND I'LL LEAVE!

DAMN! TURN THE LIGHTS BACK ON SO I CAN SEE WHO I'M UP AGAINST!

THERE'S NO WAY YOU'RE GOING TO STOP ME!

KCHUNNG

I'VE COME FOR DOOMSDAY!

IT... CAN'T... BE...

GIVE HIM TO ME.

NOW.

SUPERMAN?!

THIS HAS GOT TO BE SOME KIND OF SICK JOKE!

I WATCHED YOU... DIE, WITH MY *OWN* EYES!

I WAS THERE WHEN THEY *BURIED* YOU!

I'VE COME BACK, HARPER.

I'M DIFFERENT... DUE TO THE DAMAGE.

BUT IT'S *ME*. I *AM* SUPERMAN.

WHO KNOWS WHAT CONSTITUTES DEATH... OR *LIFE*... FOR DOOMSDAY? I'M TAKING HIM AWAY WHILE I HAVE THE CHANCE!

DON'T TELL HIM ANYTHING, GUARDIAN! HE *MUST* BE A FAKE!

JD

YOUR HELP ISN'T NECESSARY. I'LL FIND HIM WITH MY POWERS.

LOOK, YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME! THE MONSTER IS *DEAD*! HE HASN'T TWITCHED SINCE--

DOOMSDAY WON'T GO ANY-WHERE! HE'S STUCK IN THE FINEST SECURITY CELL ON EARTH!

SINCE HE "KILLED" ME, HARPER?

THERE.

WAIT!

DOOMSDAY IS WAR COME TO LIFE!

HE'S FAR TOO DANGEROUS TO BE KEPT HERE!

YOU GENETIC MANIPULATION FREAKS ARE LIKELY TO TRY CLONING AN *ARMY* OF DOOMSDAYS!

I WON'T ALLOW IT!

YOU'RE BREAKING A WHOLE SLEW OF FEDERAL LAWS, MISTER! AND NOT EVEN THE REAL SUPERMAN WAS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO OPEN THAT VAULT!

I'M MORE THAN I USED TO BE, WESTFIELD. I'M PART *MACHINE*.

FIP STIP SHWIP

I CAN COMMAND MY RECONSTRUCTED SELF AS THOUGH IT WERE LIVING METAL.

IT'S CHILD'S PLAY TO TAP INTO YOUR SYSTEM AND OVER-RIDE YOUR COMPUTERS TO OPEN THE DOOR!

BREEP EEP

I'M MORE THAN I WAS BEFORE, WESTFIELD.

BETTER.

YOU.

DOOMSDAY.

DESTROYER.

BERSERKER.

MURDERER.

THEY NEVER EVEN BOTHERED TO WASH MY BLOOD OFF YOU, BUTCHER. EVEN IN DEATH YOU WEAR IT LIKE A BADGE OF HONOR.

I CAN'T LET THEM KEEP YOU.

IT'S LIKE GIVING CHILDREN THE KEYS TO A NUCLEAR ARSENAL.

J'ONN COULD HAVE SHATTERED YOUR BONES.

BUT THEY DIDN'T. FOOLS.

BACK OFF, FREAK!

NO.

YOU'RE NOT SUPERMAN! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE BUT YOU *CAN'T* BE HIM!

AND THERE'S NO WAY IN HELL I'M LETTING YOU TAKE A SPECIMEN LIKE THAT OUT OF HERE!

THEY SHOULD HAVE DESTROYED YOU. GREEN LANTERN COULD HAVE ATOMIZED YOU WITH HIS RING.

WATCH ME.

THIS IS IT. NEAR AS I CAN TELL I SHOULD BE STANDING RIGHT ABOVE CADMUS NOW.

IF THEY'VE TAKEN CLARK'S BODY I'LL--WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

ALMOST SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE FLY--!

WHOOOSH!

CLARK?

YOU...

...IT...IT'S REALLY YOU.

OH, OH, OH.

"HAVE YOU REALLY COME BACK TO ME, CLARK?

"IS IT REALLY YOU?"

PERFECT.

THAT ASTEROID IS JUST WHAT I NEED.

THIS IS IT, DOOMSDAY.

THESE CABLES WILL BE YOUR BURIAL SUIT--

--AND THIS ASTEROID'S FROZEN ORE, MELTED AROUND YOU, WILL BE YOUR CASKET.

LET THE COLD VACUUM OF SPACE BE YOUR ETERNAL RESTING PLACE.

IT'S MORE THAN YOU DESERVE.

WHIRR

FIP

SH'IP

A PRECAUTION.

A WARNING DEVICE OF MY OWN CREATION.

SHOULD ANYBODY EVER REMOVE THESE BONDS I'LL KNOW ABOUT IT.

DEEP SPACE SENSOR SCAN COMPLETE. PLANETARY COURSES COMPUTED.

I KNOW WHERE TO THROW YOU, DOOMSDAY.

ON THIS TRAJECTORY YOU'LL NEVER INTERSECT WITH ANY GALAXY, PLANET OR MOON.

YOU'LL FLOAT FOREVER.

BURIED IN THE INFINITE VOID.

GET YOURSELF TOGETHER, GIRL. IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HIM.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN, *HAD TO* BE... SOMEONE ELSE.

YOU ARE LOIS LANE. THE ONE WHO FIRST NAMED ME.

OH--!

THE ONE WHO FIRST NAMED ME *SUPERMAN.*

WHA-- HOW CAN--?

I KNOW I'M DIFFERENT...PERHAPS UNPLEASANT TO LOOK AT.

BUT IT'S ME.

YOU LOOK... SO... I MEAN, DOES IT *HURT?* IT LOOKS LIKE YOU MUST BE IN PAIN!

NO. THE PAIN WAS *DYING.* NOW I *LIVE.*

BUT... HOW DID YOU COME BACK? YOU'RE PART-- *MACHINE?*

I CAN'T REMEMBER. SO MUCH OF MY PAST... MY MEMORIES... ARE A HAZE...

THAT'S RATHER CONVENIENT, PAL! ANYBODY COULD PUT ON A BLUE SUIT AND CLAIM TO BE SUPERMAN!

IF YOU'RE REALLY SUPERMAN, *PROVE IT!* TELL ME SOMETHING ONLY HE COULD KNOW!

MY MEMORY... SO MUCH OF IT IS *GONE!*

THERE ARE SNIPPETS I REMEMBER. VOICES AND FACES THAT LAST FOR MILLISECONDS...

BUT I REMEMBER A FARM... IN KANSAS.

THE NAME... *KENT...*

HE *KNOWS!* ONLY CLARK COULD KNOW THOSE THINGS!

IT'S *FRUSTRATING.* BUT I'VE BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH... AND I'M STILL NOT... THE WAY I *SHOULD* BE!

I WANT TO REMEMBER! *I WANT* TO KNOW!

LOOK, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU. THERE'S AN ACQUAINTANCE OF *YOURS* WHO WORKED WITH YOU IN THE PAST.

"IF ANYBODY CAN VERIFY YOUR AUTHENTICITY, IT'S PROFESSOR HAMILTON!"

GOOD GOLLY, MS. LANE!

I'VE SEEN SOME PRETTY SPECTACULAR SIGHTS IN MY DAY BUT THIS ONE BEATS 'EM ALL HANDS DOWN!

I REALIZE HOW EXTRAORDINARY THIS MUST SEEM, PROFESSOR, BUT THESE TESTS MUST BE RUN!

WE *MUST* KNOW IF THIS IS REALLY SUPERMAN!

WELL, I'VE PROBABLY RUN MORE SCANS ON SUPERMAN THAN ANYONE ON EARTH!

IF THIS MAN IS A FRAUD I'LL FIND OUT FOR SURE!

GOOD! BECAUSE I HAVE MY DOUBTS!

BEGIN YOUR EX-AMINATION, PROFESSOR.

I AM CONFIDENT OF THE RESULTS.

THEN TRY NOT TO MOVE, SUP--WHO-EVER!

SENSOR SCAN BEGINNING!

SO WHAT IS HE? SOME TINKER TOY SET COME TO LIFE?

QUITE THE OPPOSITE!

REMEMBER THAT I'VE EXAMINED THAT KRYPTONIAN ARTIFACT-- THE *ERADICATOR!* I *KNOW* MY KRYPTONIAN ALLOYS WHEN I SEE THEM!

THIS MAN'S MACHINE HALF IS *DEFINITELY* KRYPTONIAN IN NATURE!

AS FOR HIS BIOLOGICAL HALF... ALL *DNA* TESTING MATCHES UP WITH THE TRUE SUPERMAN'S!

THERE ISN'T THE SLIGHTEST BIT OF DEVIATION!

BUT WHAT ABOUT HIS MEMORY LOSS? IF HE'S REALLY SUPERMAN WHY CAN'T HE REMEMBER?

HE'S EXPERIENCED SEVERE TRAUMA, MS. LANE. DEATH, AND APPARENTLY SOME KIND OF REBIRTH. TRAUMA VICTIMS OFTEN EXHIBIT SUCH PROBLEMS.

WHAT IS IT, PROFESSOR? WHAT ARE YOU TELLING ME HERE?

I'M TELLING YOU THAT WE ARE PROBABLY DEALING WITH A KRYPTONIAN CYBORG. OUR SUPERMAN RE-CONSTRUCTED.

I'M TELLING YOU THAT ALL MY TESTS AND DATA HAVE ME THOROUGHLY CONVINCED.

I WOULD SAY WITH GREAT PROBABILITY--

--THAT THIS MAN IS *SUPERMAN* COME BACK TO *LIFE!*

IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT IN SPACE--

--NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU SCREAM.

TRUE.

BUT IF WE COULD BEND THE LAWS OF SCIENCE AND ASSUME THAT WE COULD HEAR FOR JUST A FEW SECONDS--

--WE WOULD HEAR--

HAH HAH HAH!

--LAUGHTER.

FOR **JERRY ORDWAY,** WHOSE QUALITY OF WORK ENCOURAGED US ALL!

A QUIET FRIDAY MORNING IN METROPOLIS...

BLAM!

B-BAM!

B-DOW!

TANG

PING!

B-DANG

POW

PANG

POW

DIE, SUPERMAN! DIE!

MEBBE YA AIN'T HEARD, MUSCLE-- BUT THE MAN BE DEAD!

METRO

CAN'T HEAR IT ENOUGH, SPECS!

YEAH-- US SMALL BUSINESS TYPES WOULD'A NEVER GOT THE "LOAN" 'A THIS RIDE WITH THE BIG "S" AROUND!

YO, CREW--

--I SEE US A KILLER BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY!

TAXI

WORD THAT!

SHE GOT PRIME ASSETS, MAN!

I'LL INVEST IN WHAT SHE'S SELLIN'...

...IF SHE LIVES THAT LONG!

ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN 501 Late June, 1993 Published monthly by DC Comics 1325 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019 POSTMASTER Send address changes to ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN DC Comics Subscriptions, PO Box 0528, Baldwin NY 11510 Annual subscription rate $18 00 Canadian subscribers must add $8 00 for postage and GST GST # is R125921072 All other foreign countries must add $12 00 for postage U S funds only. Copyright © 1993 DC Comics All Rights Reserved All characters featured in this issue the distinctive likenesses thereof and all related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics The stories characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional For advertising space contact Tom Ballou, (212) 636-5520 Printed on recyclable paper Printed in Canada
DC Comics A division of Warner Bros. A Time Warner Entertainment Company

DON'T WORRY!

NO WAY I'D LET ANYONE KILL A BEAUTIFUL BABE LIKE YOU!

A NEW KID TRIES TO FILL SOME VERY BIG SHOES AS...
TOM GRUMMETT - PENCILLER
DOUG HAZLEWOOD - INKER
ALBERT DEGUZMAN - LETTERER
GLENN WHITMORE - COLORIST
JENNIFER FRANK - ASSISTANT EDITOR
MIKE CARLIN - EDITOR
ALL WELCOME NEW REGULAR WRITER - KARL KESEL

SUPERMAN
Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

TAXI

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN ...WHEN HE WAS A BOY!

TAXI

...UNNGHH... OH, MAN...

THAT'S MAN OF STEEL TO YOU PUNKS!

YOU...

...YOU CAN'T BE...

...SUPERMAN?

WELL NOW, LET'S SEE...

BIG RED "S" ON CHEST? CHECK.

FLY? LIKE A BIRD... OR EVEN A PLANE.

LUCKY FOR YOU!

SUPER-STRONG? NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!

YOU PUNKS WANNA TEST MY INVULNERABILITY AND GO FOR THE REALLY BIG PRIZE?

CH-CHILL, MAN! WE WON'T BE GIVIN' YOU N-NO TROUBLE!

BRAKK!

GOT THAT RIGHT.

HMMM.

NICE SHADES.

THEY'RE YOURS, MAN! MY GIFT!

THANK YOU, CITIZEN.

IT'S REALLY YOU! BUT-- I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

I GOT BETTER, BABE...

...LOTS BETTER!

WE HEARD THE GUNFIRE! WHAT--

WHO--?!

BOOK 'EM, TOP COPS!

ME--I GOT A NEVER-ENDING BATTLE WITH MY NAME ON IT!

THAT... COULDN'T A' BEEN...

HEY, HE'S SUPERMAN IN MY BOOK!

EVEN THOUGH SOME WAYS... HE'S JUST A BOY.

SUICIDE SLUM.

IT AIN'T MUCH, FOLKS--BUT THESE SAM'WICHES'LL HELP SOME.

I KNOW TIMES IS TOUGH...

THESE THINGS *SAFE*, MAN? I MEAN--SOMEONE *STAPLED* THIS PLASTIC WRAP!

BIBBO AIN'T FORCIN' IT DOWN YER T'ROAT, KID!

S'OKAY, DEKE. I KNOW SOOPERMAN WOULD'A DONE IT BETTER--I'M JUST DOIN' WHAT I CAN...

...TRYIN' TA HELP OUT LIKE HE WOULD'A WANTED...

MAN! IS IT *SUPPOSED* TO SMELL THIS WAY? I--

HEY--LISSEN!

...MY BABIES... MY BABIES...

WHAT IZZIT, LADY?

...COULDN'T WATCH THEM STARVE...

...DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D BRING FOOD...

...SENT THEM... TO A BETTER WORLD...

...THREE PUPPIES...

PUPPIES?

AW, I WOULD'A TOOK 'EM!

GHAH!

HERE! TAKE 'EM!

SPASH!

WELL?

IT DON'T LOOK GOOD, BIBBO...

...DON'T LOOK GOOD AT ALL...

...CAN'T EVEN SAVE A PUPPY...

...NOT EVEN ONE LI'L *PUP*, YA WORTHLESS OL'...

AK KAK Y-YARK!

ONE OF THEM SURVIVED! IT... IT'S A *MIRACLE*!

GUESS IT'S KINDA LIKE MY FAV'RIT WOULD SAY--MIRACLES JUST NEED A LI'L ELBOW GREASE TA GET 'EM ROLLIN'!

I'LL GIVE THIS PUP A GOOD HOME... AN' NAME 'IM FOR MY FAV'RIT, WHO WAS KINDA LAST'A *HIS* LITTER, TOO.

GONNA NAME 'IM... *KRYPTON*!

YIP YIP

:SNIF.:

:HONK!:

I WANT TO BELIEVE HE'S BACK, JIMMY...

...BUT WITH THREE SUPERMEN RUNNING AROUND, I HAVE TO REMAIN PROFESSIONALLY SKEPTICAL UNTIL I MEET THEM ALL MY--

OHMISSLANEIKNOW YOUVEBEENTHROUGH ALOTBUTITHINKYOU BETTERGETREADY FORA...

--SELF--?

...SHOCK.

LOIS, LOIS, LOIS... I THOUGHT WE HAD A *DEAL.*

YOU KNOW--I SAVE THE WORLD... YOU WRITE IT UP... WE BOTH END UPON *PAGE ONE...*

BUT *NO.* I GET PAGE SIX. NO BY-LINE. RIGHT UNDER "HAMMER HOBBLES HOME."

ORDWAY TO SPONSOR BATSON EXPEDITION

Daily Planet

KESEL REJOIN TEAM

Y'KNOW, I WOULD'VE GOTTEN RID OF DOOMSDAY, TOO...! WAS GETTIN' *AROUND* TO IT.

YOU CAN'T BE... *SUPERMAN.*

THE *ONE AND ONLY.* CONTRARY TO CURRENT RE--!

WOW! MY DEATH REALLY *AGED* YOU, HUH, LOIS?

"SUPERMAN?" *SUPERBOY* IS MORE LIKE--

--ULP!

LISTEN, PAL--

--PLEASE DON'T CALL ME SUPERBOY, OKAY?

SURE! NO PROBLEM... SUPERMAN!

THANKS.

SEE? HE'S CONVINCED!

I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. THE REAL SUPERMAN WAS AT LEAST OLD ENOUGH TO SHAVE.

OKAY, OKAY-- YOU FORCED ME TO DO THIS. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A SECRET BUT, WELL...

...I'M A CLONE OF SUPERMAN!

NOT HIS LOVE CHILD?

C'MON, KID--THIS IS THE DAILY PLANET... NOT THE NATIONAL WHISPER!

HEY--WHAT'LL IT TAKE, LOIS? A WHOLE NEW LOOK?

MAYBE IF I SLICK BACK MY HAIR AND WEAR...

...WHOA!

WHAT'RE YOU...

...DOING...

C-CLAR--?

UH... GOTTA BAIL, LOIS!

MY... ER... MY SUPER-SENSE TELLS ME THERE'S THIS... UM... EMERGENCY SITUATION...

"...AND I JUST GOTTA HANDLE IT PERSONALLY."

"...THOUGHT THE PLANET'D BE EASIER THAN GBS, BUT NO... YOU'RE STILL IN SCHOOL, KID"... "TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO, KID"...

A BAKE-OFF!

WELL, "CHIEF," THIS'LL BE THE BEST PIECE YOU EVER READ OR MY NAME ISN'T...

--TAAAAA--!

PUT ME DOWN! I'M--I'M A REPORTER!

NO, YOU'RE WAY TOO HOT TO BE A REPORTER...

THAT'S AN INTERESTING NAME.

YOU SPELL THAT WITH FOUR "A'S" OR FIVE?

"...WELL, A NEWSPAPER REPORTER..."

SAVE IT FOR THE BOYS IN BLUE! JUST WHO DO YOU THINK YOU--

--YOU--

--YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE SUPERMEN! BUT--YOU'RE SO YOUNG!

IT'S JUST THE HAIRCUT. FOOLS EVERYONE.

DON'T BUY IT, HUH?

OKAY, OKAY-- GUESS I CAN TELL YOU. IT'S A SECRET, BUT I'M A...

...CLONE OF SUPERMAN!

I DON'T HAVE MY MEMORIES 'CAUSE THERE WAS NO LIVING BRAIN BUT--HEY! LESS MENTAL BAGGAGE!

GBS NEWS

NOT A HOAX! NOT A DREAM! THE METROPOLIS MARVEL IS BACK--AND GBS HAS HIM!

STAY TUNED FOR MY EXCLUSIVE UPDATES. I'M TANA MOON AND...

SKAAK!

GET HAPPERSEN.

TELL HIM I WANT PACKARD...

...NOW!

LEX CORP

...SWITCHBOARD'S BEEN GOING NONSTOP!

THE PUBLIC CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF YOUR SUPERBOY, TANA!

SUPERMAN, VINNIE.

HE DOESN'T LIKE BEING CALLED SUPERBOY.

YOU CAN CALL HIM BEPPO THE SUPER-MONKEY FOR ALL I CARE, TANA!

I JUST WANT THAT KID ON THE AIR AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE!

LET'S MAKE SURE THOSE MINDLESS MASSES THINK OF OUR SUPERMAN AS THE SUPERMAN!

BUT... SHOULDN'T WE COVER ALL FOUR SUPERMEN EQUALLY, MR. EDGE?

OVER MY DEAD BODY!

WE'RE CREATING A LEGEND, PEOPLE! ONE GBS HAS EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS TO!

WELL... WORD ON THE STREET SAYS THAT OLD INTERGANG BOSS, STEEL HAND, IS HOLED UP IN SUICIDE SLUM.

IF THE KID CAPTURED HIM DURING A LIVE TELECAST...

THAT'S NOT REPORTING A NEWS EVENT, BRISCOE -- THAT'S STAGING ONE!

WHATEVER WE REPORT IS THE NEWS, CATHERINE. REMEMBER THAT.

BRISCOE'S GOT THE RIGHT IDEA -- IF WE CAN COUNT ON TANA'S YOUNG SUPERMAN...

OH, I THINK IT CAN BE ARRANGED, VINNIE...

...OF COURSE, IT WON'T BE EASY!

BA-BA-BAUW! BAUW! BAUW! BA-BAUW!

...TANA MOON--LIVE! HIGH ABOVE EASY STREET IN SUICIDE SLUM!

EASY STREET--A GAUDY ROW OF VICE AND CRIME WHERE EVERYTHING--AND EVERYONE--HAS A PRICE!

"BUT ALL I'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO DO IS ASK!"

GBS

AND WHERE, ACCORDING TO GBS SOURCES, THE WANTED FELON STEEL HAND HAS BARRICADED HIMSELF BEHIND A DEADLY GAUNTLET!

NOT FOR LONG, TANA!

THANKS, SUPERMAN!

YOUR HEADSET MICROPHONE'S LOUD AND CLEAR!

THEN...

...IT'S SHOWTIME!

TOPJET

KROOM!

OKAY.

WHERE'S STEEL HAND?

OUR SOURCES SAY STEEL HAND IS HOLED UP IN THE SILK GLOVE CLUB, SUPERMAN-- ABOUT EIGHT BLOCKS AHEAD OF YOU.

XXX

XXX BOOK

WHY NOT JUST FLY DOWN THERE AND CAPTURE HIM?

WHAT-- AND MISS ALL THIS FUN, TANA?

THE HAND DON'T LIKE COSTUMES LIKE YOU POKIN' 'ROUND, BOY...

...GUESS WE GOTTA TEACH YOU ONE 'A EASY STREET'S HARD LESSONS!

WAKE UP AND SMELL THE COFFEE, JUICERS!

YOU'RE DEALIN' WITH SUPERMAN!

SOOPERMAN, HUH? HEARD YOUSE WAS BACK! MEBBE YOUSE SHOULDA STAYED DEAD!

AT AT AT AT

BUT THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE MET YOU CHARMING GALS!

LOOK, I'M SURE IT'S SOCIETY'S FAULT YOU'RE HERE, AND I WISH I HAD TIME TO GET TO KNOW EACH OF YOU PERSONALLY...

...BUT BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE!

KRAK-AK!

KOOM!!

THE REST OF EASY STREET LOOKS CLEAR, SUPERMAN.

KEEP THE CAMERA TIGHT ON HIM, GORDON.

SOME GAUNTLET, HUH, TANA?

I TOOK EVERYTHING OL' RUSTY FINGERS COULD THROW AT ME AND DIDN'T EVEN WORK UP A SUPER-SWEAT.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD GO TO A COMMERCIAL OR SOMETHIN'...

THE REST OF EASY STREET'S GONNA BE EASY AS P--

KLK!

--IIIEEE!

KWOOM!

MY LEG.

SUPERMAN-- YOU ALL RIGHT?

NO PROBLEMO, TANA. I'M, UH, I'M INVULNERABLE.

I THINK.

IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN ONE EXPLODING MANHOLE TO STOP ME.

KLK KLK KLK KLK KLK

GOOD LORD! THERE'S TEN--TWELVE COLUMNS OF FLAME! THE WHOLE STREET'S ERUPTING!

KWOOM KWOOM

WE'VE LOST SIGHT OF SUPERMAN! WE'VE--

CHILL, TANA-- I'M CLEAR.

OL' RUSTY'S GOT ME SHAKIN' NOW, BOYS AND GIRLS.

OH, YEAH-- I'M GETTIN' OUTTA TOWN ON THE NEXT BUS...

BBRRRRAAAAAA!!

AW, C'MON!

IT WAS A JO--

ARCAD

KRNK

BA-BRAAM

WLEX RADIO

THAT BUS MUST'VE BEEN LOADED WITH EXPLOSIVES! HALF THE BLOCK IS GONE!

I--I DIDN'T SEE A DRIVER--IT COULD'VE BEEN REMOTE-CONTROLLED, BUT...

...SUPERMAN...

SUPERMAN-- CAN YOU READ ME?

DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP, TANA.

THAT BLAST TRASHED THE KID'S HEADSET AND...

WAIT, GORDON!

DOWN THERE-- THROUGH THE SMOKE...

OKAY--TRYIN' TO KILL ME IS ONE THING--

BUT THAT WAS MY ONLY JACKET!

THIS MEANS WAR!

WELL?

DIDN'T STOP HIM, STEEL HAND.

HE'S TRIPPED THE LASERS AND--

--HUH?

THEY'RE...GONE! THE LASERS ARE GONE!

TITANIUM JAWS HAVE BEEN RIPPED TO SHREDS! DITTO THE PIT!

NOTHING'S SLOWING HIM DOWN! HE'S...

...HE'S OFF THE SCREEN...

RRRRMMMMMMBBBLLRRR

BA-KOOOM!

DON'T GET UP, HAIRBALLS-- I CAN LET MYSELF IN!

TRY IT, FELLAS, AND I'LL TAKE YOU APART--

--LIKE THIS!

KROOOOMP!

AAAGH!

TONY! SAL! BLAST 'IM!

NOW, WHAT WAS I DOING BEFORE--

TUNNG!

OH, YEAH--I REMEMBER.

STEEL HAND.

GLASS JAW.

IT FIGURES.

TOK!

...DID YOU USE X-RAY VISION TO DETERMINE STEEL HAND'S EXACT LOCATION, SUPERMAN?

Silk Glove

YOU KIDDING?! I WAS SO MAD I JUST PLOWED RIGHT IN THERE.

I MEAN-- THAT WAS A NICE JACKET!

...HAD TO TALK TO SOMEONE, MARTHA.

HAVE YOU BEEN WATCHING GBS'S REPORT ON THE YOUNG SUPERMAN?

...THIS HAS BEEN TANA MOON...

OH, NO, LOIS. ALL THESE SUPERMEN, THEY... STIR JONATHAN UP A MITE.

HE'S SLEEPING NOW, BUT--HIS HEART, YOU KNOW...

I KNOW HOW HE FEELS. I CAN'T TELL IF I WANT TO LAUGH OR CRY OR SCREAM OR...

WELL-- TAKE THIS KID...

...OH, HE'S ARROGANT, BUT HE PULLED A STRANGE STUNT AT THE OFFICE...

...AND A BOMB-BURST ONLY HURT HIS JACKET-- JUST LIKE CLARK'S CAPES, MARTHA...

SO I STARTED THINKING...

WHAT WAS CLARK LIKE AT FIFTEEN? WHAT IF HE HAD ALL HIS POWERS BACK THEN?

MAYBE HE'D ACT JUST LIKE THIS KID!

NOW YOU KNOW NO BOY WE RAISED WOULD EVER ACT THAT WAY, LOIS-- POWERS OR NOT!

I GUESS THAT'S JUST IT, MARTHA...

...YOU DIDN'T RAISE THIS BOY!

"MARTHA, DO YOU KNOW WHAT A CLONE IS...?"

AH! THE END OF A TOTALLY PERFECT DAY!

METROPOLIS HAS GOTTA FEEL SAFER KNOWING SUPERMAN'S BACK ON THE JOB!

YEAH, I CAN ALMOST HEAR THEM SAY...

I DISAGREE WITH ALMOST EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU, SON...

...BUT YOU DID OKAY OUT THERE TODAY.

GUARDIAN! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GONNA TRY TO DRAG ME BACK TO THE PROJECT!

NOT THIS TIME.

NO? FRESH!

SPEAKIN' OF FRESH--CHECK OUT THE JACKET! GBS IS GONNA MAKE SURE I'M ALWAYS PREPARED!

THAT'S FINE, SON, BUT REMEMBER--THINGS ARE SELDOM AS THEY SEEM, AND YOU WON'T ALWAYS HAVE A GUARDIAN ANGEL...

...LIKE WHEN ROOFTOP THUGS TRIED TO HIT YOU WITH POISON GAS BACK ON EASY STREET.

EASY STREET? NO WAY!

I WAS PRIMED! I WOULD'A NOTICED! I MEAN...

...UNLESS YOU MOVE WITHOUT MAKIN' ANY...

...NOISE?

GUARDIAN?

Y'KNOW, COME TO THINK OF IT...

THE VOLUME WAS WAY UP ON EASY STREET. I COULD'A MISSED A FEW THINGS.

EDGE

NOK! NOK!

COME IN, TANA! COME IN! GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE.

YOU GET THE OVERNIGHT RATINGS ON MY STEEL HAND REPORT AND EXPECT ME TO STAY HOME, VINNIE?

WHAT'RE THE NUMBERS?

PHENOMENAL! TRUST ME-- YOU'RE THE NEW CAT GRANT!

ALTHOUGH--NEXT TIME, YOUR SUPERBOY SHOULD FIGHT SOMEONE WITH POWERS...AND A COSTUME...

HA! YEAH. SURE, VINNIE.

YOU JUST TELL ME WHEN "EVIL MAN'S" ATTACKING AND I'LL GET IT ALL ON TAPE!

IN YOUR OWN WORDS, TANA...

THAT CAN BE ARRANGED!

...THOUGHT WE HAD AN ARRANGEMENT, PACKARD.

THIS WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN, MR. LUTHOR.

WESTFIELD AND THE OTHER DIRECTORS FELT THE WORLD *NEEDED* A SUPERMAN. THEY RUSHED "EXPERIMENT 13" INTO PRODUCTION.

IT WAS *UNCHARTED TERRITORY*. WE DECIDED TO IMPLANT CERTAIN SAFEGUARDS IN CASE... SOMETHING WENT WRONG LATER ON.

BUT THOSE *NEWSBOY* CLONES LIBERATED THE SUBJECT BEFORE THE SAFEGUARDS WERE IN PLACE!

BEFORE HE WAS EVEN GROWN TO FULL *MATURITY*...

AND WHAT DOES CADMUS PLAN TO DO ABOUT THIS?

NOTHING!

IF THE KID DISAPPEARS *NOW*, GBS'LL LOOK UNDER EVERY ROCK!

CADMUS *NEEDS* ITS SECRECY. IT'S BAD ENOUGH EVERYONE KNOWS THE ...KID'S A CLONE...

YES. LET'S *TALK* ABOUT THAT.

YOU TOLD ME YOU COULDN'T CLONE SUPERMAN.

WELL... YES AND NO.

LISTEN-- I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING.

"THE REIGN OF THE SUPERMEN" CONTINUES IN ALL THE SUPERMAN TITLES! AND BE HERE NEXT MONTH WHEN THE YOUNG SUPERMAN MEETS...

SUPERGIRL IN ADVENTURES #502

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

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JENNIFER FRANK
ASSISTANT EDITOR
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SUPERMAN created by
JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

WHAT THE #**%!! IS THIS?!

NEWSTIME

SUPERMAN ALIVE

?

THE HETTEL MASHER

CITIZENS ... HAS OUR HERO?

ALL NEW

ACTION COMICS 688. Early July, 1993. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1325 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019. POSTMASTER Send address changes to action comics, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510. Annual subscription rate $18.00 Canadian subscribers must add $8.00 for postage and GST. GST # is R125921072 All other foreign countries must add $12.00 for postage. U.S. funds only Copyright © 1993 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional For advertising space contact. Tom Ballou, (212) 636-5520 Printed on recyclable paper. Printed in Canada.
DC Comics. A division of Warner Bros.–A Time Warner Entertainment Company

A FINE THING! I GO OFF-PLANET FOR A FEW DAYS, AND I COME BACK TO FIND THAT EVERY-BODY'S LOST THEIR MARBLES.

IT WAS BAD ENOUGH BEFORE I LEFT! PEOPLE WERE CLAIMIN' THAT THEY'D RUN INTO SUPERMAN AT THE MINI-MART, OR THAT THEY WERE HIS LONG-LOST COUSIN OR BOOKIE OR SOMETHIN'...

...REAL SUPERMARKET TABLOID JUNK. NOT THAT THE LEGIT PRESS IS MUCH BETTER... BUT THIS RAG HAS ACTUAL *PHOTO-GRAPHS* OF THESE NEW SUPER-JERKS!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT...

NOW WHO'S BEEN RIFLING THROUGH THE GIRLIE MAGAZINES... AND THE *NEWSTIMES*?! I CAN'T TURN MY BACK FOR A SECOND!

...FOUR OF 'EM! NEXT THING YOU KNOW, THEY'LL BE STARTING A *SUPERMAN CORPS*!

"ARE THE NEW SUPERMEN THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE?" REALLY! I DON'T KNOW *WHY* I READ THESE ARTICLES...

...OOO! CHER HAS A NEW TATTOO!

FLUP

BETTY'S PAGE

...ES · NEWSPAPERS · RACING FORMS

? WHAT WAS THAT? SOUNDED LIKE SOMETHING FELL--?

IF ANYBODY COULD CHEAT DEATH, IT'D BE SUPERMAN. BUT HOW COULD PEOPLE ACCEPT THESE NEW GOOFS AS--?

HEY, *RING-MAN!* HOW ABOUT *PAYING* FOR THAT?

YOU TALKIN' TO *ME?*

YEAH, I'M TALKIN' TO *YOU*, MR. SUPER-HERO! THIS'S NOT A *LIBRARY!*

IF YOU WANT TO READ THE MAGAZINE, *BUY* IT FIRST!

NO, THANKS. YOU CAN KEEP IT!

NEWS

TEL

SHER

WHU--?! HEY--

--YOU ...YOU CREEP!

I'M GLAD THE GREEN LANTERNS FIRED YOU!

I HATE IT WHEN BABES TURN INTO SMART-MOUTHS! WHAT'S THIS WORLD COMIN' TO?

NOTHIN' MAKES SENSE ANYMORE!

SO MUCH FOR MY WINDY CITY HOLI-DAY. NUTS, I WAS REALLY LOOKIN' FORWARD TO CATCHIN' A CUBS GAME.

MAYBE SOME OTHER TIME, CHICAGO.

I GOT BUSINESS BACK EAST. GOTTA TRY AND MAKE SENSE OF THIS SUPER-MEN BUSINESS.

I NEVER HAD MUCH USE FOR THE SUPER-GUY...

"...AND I SURE DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY ICE USED TO BACK HIM UP!"

SUPERMAN IS RIGHT, GUY! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO ARGUE WITH HIM!

"BUT THAT WAS BEFORE DOOMSDAY TRASHED THE JUSTICE LEAGUE LIKE WE WERE A JUNIOR-HIGH SCRUB TEAM! THAT MONSTER MADE ALL OF US LOOK LIKE AMATEURS..."

"...ALL OF US, EXCEPT SUPERMAN! HE DID WHAT NOBODY ELSE COULD DO--"

--HE BROUGHT DOWN DOOMSDAY AND SAVED THE WORLD. AND ALL IT COST HIM WAS HIS LIFE.

WELL, YOU CAN REST EASY, BIG BLUE. NO FLASHY FAKE IS GONNA GET AWAY WITH CALLIN' HIMSELF SUPERMAN... NOT WHILE GUY GARDNER STILL HAS A POWER RING TO HIS NAME!

"TSK-TSK..."

...YOU'D THINK SUCH A WELL-HEELED PLACE WOULD SPRING FOR A BETTER SECURITY SYSTEM!

NO ULTRASONICS, NO HEAT SENSORS, NO ELECTRIC EYES... AND THIS THE MAIN BRANCH! IT'S ALMOST *INSULTING!*

THAT ALARM BOX WAS SO *OLD*, I'LL BET IT WAS INSTALLED DURING THE TRUMAN ADMINISTRATION!

METROPOLIS MERCANTILE BANK ~ESTABLISHED 1875~

I WAS BYPASSING CIRCUITS LIKE THAT BEFORE MY VOICE CHANGED!

THEY MIGHT AS WELL HAVE LEFT THE DOOR UNLOCKED!

METROPOLIS MERCANTILE BANK ~ESTABLISHED '875~

I ALMOST FEEL LIKE LEAVING A THANK-YOU NOTE. NAH, THAT WOULD BE CRUEL!

♪I'M CUT-TING A HOLE WHERE THE SAFE IS THIN--♪

♪--AND WHEN... MY HAND... GOES WANDERING...♪

KLIK-LK-LAK!

SORRY. BUSINESS HOURS ARE NINE TO FOUR.

GWAA!

YES!

TUMBLERS FELL INTO PLACE LIKE SOLDIERS IN A ROW.

YOU'RE ALL MINE NOW.

TIME TO MAKE THAT BIG WITHDRAWAL!

N-NO... N-NOT YOU!!

Y-YOU'RE THE ONE THEY TALKED ABOUT ON CHANNEL 7! THE ONE WHO... WHO KILLED THE SKI-MASK MURDERER! *

I'VE DEALT WITH A NUMBER OF TRANSGRESSORS. WHAT I DID TO THEM WAS MEANT AS A WARNING.

TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T PAY BETTER ATTENTION.

NOW I'LL HAVE TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU AS WELL.

H-H-HEY, WAIT A SECOND! I'M NOT LIKE THAT! I MEAN, THE CREEP WHO ATTACKED THAT WOMAN... SURE, HE DESERVED TO DIE!

B-BUT I'M JUST A BURGLAR!

* LAST ISSUE.

I'M NON-VIOLENT! I DON'T CARRY A GUN... I'VE NEVER HURT ANY-ONE IN MY LIFE!

Y-YOU WOULDN'T KILL A GUY... JUST FOR CRACKING A SAFE...

...WOULD YOU?

THERE ARE MANY FORMS OF VIOLENCE.

WHUMP!

YOU MAY NOT HAVE CAUSED PHYSICAL HARM, BUT YOUR CRIMES HAVE HURT MANY PEOPLE.

PLEASE ... DON'T KILL ME.

I WON'T. BUT I WILL MAKE CER-TAIN THAT YOU DON'T TRY THIS AGAIN.

WHAT'RE YOU--? NO! NOT THAT! NOT--

--MY HANDS!!

POOR MAN.

NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT, MS. LANE... EVERY BONE FROM HIS FINGERTIPS TO HIS ELBOWS WAS BROKEN-- ALMOST CRUSHED IN SOME CASES.

ANY WORSE, AND WE'D HAVE HAD TO *AMPUTATE*. HE'LL BE IN REHAB FOR MONTHS BEFORE HE'S EVEN ABLE TO HOLD A CUP AGAIN.

AND HE CLAIMS THAT *SUPERMAN* DID THIS TO HIM?

MY HANDS

HE'S SAID LITTLE ELSE. I COULD ALMOST BELIEVE HIM, MS. LANE.

HIS ARMS BORE DEEP BRUISES... THEY FORMED *HANDPRINTS!*

DOCTOR, AT LEAST FOUR SUPER-POWERED... BEINGS HAVE RECENTLY CLAIMED TO BE THE LATE SUPERMAN.

COULD I ASK YOUR PATIENT SOME QUESTIONS?

YOU COULD TRY, MS. LANE, BUT WE'VE HAD TO GIVE HIM A LOT OF MORPHINE FOR THE PAIN. JUST KEEP IT SHORT... HE NEEDS TO REST.

MR. FANE? THIS SUPERMAN WHO ATTACKED YOU... WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?

WAS THERE ANYTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT HIM?

SUNGLASSES. HE WORE... S-SUNGLASSES...

... BIG ONES. LIKE A VISOR.

A VISOR.

OH, DEAR GOD...

... THAT WOULD BE THE "SUPERMAN" I TRACKED TO RIVERSIDE PARK THE OTHER DAY... THE ONE WHO KNEW ABOUT *CLARK.* *

BUT THAT... THAT *CYBORG* I MET KNEW, TOO... OR SEEMED TO.**

* LAST ISSUE.
** SUPERMAN #78.

I WISH I COULD BELIEVE THAT CLARK'S REALLY ALIVE. ALL I CAN BE SURE OF IS THAT HIS BODY IS MISSING AGAIN--

--AND FROM WHAT MY SOURCES SAY, THIS TIME THE CADMUS PROJECT ISN'T TO BLAME. I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK NOW...

...EACH OF THE THREE "SUPERMEN" I'VE RUN INTO SO FAR SEEMED A LITTLE LIKE CLARK. MAYBE I SHOULD CALL LANA LANG... I NEED TO TALK TO SOMEONE WHO WOULD UNDERSTAND--!

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE THIS!

CAT? TH-THANKS.

WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?

INTERVIEWING THE HEAD OF PSYCHIATRY FOR A NEW GBS SPECIAL. THE NETWORK THINKS LI'L CATHERINE JANE GRANT IS READY FOR PRIME TIME.

HOW ABOUT YOU?

INTERVIEWING A SEDATED SAFE-CRACKER WHO HAD HIS ANATOMY REARRANGED BY ONE OF THE NEW SUPERMEN.

SOUNDS PAINFUL.

IT LOOKED PAINFUL, TOO. IT'S ALL SO WEIRD, CAT...

...THESE PRETENDERS RESCUE PEOPLE, THEY STOP CRIMES, THEY DO SO MANY THINGS RIGHT...

...BUT IN OTHER WAYS, THEY'RE SO DIFFERENT FROM SUPERMAN. THEY'RE COLD OR CRUEL--!

YEAH, TANA, STEEL HAND THOUGHT HE WAS TOUGH--THE BAD GUYS ALWAYS DO--BUT NOBODY'S TOO TOUGH FOR THIS SUPERMAN!

OR THEY'RE YOUNG EGOMANIACS WITH RAGING HORMONES!

HEY, METROPOLIS, IF YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM, I'M YOUR MAN... BELIEVE IT!

THANK YOU, SUPER-MAN! FOR GBS NEWS, I'M TANA MOON!

Hmm... TANA LOOKS A LITTLE TOO GOOD ON THE TUBE. I WOULDN'T PUT IT PAST VINNIE EDGE TO BE GROOMING HER AS MY REPLACEMENT!

I THINK I'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON HER!

ALL THESE SUPERMEN--! THE ONE WITH THE VISOR CLAIMED THAT CLARK WAS... GONE, THAT ONLY SUPERMAN--MEANING HIMSELF--WAS LEFT. BUT FOR ALL I KNOW, HE COULD HAVE STOLEN CLARK'S BODY.

MAYBE THEY ALL DID! PROFESSOR HAMILTON WAS CONVINCED BY THE CYBORG'S CLAIMS, BUT WHAT IF THESE PRETENDERS ARE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER? I'D NEED A SUPER-DETECTIVE TO UNRAVEL THIS ONE!

A DETECTIVE...

...SUPERGIRL TOLD ME* THAT SHE THOUGHT THE BATMAN KNEW ABOUT SUPERMAN'S DUAL IDENTITY. MAYBE HE COULD HELP ME FIND...

...CLARK?

*IN SUPERGIRL & TEAM LUTHOR #1.

CLARK!!

STOP! PLEASE!!

Eh?

BEG PARDON? WERE YOU SPEAKING TO ME, MA'AM?

OH! N-NO...

...I... I'M SORRY. TERRIBLY SORRY. I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEONE ELSE... A FRIEND OF MINE.

AH! WELL, NOT TO WORRY! THESE MISTAKES HAPPEN ALL THE TIME.

GOOD LUCK IN FINDING YOUR FRIEND.

THANKS.

GET A GRIP, LOIS, OR YOU'LL BE SEEING CLARK EVERYWHERE.

I JUST WANT HIM TO BE ALIVE SO MUCH...

ANTARCTICA...

I FEEL... EXHILARATED! LIVES HAVE BEEN SAVED, EVIL HAS BEEN PUNISHED.

BY NOW, THE PEOPLE MUST KNOW THAT THEY AGAIN HAVE A SUPER-MAN ON WHOM THEY CAN DEPEND. IT HAS BEEN A GOOD BEGINNING...

...IN SPITE OF MY ENCOUNTER WITH LOIS. THAT WAS... TROUBLING. I FELT A DISTURBING EMPTINESS UPON LEAVING HER. ECHOES, NO DOUBT, OF EXPERIENCES FROM MY PREVIOUS LIFE.

I MUST NOT LET SUCH EVENTS DETER ME. THERE IS TOO MUCH YET TO BE DONE.

THANK THE CREATOR, I CAN RETIRE TO THIS FINE FORTRESS AND PLAN MY NEXT MOVE.

UNITS-- ATTEND ME!

YES, SIR.

AS YOU WISH.

PARDON, SIR, DO YOU WISH TO CHANGE?

NOT AS YET, UNIT 3.

WHAT IS THE STATUS OF THE NEW MONITOR ARRAY?

ON-LINE AND RECEIVING, SIR.

HEY, METROPOLIS, IF YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM, I'M YOUR MAN... BELIEVE IT!

WHAT IN KRYPTON'S NAME IS THIS?!

YOUR NEW MONITOR ARRAY, SIR.

I CAN SEE THAT! I WAS REFERRING TO THOSE SCENES BEING BROADCAST!

WHO ARE THESE OTHERS THAT THEY DARE WEAR THE EMBLEM OF SUPERMAN?!

THEIR ORIGINS ARE UNKNOWN TO US, SIR.

THEY ARE A MOTLEY GROUP... A BOY WHO COULD ALMOST BE A YOUNGER VERSION OF MYSELF, FROM THE LOOKS OF HIM... A CYBORG... AND AN ARMORED MAN OR ROBOT, PERHAPS?

UNIT 12... CONTINUE MONITORING AND COMPILE ALL AVAILABLE DATA ON THESE PRETENDERS. I WOULD KNOW MORE.

BUT FOR NOW, I MUST GO AND BASK IN THE ENERGIES OF--

"--THE REGENERATION MATRIX!"

WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN? WHO ARE THESE FALSE SUPERMEN? IF THERE IS VILLAINY IN THEIR MOTIVES--!

MORE POWER! I MUST DRAW MORE POWER FROM THE MATRIX IF I AM TO ENDURE!

SIR? YOU HAVE BEEN WORKING VERY HARD, AND YOU HAVE NOT BEEN LONG REVIVED.

IT WOULD BE COUNTER-PRODUCTIVE TO OVER-EXERT YOURSELF SO SOON. YOU SHOULD REST.

!! ?!

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, UNIT 3. YES, I MUST CONSERVE MYSELF FOR THE CHALLENGES THAT LIE AHEAD.

7:57 AM. METROPOLIS CITY HALL...

CAP'N SAWYER IS HERE, SIR.

GOOD. SEND HER IN.

MAIN ST

'MORNING, CAPTAIN. HAVE A SEAT. I APPRECIATE YOUR COMING IN AT THIS HOUR.

NO BIG DEAL, INSPECTOR. I'D JUST GOTTEN IN FROM A STAKE-OUT, WHEN I GOT THE CALL.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, HENDERSON? WHERE'S COMMISSIONER CASEY?

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, COMMISSIONER--?

JACK CASEY... RESIGNED LAST NIGHT.

OH, NO. I KNEW HE'D BEEN UNDER PRESSURE--!

YEAH. WITH SUPERMAN GONE, EVERY CITIZENS' GROUP IN THE SIX BOROUGHS WAS ON HIS BACK OVER THE RECENT CRIME WAVE. WELL, IT'S NOT HIS PROBLEM ANYMORE.

THE MAYOR'S NAMED ME AS HIS NEW POLICE COMMISSIONER.

WOW... CONGRATULATIONS.

THANKS... BUT GIVEN THE HEAT I'LL BE TAKING, CONDOLENCES MIGHT BE MORE IN ORDER.

MAGGIE, I KNOW THERE'S BEEN SOME FRICTION BETWEEN THE TWO OF US OVER YOUR COMMAND OF THE **SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT**... MAYBE EVEN SOME HARD FEELINGS...

NEVER ON MY PART, COMMISSIONER. TO TELL THE TRUTH, I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED EXACTLY WHAT THE PROBLEM WAS.

WAS IT BECAUSE OF MY GENDER... OR MY SEXUAL ORIENTATION?

NEITHER ONE! DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! IT JUST ALWAYS STUCK IN MY CRAW THAT AS HIGH-PROFILE AN OUTFIT AS THE S.C.U. WAS HEADED BY A **CAPTAIN!**

I WOULDN'T CARE IF YOU WERE MALE, FEMALE, OR NEUTER -- BUT YOU HAVE **INSPECTORS** WORKING FOR YOU, REPORTING TO SOMEONE WHOM TECHNICALLY THEY OUTRANK!

I SEE. GUESS I CAN'T BLAME YOU FOR THAT. IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE UNIT, I WAS A LITTLE UNCOMFORTABLE ABOUT THAT MYSELF...

...BUT INSPECTOR TURPIN FINALLY PUT ME AT EASE. HE NEVER SEEMED TO MIND ABOUT RANK.

MIND?! THE WAY I HEAR IT, DAN TURPIN THINKS YOU WALK ON WATER! NOT THAT HE'S ALONE. EVERY LAST ONE OF YOUR OFFICERS WOULD GO THROUGH FIRE FOR YOU... THAT SAYS A LOT ABOUT A LEADER.

THIS CAPTAIN THING... MAYBE I SHOULDN'T LET IT BOTHER ME... BUT I STILL DON'T LIKE EXCEPTIONS TO THE CHAIN OF COMMAND. AND NOW I HAVE THE POWER TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT...

...SOMETHING THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN DONE A LONG TIME AGO... INSPECTOR SAWYER!

INSPEC--?! THAT'S A VERY GENEROUS SOLUTION.

IT'S LONG OVERDUE, MAGGIE. YOU'VE BUILT THE S.C.U. INTO A MODEL THAT'S BEING COPIED ALL ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

I HAVE A NEWS CONFERENCE SCHEDULED FOR TOMORROW... WE'LL MAKE ALL THIS OFFICIAL THEN.

BUT FOR RIGHT NOW, WE HAVE A LOT OF CRAZINESS ON OUR PLATE... AND A LOT OF CONTINGENCIES TO PLAN FOR. EVER SINCE SUPERMAN'S BODY DISAPPEARED--

--THE CULTISTS WHO WORSHIP HIM HAVE BEEN ATTRACTING MORE AND MORE FOLLOWERS.

I KNOW, AND THERE'S ALREADY BEEN A SCHISM WITHIN THE ORIGINAL GROUP. IF THE BODY ISN'T FOUND SOON, THINGS COULD TURN UGLY.

TELL ME ABOUT IT. AND AS IF THAT WEREN'T ENOUGH--WE HAVE TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO ABOUT ALL THESE BLASTED SUPERMEN!

10:47 PM. THE FAR NORTHSIDE...

SMILEY'S

SOMETHING PECULIAR DOWN THERE. THAT OLD GAS STATION HAS BEEN ABANDONED FOR YEARS FROM THE LOOKS OF IT...

...SO WHY IS THERE A ROW OF MOTORCYCLES PARKED BEHIND IT?

"THEY'RE ALL HIGH-PERFORMANCE BIKES, IN GOOD CONDITION. WHAT GOES ON--?"

EH?!

THIS WILL HAVE TO WAIT THERE'S A FIRE... A BIG ONE...

"...OVER ON THE WATERFRONT!"

MUST BE AN ARSON JOB...

...THE WHOLE PLACE IS ABLAZE!

NO, WAS ABLAZE! THE FLAMES ARE GOING OUT? OF THEIR OWN ACCORD?! THERE'RE NO SIGNS THAT A FIRE WAS EVER HERE!

THIS WAS ALL... SOME SORT OF ILLUSION!

NICE WORK, SHERLOCK! WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST CLUE?

WHO'S THERE? SHOW YOUR-SELF!

MY PLEASURE, SUPER-JERK! THE NAME'S GARDNER... GUY GARDNER!

AND THIS POWER RING MAKES ME--

--A ONE-MAN SUPERMAN REVENGE SQUAD!!

YEAH! WHO NEEDS THE $#%!! GREEN LANTERN CORPS... OR THE JUSTICE LEAGUE?!!

JUST SET 'EM UP, AN' OL' GUY CAN KNOCK 'EM DOWN -- NO PROBLEM!

OKAY, "SUPER-SHADES," YOU WANT SOME MORE? HUH?

'SHADES?

HAH! I KNOCKED HIM RIGHT INTO THE HARBOR!

S'POSE I'D BETTER FISH FOUR-EYES OUTTA THE DRINK, 'FORE HE DROWNS ON ME!

ONCE I WRING 'IM OUT AN' HANG 'IM UP TO DRY FOR THE METRO COPS, I CAN GO AFTER THOSE OTHER FRAUDS. THIS'LL BE ONE DOWN AN' THREE TO GO.

FUNNY, THERE'S NO SIGN OF 'IM.

HOPE THE CURRENTS HAVEN'T CARRIED 'IM OUT TO SEA.

NAW, MORE LIKELY MY RING-PUNCH DROVE HIM RIGHT DOWN INTO THE...

...MUCK.

GYEEESH!

THA' WUZ SOME PUNCH!

'F I HADN'T HAD MY *RING-AURA* UP, IT WOULDA TAKEN MY HEAD CLEAN OFF! FOR A FRAUD, HE PACKS A LOTTA *POWER!*

SUPERMAN COULD'VE HIT ME THAT HARD... *MAYBE*... BUT HE NEVER DID. HECK, EVEN *LOBO* NEVER HIT ME THAT HARD!

FTOOM

GARDNER!!

I'VE HAD *ENOUGH* OF YOU!

BRAK

YOW!

KER-RACK!

WHOA!

THIS SUCKER'S--

--TOUGH!

THE REST OF THIS WORLD MAY HAVE TO PUT UP WITH YOU-- BUT SUPERMAN DOES NOT!

AND I WILL NOT!

GOT A SHORT FUSE, TOO... THIS COULD GET INTERESTIN'...

YOU TALK A GOOD FIGHT, SHADES--

...BUT I CAN'T LET 'IM KEEP ME ON THE DEFENSIVE.

--BUT I'M BETTIN' THAT THIS SHINING KNIGHT CAN PIN YOU TO THE WALL!

HEY--!

YOU LOSE!

KRUKT

BAD MOVE, GUY...

TWOK

KTOOSH

...REAL BAD!

HALFWAY ACROSS METROPOLIS...

I GUARANTEE--

SMILEY'S

--THESE BABIES ARE JUST WHAT YOU NEED! SEVEN MILLIMETER... FULLY AUTOMATIC WITH A 30-ROUND MAGAZINE. SO... DO WE HAVE A DEAL?

I DUNNO, MAN... WE CAN MEET THE PRICE... BUT THE SHARKS'VE BEEN PACKIN' *TOAST-MASTERS!*

THOSE CANNONS? OVERRATED AND HARD TO CONCEAL. TRUST ME, THE ASSAULT-7 CAN HANDLE ANY...

KTOOM

...SURPRISE SITUATION.

HOLY GEEZ--

KROOM

--WHAT WAS THAT?!

IT... LOOKED ALMOST HUMAN...

"...BUT IT TORE THROUGH THE WALL LIKE A *ROCKET!*"

OW.

RIGHT ON TARGET.

NOW, BEFORE YOU FORCE ME TO CAUSE ANY FURTHER DAMAGE, I WANT ANSWERS!

WHY THE SET-UP? WHY DID YOU ATTACK ME?

$*#%!! IT'S A COUPLE OF SUPER-COPS!

AN' THEY TRASHED OUR BIKES!!

WASTE 'EM!!

WATCH YOUR BACK, STUPID!

PTOW-POW-POW-PTOW

GUNS?!

THERE STILL ARE FOOLS USING GUNS ...IN MY CITY?!

'FRAID SO, ACE. WHAT'RE YA GONNA DO ABOUT IT?

TEACH THEM A LESSON.

WE CAN'T BE MISSIN' 'IM-- NOT AT THIS RANGE!

HOLY $%*!! IT'S ONE OF THOSE NEW SUPERMEN!

WHICH ONE?

THE REAL ONE!

WHA--?!

MY A-7--!

THOSE GUNS... DROP THEM!

DO AS HE SAYS!

PRETTY NEAT TRICK.

THE DUDE HAS CONVICTIONS, I'LL GIVE HIM THAT!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE! CLASS ISN'T OVER YET!

HEY, WHAT'RE YOU--?

STOP! DON'T--!

WHLUNK

BOK

THWOK

WE GIVE UP!

AIIEEEE!

WUDD-WUDD-WUDD

KRAKT

HE'S SERIOUS ABOUT THIS!

WHOA! THAT HAD TO HURT!

HAH! BUT I LOVE IT!

WAY TO GO, "TEACH!"

YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO GET YOUR POINT ACROSS!

GARDNER, I AM NOT YET CONVINCED THAT *YOU* HAVE GOTTEN THE POINT!

NOW THEN, WHERE *WERE* WE--?

HEY-HEY, TAKE IT *EASY!* LOOK, YOU'VE GOT EVERY RIGHT TO BE MAD...

... BUT HEAR ME OUT, OKAY? I'M SORRY I BUSHWHACKED YOU, BUT I JUST HAD TO KNOW!

KNOW *WHAT?*

KNOW IF YOU WERE *REALLY* ***SUPERMAN!*** AN' LEMME TELL YA, FROM WHAT I JUST SAW, YOU'RE SURE AS HECK THE SUPER-MAN I WANNA HAVE AROUND!

I DON'T BELIEVE THIS.

NO LIE, BLUE--

--I THOUGHT WE'D SEEN THE LAST OF YOU, AFTER DOOMSDAY! IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK, KICKIN' BUTT! YOU REALLY DID A NUMBER ON THESE CREEPS!

I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU. I MEAN, YOU NEVER USED TO BE SO... I DUNNO, *AGGRES-SIVE?* WERE YOU HOLDIN' BACK ALL THOSE YEARS?

HOLDING BACK? PERHAPS. I HAVE BEEN THROUGH MANY CHANGES.

YEAH, I GUESS DYIN' AND COMIN' BACK WOULD MAKE YA SEE THINGS DIFFERENTLY!

HEY, LUCKY THING I CAME CRASHIN' IN ON THESE HOODS, HUH?

LUCK HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT. I'D NOTICED SOME-THING SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THIS PLACE EARLIER.

YA MEAN ... YOU THREW ME OVER HERE *DELIBERATELY?* THAT WAS *BRILLIANT!* YOU ARE DEFINITELY *THE MAN!*

THIS SURE MAKES THINGS EASIER ... NOW I ONLY HAVE *THREE* PHONIES TO CHASE DOWN!

GARDNER, I DON'T WANT YOU CHASING DOWN ANY-*ONE* OR ANY*THING* IN MY CITY! DO I MAKE MYSELF *CLEAR?!*

OH, SURE... I GETCHA! YOU WANT TO NAIL THOSE FAKES YOURSELF, RIGHT?

SORRY, SUPES, I CAN BE A REAL CEMENT-HEAD SOME-TIMES.

INDEED.

OH, AND GARDNER? THE NAME IS SUPERMAN ... *NOT* "SUPES!"

WHATEVER YA SAY, BIG GUY! JUST KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK...

... I'LL SQUARE THINGS HERE WITH THE COPS.

RESPONDING TO A CALL FROM GUY GARDNER OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE, METRO POLICE LAST NIGHT ARRESTED A BAKERLINE GANG ALLEGEDLY INVOLVED IN A DRUGS-FOR-WEAPONS SWAP.

GARDNER, A FORMER GREEN LANTERN, REFUSED CREDIT FOR THE BUST, SAYING THAT "SUPERMAN, THE REAL ONE, DID THE JOB..."

POLICE DO NOT CROSS

IT WAS SUPERMAN, AWRIGHT! BIG GUY... CAPE, 'S' ON 'IS CHEST, GOLD SHADES... HE WAS LIKE A MANIAC! HE NEARLY KILT SOME OF THE GUYS!

CITY OFFICIALS ARE REPORTEDLY DISTURBED OVER THE VIOLENT ACTIONS OF THIS MASKED SUPERMAN WHO IS ONE OF FOUR--!

EXCUSE ME... I'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF POLICE, WILLIAM HENDERSON, IS ABOUT TO MAKE A STATEMENT.

WE NOW GO LIVE TO CITY HALL...

CITIZENS REACT WITH OUTRAGE--AND RIGHTLY SO--WHEN THEIR POLICE USE EXCESSIVE FORCE. THE BRUTALITY OF THIS SELF-PROCLAIMED "SUPERMAN" IS NO LESS AN AFFRONT TO PUBLIC DECENCY!

CITY OF METROPOLIS

I HAVE TODAY INSTRUCTED INSPECTOR MARGARET SAWYER OF THE SPECIAL CRIMES UNIT TO GIVE THE HIGHEST PRIORITY TO STOPPING THIS REIGN OF TERROR. INSPECTOR--?

WE WILL NOT TOLERATE VIGILANTE JUSTICE IN METROPOLIS!

I KNEW THE REAL SUPERMAN, AND HE WOULD NEVER HAVE RESORTED TO THE RECKLESS MAYHEM THAT IS BEING PRACTICED IN HIS NAME.

HEY... ALL I CAN SAY IS... IF THE MAN I MET WASN'T THE REAL SUPERMAN, THEN HE OUGHTA BE!

SO HE GOT TOUGH WITH A BUNCH OF CREEPS...

...SO WHAT? IT'S NOT LIKE THEY DIDN'T HAVE IT COMIN'!

OKAY, MAYBE HE LOST HIS TEMPER A LITTLE...

...WHO HASN'T, HUH? BESIDES, AFTER ALL HE'S BEEN THROUGH, HE'S ENTITLED!

"CEMENT-HEAD" DOESN'T BEGIN TO DO HIM JUSTICE. THE PUREST *OSMIUM* ISN'T AS DENSE!

IT COULD BE *UNFORTUNATE* THAT HE HAS MADE HIMSELF MY GREATEST PUBLIC ADMIRER!

SIR, DO YOU WISH TO CHANGE?

WHAT?! OH, YOU MEAN--!

YES, I BELIEVE I SHALL.

THIS SHIELD HAS LONG STOOD FOR JUSTICE. IF TOO MANY CLAIM IT...

...MISUSE IT... WHAT WILL IT STAND FOR THEN?

UNTIL THIS MOMENT, MY ACTIONS FELT ABSOLUTELY RIGHT. BUT... I *DID* LET MY ANGER AT GARDNER GET THE BETTER OF ME.

I TOOK IT OUT ON THOSE LESS CAPABLE OF DEFENDING THEMSELVES. AND NOW GARDNER CHEERS ME ON.

THAT ALONE IS REASON TO REFLECT, TO QUESTION WHAT I HAVE DONE.

PERHAPS THERE IS A BETTER WAY...

FOUR SUPERMEN WALK THE EARTH, BUT WHO IS THE HERO TRUE? THE ASTOUNDING ANSWER BEGINS TO UNFOLD IN THE VERY **NEXT ISSUE OF ACTION COMICS!**

IT'S SUPER-HISTORY IN THE MAKING!

"THIS IS THE WORST SECTION OF *SUICIDE SLUM.* EVEN THE FAST MONEY OF *EASY STREET* DOESN'T TRICKLE DOWN HERE.

"*SHARK ENFORCERS,* TOTING *TOASTMASTERS,* STALK THE MAN OF STEEL THROUGH ALLEYS SHADOWED BY THE BOMBED-OUT SHELLS OF ANCIENT TENEMENTS--"

5 25 -93

CUT THE VOICE-OVER, FRAME.

WE BEEN STALKIN' THE *MAN O' STEEL* FOR A WEEK NOW!

REC

IT'S TIME TO GET ON WIT' DA *ACTION.*

I SAW HIM GO INTO DAT ALLEYWAY.

ENDS IN A BLIND *COURTYARD* SURROUNDED BY TALL BUILDINGS.

EVEN THAT DIPSTICK'S *ROCKET BOOTS* AIN'T GONNA SAVE HIM.

SUPERMAN: THE MAN OF STEEL 23. July, 1993. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1325 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to SUPERMAN THE MAN OF STEEL, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510 Annual subscription rate $18 00. Canadian subscribers must add $8.00 for postage and GST. GST # is R125921072 All other foreign countries must add $12 00 for postage. U.S. funds only Copyright © 1993 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. For advertising space contact: Tom Ballou, (212) 636-5520. Printed on recyclable paper. Printed in Canada
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SO... WHERE IS HE?

KNEW THEY WERE FOLLOWING ME.

HARD TO FIND A BATTLEGROUND WHERE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS WON'T GET HURT.

AMBUSH!

STORY: LOUISE SIMONSON
PENCILLER: JON BOGDANOVE
INKER: DENNIS JANKE
LETTERER: BILL OAKLEY
COLORIST: GLENN WHITMORE
ASS'T EDITOR: JENNIFER FRANK
EDITOR: MIKE CARLIN
SUPERMAN created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

IT'S THE MAN OF STEEL!

TOAST 'IM!

BOGDANOVE & JANKE '93

DUTCH SAID THE TOASTMASTERS WERE SUPPLIED BY THE WHITE RABBIT!

KRUNK!

THUD!

IT WAS THE LAST THING HE EVER SAID BEFORE SOMEBODY OFFED HIM!

SO I FIGURED, I HAD TO FIND MYSELF SOME NEW PIGEONS!

SO SING, PIGEON, SING! WHERE CAN I FIND THE WHITE RABBIT?

S-SPI--

AARG!

BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA!

JUST RECORDIN' IT FOR POSTERITY, MAN!

MAKIN' SURE THE WORLD KNOWS WHAT HAPPENS TA FINKS!

A LITTLE REMINDER, FLY-BOY! MAYBE THE BUNNY--

--DON'T WANNA BE FOUND!

THOOMB!

THOOMB!

THOOMB!

I DON'T LIKE YOUR GUNS, VIDEO-MAN...

AND I DON'T LIKE YOU!

YEIIII!

NOW WHERE'S THE BUNNY?

WOULDN'T TELL IF I KNEW.

RATHER TAKE MY CHANCES WITH YOU THAN THE WHITE RABBIT!

YOU'RE GONNA TAKE YOUR CHANCES WITH THE COPS.

I'LL BE OUT TOMORROW, MAN. YOU CAN'T PROVE NUTHIN'!

BETACAM

NEWS

MIGNOLA

13

YOU CAUGHT THIS WHOLE THING ON FILM, DIDN'T YOU? THE COPS JUST MIGHT BE INTERESTED!

BUT ONE THING'S FOR SURE. YOUR PIECES AREN'T GOING TO MAKE IT BACK ONTO THE STREETS!

OUR PEOPLE PAID A FORTUNE TO *ACQUIRE* THAT TAPE BEFORE THE POLICE KNEW WHAT THEY HAD.

AS WLEX NEWS EDITOR, I CAN TELL YOU IT WAS *WORTH* IT. INCLUDE A TAG LINE... SOMETHING LIKE--

"THIS VIDEO WAS MADE BY *GANG MEMBERS* TO RECORD THEIR VICTORY.

"THE VICTORY BELONGED TO THE *MAN OF STEEL* IN HIS ONE-MAN WAR ON CRIME."

MEDIA NEWS

THAT REPORT ALONE WILL INCREASE VIEWERSHIP BY *TWENTY PERCENT.*

WGBS APPEARS TO HAVE A *SEMI-EXCLUSIVE* WITH *SUPERBOY.*

PERHAPS WLEX SHOULD FORM AN *ARRANGEMENT* WITH THE *MAN OF STEEL*... OR ONE OF THE *OTHERS.* THAT TAPE--

I PLAN TO HOLD ONTO IT *PRIVATELY*... AT LEAST FOR *NOW.*

W-LEX WILL MAKE ITS CHOICE *SOON,* CONALLY.

HAVE YOU FOUND THE *WHITE RABBIT?*

I'VE HAD THE *SOUND ENHANCERS* WORKING ON THE FILM. THE GANG LEADER SAID "*SPY.*"

THEY THINK HE STARTED TO SAY "*THE SPIRE*"... THE *METROSPIRE* HOTEL DOWNTOWN.

THEN *CHECK IT OUT.*

METROPOLIS IS *MINE,* HAPPERSEN. AND I MEAN TO *KEEP* IT THAT WAY!

THE MAN OF STEEL IS CREATING HAVOC AMONG THE GANGS, RABBIT...

...AND HE'S SPECIFICALLY TARGETING THE PURCHASERS OF OUR PRODUCT.

HE TRASHED THE SHARK ENFORCERS, BUNNY. TURNED 'EM IN, EVERY ONE OF 'EM.

I UNDERSTAND A CRUCIAL PIECE OF EVIDENCE AGAINST THEM HAS GONE MISSING.

GOOD WORK.

BUT WE DIDN'T--

THAT IS, WE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D WANT THE COPS TO HAVE THAT TAPE.

DESPITE THE PROBLEMS JOHN HENRY IRONS... A.K.A. HENRY JOHNSON...

...HAS MADE FOR US, I NEED TO TALK TO HIM.

CAN... CAN I BRING HIM TO YOU, BUNNY?

THAT'S VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, GRAHAM, BUT LET'S LET DIGIT HANDLE IT, SHALL WE?

DIGIT... REMOVE THE SECURITY BLOCKS ON THIS PLACE.

LET'S MAKE IT EASY FOR JOHN IRONS, MAN OF STEEL, TO FIND US HERE.

THE TV STATIONS ARE FALLING ALL OVER EACH OTHER TO ENDORSE ONE SUPERMAN OR ANOTHER AS THE REAL THING!

MAYBE IT'S TIME MANAGEMENT HERE AT THE DAILY PLANET DID AS WELL.

Daily Planet
MYSTERY FLYING SUPERMAN SAVES PLANE

MAY 28

GUY GARDNER OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE PICKED THE GUY IN THE VISOR...

...BUT THE CYBORG IMPRESSES ME THE MOST.

TESTS SHOW HE HAS THE SAME DNA PATTERNS AS SUPERMAN, AND--

I DUNNO, RON. I THINK SUPERBOY'S THE REAL THING!

IT MAKES SENSE SOMEBODY'D TRY TO CLONE SUPERMAN...

...AND THE KID HAS THE POWERS.

THE KID HAS THE COVERAGE!

SO WHAT? HE--

NO ONE COULD TAKE SUPERMAN'S PLACE...

...ESPECIALLY NOT THAT COCKY, TAIL-CHASING LITTLE JERK WHO--

ENOUGH!

I'VE SPOKEN TO EVERYONE CLAIMING TO BE SUPERMAN, EXCEPT THE MAN OF STEEL.

...DESPITE THE APPARENT EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY...

DESPITE THEIR BEST EFFORTS TO MAKE ME BELIEVE OTHERWISE...

...I DON'T THINK ANY OF THEM ARE SUPERMAN, EITHER.

BUT BRAWLING IN THE BULLPEN DOESN'T PROVE ANY-THING!

YEAH, WELL... MAYBE--

HEY, WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?

I'M TAKING LOIS OUT TO DINNER. SOMEBODY'S GOTTA MAKE SURE SHE EATS.

I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE SOON FOR THE CON-SULTING JOB IN CAIRO.

COME WITH ME, LOIS. THE PLANET COULD USE A FOREIGN COR-RESPONDENT THERE.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE WASTED ON THE LOCAL STUFF, ANYWAY.

LOOK, JEB, I...

IT'S CLARK, ISN'T IT? YOU CAN'T QUITE ACCEPT THAT HE'S GONE.

CLARK SAID HE'D ALWAYS LOVE ME. I'D KNOW HIM IF HE CAME BACK... WOULDN'T I?

FIREFIGHT ON THE WATERFRONT!

THREE-WAY SKIRMISH BETWEEN THE REAVERS, THE SKULLS, AND THE MAN OF STEEL.

THEY'RE USING SOME KIND OF SUPER GUNS.

I'LL TAKE IT! GOTTA RUN! MEET YOU FOR DINNER, JEB, IF I GET BACK IN TIME!

AWRIIIIGHT!

CLARK MAY BE GONE, BUT HER HEART STILL BELONGS TO THE DAILY PLANET!

FIRE FIGHT'S BELOW US, FRANK. LOOKS LIKE A WAR ZONE DOWN THERE!

HEY, LOIS, LOOK WHO'S JOINED THE ACTION...

...IT'S SUPERBOY!

DAILY PLANET

TANA'S WGBS CHOPPER IS IN POSITION... AND HEY-- THERE'S THE PLANET CHOPPER!

YO, MISS LANE! I KNOW I DUMPED THE PLANET FOR WGBS...

...BUT, HEY, BUSINESS IS BUSINESS! NO HARD FEELINGS, RIGHT?

WATCH! I'M GONNA BAIL OUT THE MAN OF STEEL, ONE HAND TIED BEHIND MY BACK!

IT'S THE SUPERKID!

TOAST 'IM!

BDOOM

CHOOM

DROOM

WHAT ARE THOSE GUYS SHOOTING? ROCKETS?

MISSED!

BTHOOM

HA! MISSED AGAIN!

AAAKK!

HE'S DODGIN' THE BLASTS!

WE CAN'T FIGHT TWO OF THESE SUPERGUYS!

HE'S GETTIN' CLOSER! RUN!

FRANK!

THE CHOPPER'S GONNA BLOW!

ONLY CHANCE IS TO BAIL OUT... HOPE I HIT WATER--

OOOHF!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS LANE?

I'M FINE... I...

HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?

THERE HE IS!

...SAVED HER!

NEWSTIME WANTS TO OFFER YOU AN EXCLUSIVE--

THIS SEEMS... FAMILIAR! THE RESCUE ... THE MOB SCENE...

...THE WAY I MET CLARK.

AND LIKE CLARK, HE'S PLANNING ON LEAVING WITHOUT ANSWERING ANY QUESTIONS!

CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, BUSTER! THE OTHERS HAVE BEEN FALLING ALL OVER THEMSELVES...

...TRYING TO CONVINCE THE WORLD THEY'RE SUPERMAN!

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

I NEVER SAID I WAS SUPERMAN.

AND NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...?

A NUMBER OF GANG MEMBERS UNFORTUNATELY DID ESCAPE...

...BUT THEY'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE USING METROPOLIS AS THEIR PRIVATE BATTLEGROUND.

THAT'S A WRAP!

THANKS!

POLICE LINE

C'MERE, SUPERBOY!

DON'T CALL ME THAT! HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

THOSE GANGS HAD INFORMATION I NEEDED... WEAPONS I PLANNED TO DESTROY.

YOU DREW THEIR FIRE ON PURPOSE!

THEY WERE SHOOTING AT YOU! I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO GET HURT! SO SUE ME!

YEAH, RIGHT. AND YOU DIDN'T WORRY ABOUT WHO WAS BEHIND YOU, DID YOU?

BEHIND ME?

THE PLANET CHOPPER WAS DESTROYED BY THE ORDNANCE YOU DODGED!

DESTROYED?! BUT MISS LANE--

I SAVED HER. BUT HER PILOT WAS KILLED. IT COULD HAVE BEEN ANY OF THEM...

... EVEN THAT LITTLE REPORTER WHO FOLLOWS YOU AROUND.

YOU'RE SAYING IT'S MY FAULT THAT PILOT DIED?

WHAT I'M SAYING IS THE LIMELIGHT'S ALL YOURS. ENJOY IT!

BUT KEEP OUT OF THE SHADOWS 'TIL YOU'RE READY TO THINK THINGS THROUGH...

...OR MORE PEOPLE COULD DIE.

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! YOU'RE NOT SUPERMAN! I AM!

AT LEAST I'M HIS CLONE!

WHAT RIGHT DO YOU HAVE TO LECTURE ME?

I DO THINK... DON'T I?

I-I AM CAREFUL!

BUT AM I CAREFUL OF ANYBODY BUT MYSELF?

SUPERBOY LOOKS UPSET. GOOD!

I KNOW HE DIDN'T MEAN TO ENDANGER US... BUT FRANK'S DEAD! HE DESERVED A CHEWING OUT...

...OR WORSE... FOR THE STUNT HE PULLED.

ALMOST... LIKE HE HAS SUPERMAN'S SOUL.

THE OTHER SUPERMEN FELT WRONG. SOMEHOW... THIS ONE FEELS RIGHT.

MAYBE THERE IS SUCH A THING AS A WALK-IN SPIRIT AFTER ALL...

YEAH, SURE I AM!

THE PILOT WAS JUST FOLLOWING TOO CLOSE! IT WASN'T MY FAULT...

...WAS IT?

MAN OF STEEL!

IT'S ONE OF LUTHOR'S GOON SQUAD!

LEX LUTHOR HAS INFORMATION ON THE WHITE RABBIT.

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED, FOLLOW ME!

THERE IS AN IMAGE WAR GOING ON FOR THE SOUL OF METROPOLIS, MAN OF STEEL.

I CAN MAKE THE CITY YOURS.

THINK ABOUT IT! W-LEX CAN PROVIDE YOU WITH BETTER COVERAGE THAN WGBS GIVES SUPER-BOY. AND--

YOUR GOON SAID YOU HAD INFO ON THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHECK THE METRO-SPIRE PENTHOUSE. GET THE RABBIT, AND YOU'VE GOT WLEX.

THIS ISN'T A POPULARITY CONTEST, LUTHOR. IT'S A WAR.

THANKS FOR THE TIP, BUT WHEN I GET THE RABBIT, IT WON'T BE BECAUSE YOU TOLD ME TO.

I PLANTED THE BUG ON HIM, HAPPERSEN. DON'T LOSE HIM.

YOU'RE SURE THE RABBIT'S THERE?

OH, YES. IT WAS ALMOST TOO EASY. ALMOST LIKE SHE WANTS TO BE FOUND.

THE METROSPIRE PENTHOUSE! DOOR'S OPEN!

WHY, JOHN HENRY IRONS, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE!

ANGORA.

YOU WERE EXPECTING A BUNNY... WITH EARS AND A TAIL...?

SURELY, DARLING, THIS CAN'T BE A SURPRISE TO YOU?

I KEPT TELLING MYSELF ...IT COULDN'T BE POSSIBLE.

YOU'RE SELLING MY BG-80'S ON THE STREETS?

"BG-80'S"? WHY, JOHN HENRY IRONS...

...DON'T YOU KNOW HALF THE ROMANCE OF A PRODUCT IS IN THE NAME?

THEY PAY MORE FOR TOASTMASTERS, DARLING.

BELIEVE ME! A BLOODY FORTUNE!

AND FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE, I'M WILLING TO SHARE THE PROFITS.

AFTER ALL, YOU INVENTED THE THINGS!

SAY... EIGHTY-TWENTY...

...AFTER EXPENSES?

FAIR'S FAIR. AFTER ALL, I HAVE TO CREATE MARKETING PLANS...

... FIND NEW CUSTOMERS, PROVIDE THE PRODUCT...

... WHILE YOUR JOB'S ALREADY DONE.

DR. ANGORA LAPIN...

"... I'M SURE YOU TWO WILL WORK WELL TOGETHER."

...MEET DR. JOHN HENRY IRONS, OUR RESIDENT BALLISTICS GENIUS.

IRONS'S DESIGNS FOR WESTIN WEAPONS TECHNOLOGIES ARE REVOLUTIONARY.

ANGORA'S EXPERTISE IS IN COMPUTER IMAGING, JOHN...

THE WEAPONS USED AGAINST THE KURDISH REBELS DO SEEM TO HAVE BEEN BG-60's.

BUT... THE DESIGN WAS COMPLETED FOR OUR MILITARY. WHAT ARE THEY DOING IN QURAC?

MAKE SURE, DR. IRONS. DR. LAPIN WILL BE IN CHARGE WHILE YOU'RE AWAY.

SOME OF THESE VICTIMS WERE INNOCENT WOMEN. CHILDREN.

AN UNFORTUNATE BYPRODUCT OF WAR, SON. WE'LL FIND OUT HOW THE BG-60'S GOT OUT, OF COURSE.

"BUT THEY'VE HAD THEIR FIELD TEST NOW. AND THEY'RE EFFECTIVE, SON...

"... VERY EFFECTIVE!"

YOU HAD A MORE ADVANCED DESIGN ON YOUR COMPUTER.

THE BG-80'S.

NO!

I THOUGHT WE'D HAD SOMETHING BETWEEN US, ANGORA.

I TOLD YOU WHAT I FOUND IN QURAC.

YOU KNEW WHY I DESTROYED THE PROTOTYPES...

... WHY I DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT.

UP TILL *QURAC*, I HADN'T REALLY UNDERSTOOD WHAT I WAS DOING.

MAYBE I DIDN'T *WANT* TO UNDERSTAND. I MADE TOO GOOD A LIVING.

BOUGHT MOM THAT HOUSE IN FLORIDA WHERE I KNEW SHE'D *BE SAFE.*

MY INTEREST IN WEAPONS HAD BEEN *THEORETICAL.* BUT *QURAC* CHANGED ALL THAT!

BY *CREATING* BG-60'S, I'D *ARMED* THE *MURDERERS* OF *INNOCENTS.*

I'D BE-COME LIKE THE PEOPLE WHO KILLED MY *GRAND-PARENTS!*

YOU HAD TO *KNOW* THERE WAS NO REAL WAY TO *CONTROL* THE MANUFACTURE...

...AND *USE* OF THE WEAPONS YOU CREATED.

YOU *RETRIEVED* THE PLANS FROM MY COMPUTER, DIDN'T YOU?

CHILD'S PLAY. I EVEN *IMPROVED* ON THE DESIGNS... JUST A LITTLE.

YOU SUPPLIED THE GUNS TO *QURAC.*

ME? I'D NEVER HAVE *DONE* THAT TO YOU, DARLING.

BUT IT GAVE ME THE *IDEA* FOR... ALL OF *THIS.*

MAKES A GOOD *BED-TIME STORY,* ANGORA... MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO TELL IT TO THE *FEDS.*

YOU'RE *ADAMANT,* AREN'T YOU, JOHN?

A *PITY...* BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO *DIE,* AFTER ALL!

BWHAM!

ZH!

SCKRAZ!

TOXICO

SOME-THING HIT THE *TANKER!* RUN!

THAT WHITE-HAIRED WOMAN BLEW HIM OUT THE *WINDOW!*

HE'S GONNA *FRY!*

I GOTTA--

--SAVE HIM!

YOW!

HOT-HOT-HOT-HOT-HOT-HOT-HOT!

THANKS! BUT YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DO THAT. SUIT... PROBABLY WOULD HAVE PROTECTED ME.

THOUGHT YOU HAD SUPERMAN'S INVULNERABILITY. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SURE. PROBABLY JUST PSYCHOSOMATIC BLISTERS!

HOW DID YOU--?

M.F.D. FOAM INIT

HAPPEN TO BE HERE? I WAS FOLLOW-ING YOU. TO APOLOGIZE.

I SAW THE BABE IN WHITE BLOW YOU AWAY!

YOU WERE RIGHT. I WASN'T THINKING. IT'S MY FAULT THAT PILOT DIED.

EVERY TIME I THINK ABOUT IT, I WANT TO KICK MYSELF.

I KNOW HOW THAT IS. I LEARNED THE SAME KIND OF LESSON MYSELF...

...SAME WAY YOU DID--THE HARD WAY.

SHE'S GONE!

SHE WAS PRETTY ANNOYED WITH YOU! SO... WHO WAS SHE?

SOMEBODY I USED TO KNOW... A LONG TIME AGO. CALLS HERSELF THE WHITE RABBIT NOW.

I... DESIGNED THE WEAPON THAT BLEW UP MISS LANE'S CHOPPER.

BUNNY STOLE THE DESIGN... AND SHE'S SELLING THEM TO THE LOCAL GANGS.

THAT'S HOW I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL.

THAT PILOT'S DEATH WAS AS MUCH MY FAULT AS IT WAS YOURS.

THE OTHERS SEEM TO HAVE SUPERMAN'S FACE, HIS BODY, HIS COSTUME...

THE MAN OF STEEL SEEMS TO HAVE HIS SOUL.

SUPERMAN OR NOT... HE MAY BE THE KIND OF HERO METROPOLIS NEEDS.

YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK FOR SUPERBOY NOW?

WHY NOT, LEX?

SUPERMAN'S CLONE WON'T BE BOTHERED BY A LITTLE RAIN ANY MORE THAN I AM.

SO, HAPPERSEN, THE BUG WAS DESTROYED, BUT YOU GOT HIS NAME?

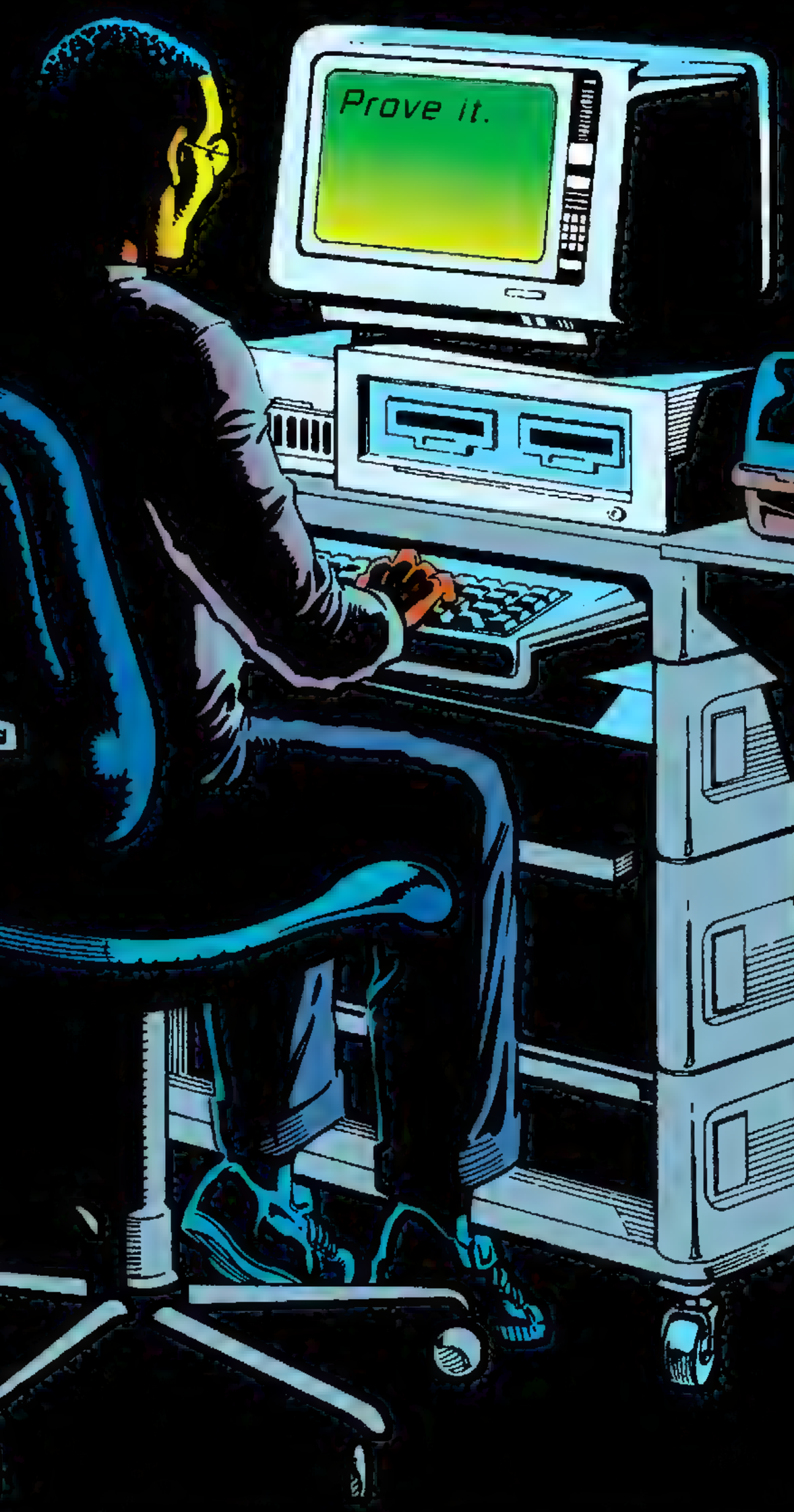
JOHN HENRY IRONS... A WEAPONS DESIGNER -- WANTED BY THE FEDS?

GOOD. THAT GIVES ME THE INFORMATION I'LL NEED TO CONTROL HIM.

BECAUSE WHETHER IT'S STEEL OR ONE OF THE OTHERS, METROPOLIS'S NEXT SUPERMAN WILL ANSWER TO ME!

Dan Jurgens Words & Pictures
Brett Breeding Finished Art
Glenn Whitmore Coloring
John Costanza Hand Lettering
Jennifer Frank Assistant Editor
Mike Carlin Editor
SUPERMAN created by Siegel & Shuster

Prove it.



SUPERMAN 79. July, 1993. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1325 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to SUPERMAN, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510. Annual subscription rate $15.00. Canadian subscribers must add $8.00 for postage and GST. GST # is R125921072. All other foreign countries must add $12.00 for postage. U.S. funds only. Copyright © 1993 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. For advertising space contact Tom Ballou, (212) 636-5520. Printed on recyclable paper. Printed in Canada.
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C-8545

Think about it. If you're one of those who thinks yourself the best, the ultimate, "The Real Thing" in whatever you do, consider yourself lucky if you are never asked to prove it. Only a select few have done so.

Lincoln proved his greatness by holding together a nation torn by war and by freeing men not acknowledged as equals. Martin Luther King did it by asking an entire nation to look in the mirror and take shame in the ugly reflection of bigotry. Joe DiMaggio swung the bat better than anyone else and Superman did it by being, well, *Super.* And the man I want to talk about, the man I would prove myself to if he were still alive, is the reporter who did it all.

The best.
Clark Kent.

Readers of this paper, *The Daily Planet,* have been familiar with Kent's extraordinary work for years. Writing about economics, pollution, justice, crime, education, politics and the human condition, Kent's brilliance touched us all.

I marveled at Mr. Kent's clarity of vision and evidence of sound reason. I admired the man, his work, and the way he lived his life.

Clark Kent died while covering Doomsday's rampage through Metropolis. As a result, those who cared for him, Jonathan and Martha Kent, his parents, Lois Lane, his fiancée, Perry White, Jimmy Olsen, Lana Lang, Pete Ross and this writer were gathered to pack up his belongings and close down his apartment.

HANDLE WITH CARE

CLOTHES FOR CHARITY

FRAGILE

APARTMENT FOR RENT

WRITER
OF THE YEAR
CLARK KENT

WRITER
OF THE YEAR
CLARK KENT

VP

UP

As an investigative reporter Clark Kent delivered some of the hardest-hitting pieces Metropolis has ever seen. He was also a well-received novelist with three books under his belt. Standing in his apartment, in the midst of his friends, works and awards, I suddenly realized how much we had lost with his passing.

The Daily Planet was missing one hell of a writer.

Clark Kent was the kind of writer I desperately wanted to be.

It may have been morbid to approach Mr. White under those circumstances but the surroundings were absolutely inspiring. The realization of the hard work necessary to match half of Kent's accomplishments was quite evident. But somebody had to fill his slot and I knew I wanted to be that somebody.

I had to ask.

Perry White, a close friend of Clark's, could have been angry. Asking for a departed man's job while packing up his belongings might easily be considered crass and opportunistic. But Perry White recognizes and values hungry reporters.

He told me how Clark Kent, a novice right off the street, came in with the exclusive on Superman after the Man of Steel had first arrived in Metropolis.

Perry White challenged me to bring him a story so big he couldn't turn it down; a story so powerful and important that even Clark Kent would have been impressed.

"If you think you're good enough to fill Clark's shoes, you've got to back it up, Troupe.

"Prove it!"

DAILY PLANET

Wednesday, October 6, 19[illegible] Price: 30c

THE EXCLUSIVE STORY ON SUPERMAN

BY CLARK KENT

JAM

WRITER OF THE YEAR CLARK KENT

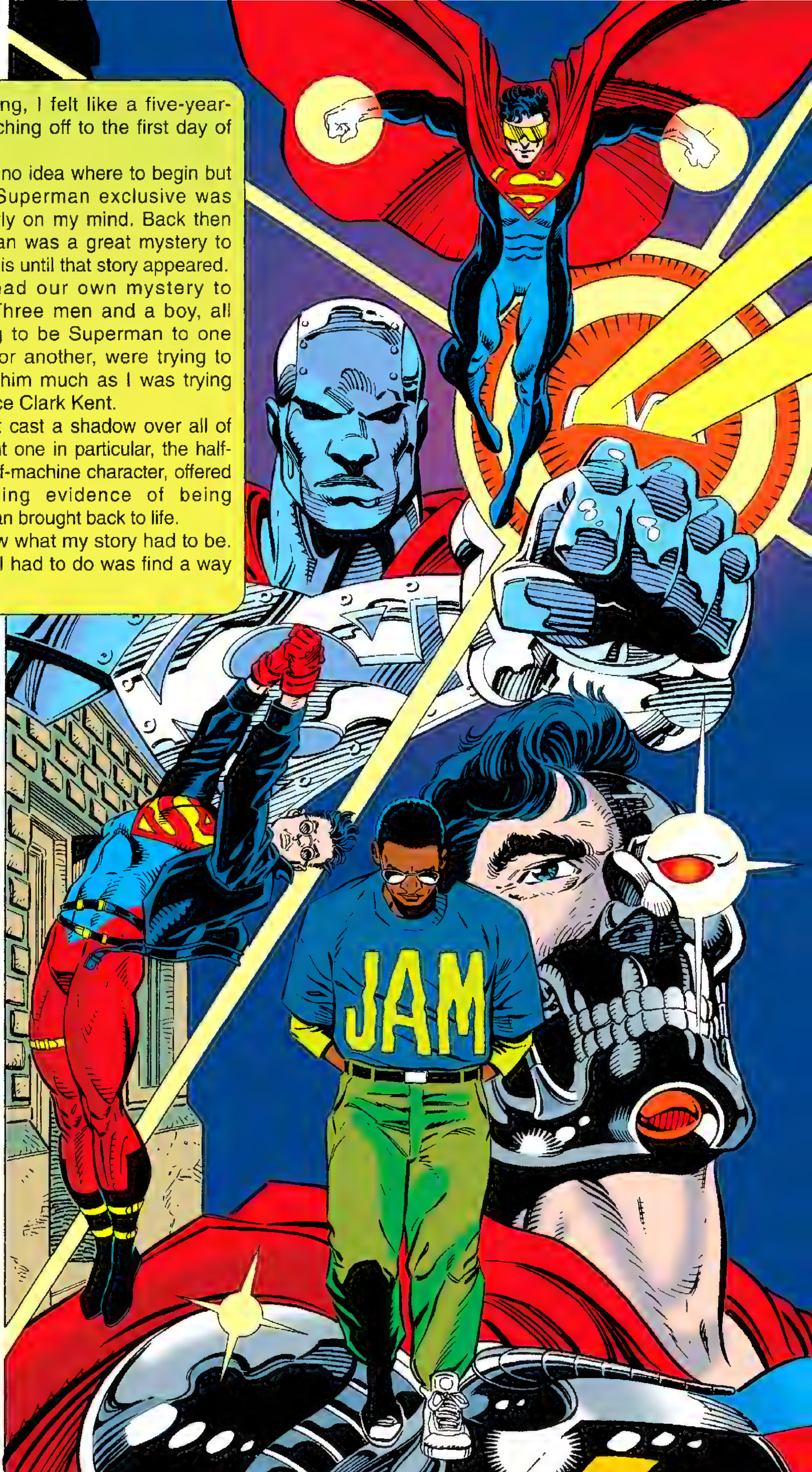
Leaving, I felt like a five-year-old marching off to the first day of school.

I had no idea where to begin but Kent's Superman exclusive was constantly on my mind. Back then Superman was a great mystery to Metropolis until that story appeared.

We had our own mystery to solve. Three men and a boy, all claiming to be Superman to one degree or another, were trying to replace him much as I was trying to replace Clark Kent.

Doubt cast a shadow over all of them, but one in particular, the half-man, half-machine character, offered compelling evidence of being Superman brought back to life.

I knew what my story had to be. Now all I had to do was find a way to get it.



I made my initial inquiries by calling The Justice League Compound, thinking that if anyone had some answers it might be their civilian liaison, Max Lord. Another civilian, the obsequious Oberon, told me Lord was traveling to Washington to brief the President. If Lord had something to tell our Commander-in-Chief he might be able to tell me something as well, so I hopped the first train to D.C.

Expecting Lord might want to avoid reporters, I planned to stand outside the White House gates all day and night if necessary. When his limousine pulled up, I coaxed him out of the car for a few questions.

Hoping he wouldn't detect my nervousness, I asked Lord about these Supermen. Even then I had no idea of what was about to happen.

What had been a quiet summer day was suddenly shattered by the sounds of chaos as the limousine which had once carried Max Lord surged forward, shattering the White House gates. Behind it came a red van filled with armed men bent on assassination shouting, "For Qurac!". The vehicles accelerated, driving as far as possible until they were stopped by the barricades. Time slowed to a crawl while this happened and, strange as it sounds, I could only remember something the intrepid Lois Lane once told me. "When good reporters find themselves in good situations, they have to use it to their advantage."

This was a scoop in the making.

All I had to do was survive to tell the story.

Inside the White House a team of dedicated security personnel was reacting to the threat with haste and decisiveness. They would later claim that they were caught off guard by the suddenness of the attack because Lord had visited the White House in that very car many times.

What they didn't know is that the Quraci terrorists had replaced the true driver with their own.

As the long-range cameras picked up an approaching flying figure, the confusion inside the room worsened.

They didn't realize he was about to save us all.

The possible answer to the great Superman mystery went into action right before me.

This Superman moved so fast and so powerfully that no description will suffice. He was everywhere at once, tearing into the would-be assassins with the ferocity of a mother lion protecting her young.

But that proved nothing of his true identity. Despite the suit, the familiar "S" and the cape; despite the exhibition of powers, questions persisted. Was this Superman back from the dead or an impostor?

Those questions were the least of his worries at the time. More important was his savage dismantling of the terrorists. It might have ended in seconds except for one thing: The White House War Room began firing at our savior as well as the attackers.

Inside sources tell me that the White House is protected by an impressive array of weapons supplied by Lexcorp and S.T.A.R. Labs. The scanning computers, unable to identify him, could only regard him as an intruder in the combat zone and fired on him as well.

The irony of the situation stunned Lord and me as we ran for cover in the White House. The man who had come to save the President might die in the process.

The White House was not alone in having impressive weapons. The Quraci terrorists obviously knew they'd face formidable odds and brought the fire power to match it.

As one of them fired a futuristic bazooka, this neo-Superman began to change. One arm, seemingly constructed of metal, twisted and re-formed into a cannon-like apparatus.

Superman fired a blinding burst of energy before the assassin could concentrate his bazooka on the White House, and the matter was resolved.

In felling the assassin our unidentified rescuer did himself more harm than good. Now he was the sole target left and the White House defense computers focused 100% of their targeting capabilities on him. No man, perhaps not even the original Superman, could withstand such an onslaught.

The Secret Service tried desperately to shut down their defense systems but couldn't. The automatic override kicked in and only a target with security-cleared identification, such as a Justice League member, could satisfy their criteria.

Somebody had to get a genetic tester out to Superman and get proof one way or another.

The various agents ordered me not to go but I ignored them. This Superman deserved his chance to prove himself.

Bursts of energy and weapon fire erupted all around as I sprinted like a madman in Superman's direction. It suddenly occurred to me that I had no business doing this; that I was in way over my head. Even more, I knew that laser fire would pick me off like a rubber duck at a carnival shooting range before I could get within fifty feet of Superman.

But then a strange situation got even stranger.

The very arm that had previously changed into a cannon began to flex and change even more. The metal seemed alive as it slid, shifted, and transformed into yet another configuration.

Seconds later it was a sonic disrupter unit with the power to completely disable the security systems. Finally safe, I could use the Identifier.

RETINA SCAN COMPLETE

DNA SCAN COMPLETE

PROCESSING

I.D. CONFIRMED
I.D. CONFIRMED
I.D. CONFIRMED
I.D. CONFIRMED
I.D. CONFIRMED

Every single identifying process available indicated this half-man, half-machine standing in front of me was undoubtedly Superman.

The greatest of them all, the man who paid the ultimate price protecting Metropolis, Superman, was rebuilt, alive and well.

He strode toward the White House with the determination, confidence and aura only a true hero could muster.

His commanding presence left them in awe. Even Max Lord, who lives in the midst of heroes, was speechless.

But Superman was all business, telling us the terrorist attack might not be over and a thorough security check was needed. He wanted to access the White House computers which, in turn, could tap into virtually every computer system in the world.

The bizarre metallic portions of Superman's body came to life once more, and he integrated with the system.

I could no longer see where the man ended and the machine began as he actually grew cables and unearthly devices that melded with the White House computers. In the midst of my joy at seeing this great American alive again I suddenly found myself slightly uncomfortable and a little scared.

DAILY PL

PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES STOLEN FROM LEXCORP

CREDIT ACCOUNTS

QUALITY LIMOUSINE RENTALS

None of us know what he "saw" or how a human actually "talked" with the computers, but looking at him I had the feeling he was seeing the secrets of the universe.

Staffers tell me the White House systems connect with all military branches, federal agencies and worldwide governments as well as numerous civilian systems. If he was able to network all of them, it's quite possible that Superman now has the single largest data base of information ever assembled.

In those few seconds he tracked a news article about some plastique stolen from Lexcorp, credit card charges for rented storage lockers, a limousine rental and briefcase purchase that enabled him to become our savior once again.

Welcome to Coast City

DEFCON 1

As this new Superman disconnected from the security system, he looked over in Max Lord's direction with a cold, hard expression.

He stared at Lord's briefcase as though he was looking right through it, and then that unique jeweled eye of his began glowing. Before Lord could object, Superman's scarlet burst of heat-vision melted his entire briefcase on the spot.

Superman, speaking in a metallic-sounding monotone voice, told us that the terrorists bought a briefcase identical to Lord's, put a bomb inside it and switched it while Lord got in the limousine at the airport. They knew their brazen attack might not succeed and also knew Lord would eventually get close to the President. Even though they would die, Lord would still become their assassin.

We were all speechless—all except one, that is. A voice from the entry thanked Superman not only for himself but for the entire country.

It was an historic meeting between two powerful men of the free world. Superman accepted this man's thanks and told him that should he ever need his services, he merely had to contact him on a special device. Superman actually seemed to construct it, even grow it, on the spot.

He handed it over saying it was a personal communications device, something he'd never given any President in the past.

With that, the President accepted the device and acknowledged this Man of Steel as the one, true Superman.

It was an impressive and touching sight, for this President had spoken so eloquently at Superman's memorial service not long ago.

Now they were meeting as friends, with Superman proving himself the real thing; the greatest of all.

It's inexplicable but Superman has come back to life. It seems beyond our understanding, but so were the rumors years ago of a hero from a planet called Krypton. Fortunately, a young writer named Clark Kent proved himself by bringing us the truth.

Superman has returned, proving himself to us all over again. Clark Kent cannot return, so others must take his place and prove themselves deserving and equal. It's a daunting task, but well worth the effort.

Those evaluations are up to you.

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Those evaluations are up to you.

SAVE COLUMN

SEND TO CITY DESK

4:32 AM

8-03 AM

WAKE UP, RONALD, IT'S MORNING.

OH... MISTER WHITE...

I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT THIS! I WAS WORKING SO... LATE THAT I--

SAY NO MORE, RONALD. YOUR STORY HERE SHOWS YOU ONLY FILED IT A FEW HOURS AGO.

CARE TO TALK ABOUT IT?

I GAVE IT EVERYTHING I HAD, MR. WHITE! I HOPE IT'S UP TO YOUR STANDARDS.

YOU WERE ON THE SCENE OF A PRESIDENTIAL ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT, SON!

THAT'S A SCOOP BY ANYBODY'S STANDARDS!

A FEW YEARS AGO A YOUNG REPORTER CAME TO ME FROM OUT OF THE BLUE AND DROPPED A PAGE-ONE SCOOP IN MY LAP.

I THINK HISTORY HAS REPEATED ITSELF.

YOU HAVE QUITE A NAME TO LIVE UP TO, RONALD.

CONGRATULATIONS.

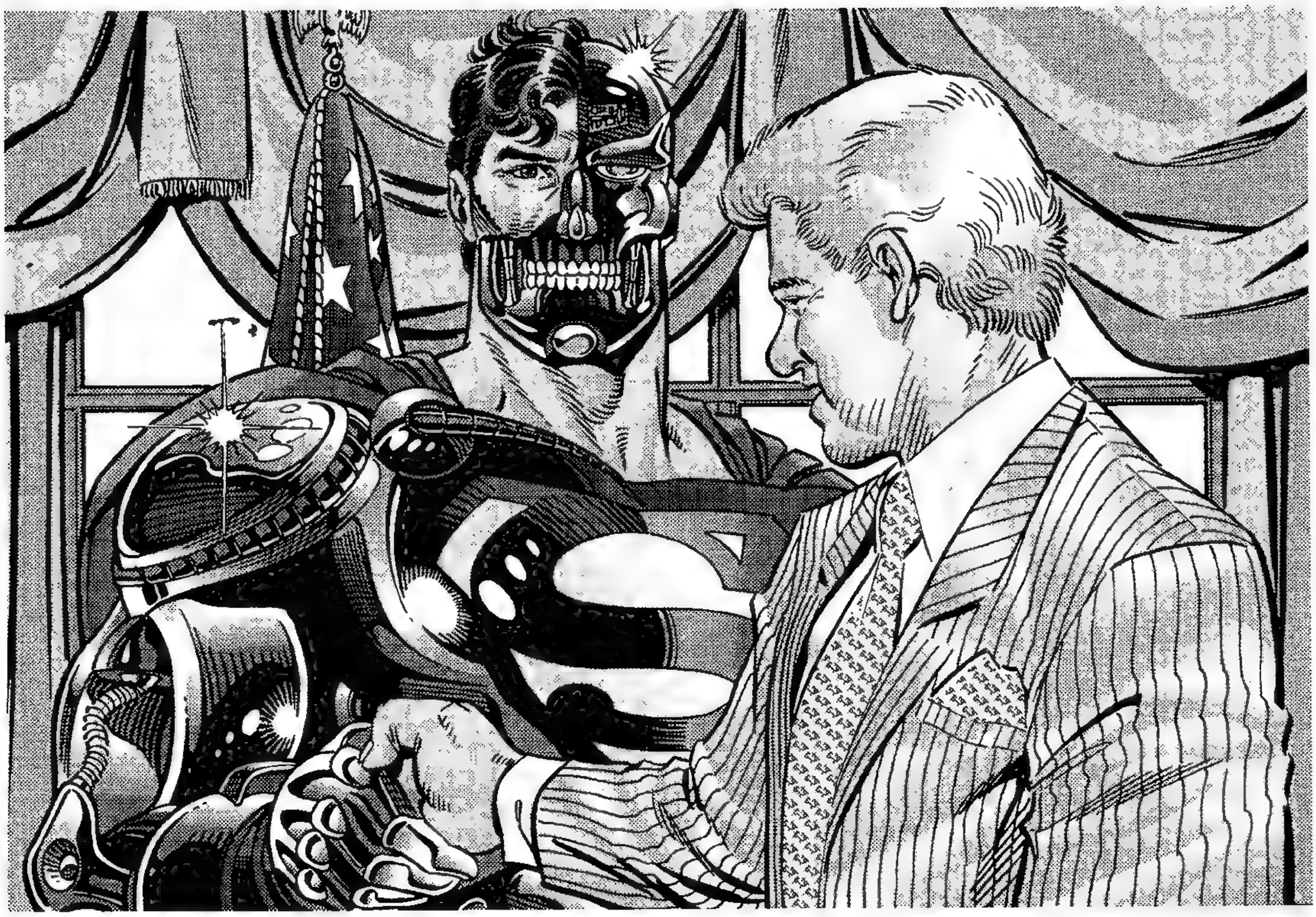
I'LL GIVE YOU EVERYTHING I'VE GOT, MR. WHITE.

ONE HUNDRED PERCENT.

DAILY PLANET

Friday, May 28, 1993 Price: 40¢

SUPERMAN IS BACK!



Story by RONALD TROUPE

"Prove it!"

Think about it. If you're one of those who thinks yourself the best, the ultimate, "The Real Thing" in whatever you do, consider yourself lucky if you are never asked to prove it. Only a select few have done so.

Lincoln proved his greatness by holding together a nation torn by war and by freeing men not acknowledged as equals. Martin Luther King did it by asking an entire nation to look in the mirror and take shame in the ugly reflection of bigotry. Joe DiMaggio swung the bat better than anyone else and Superman did it by being, well, *Super.* And the man I want to talk about, the man I would prove myself to if he were still alive, is the reporter who did it all.

The best.

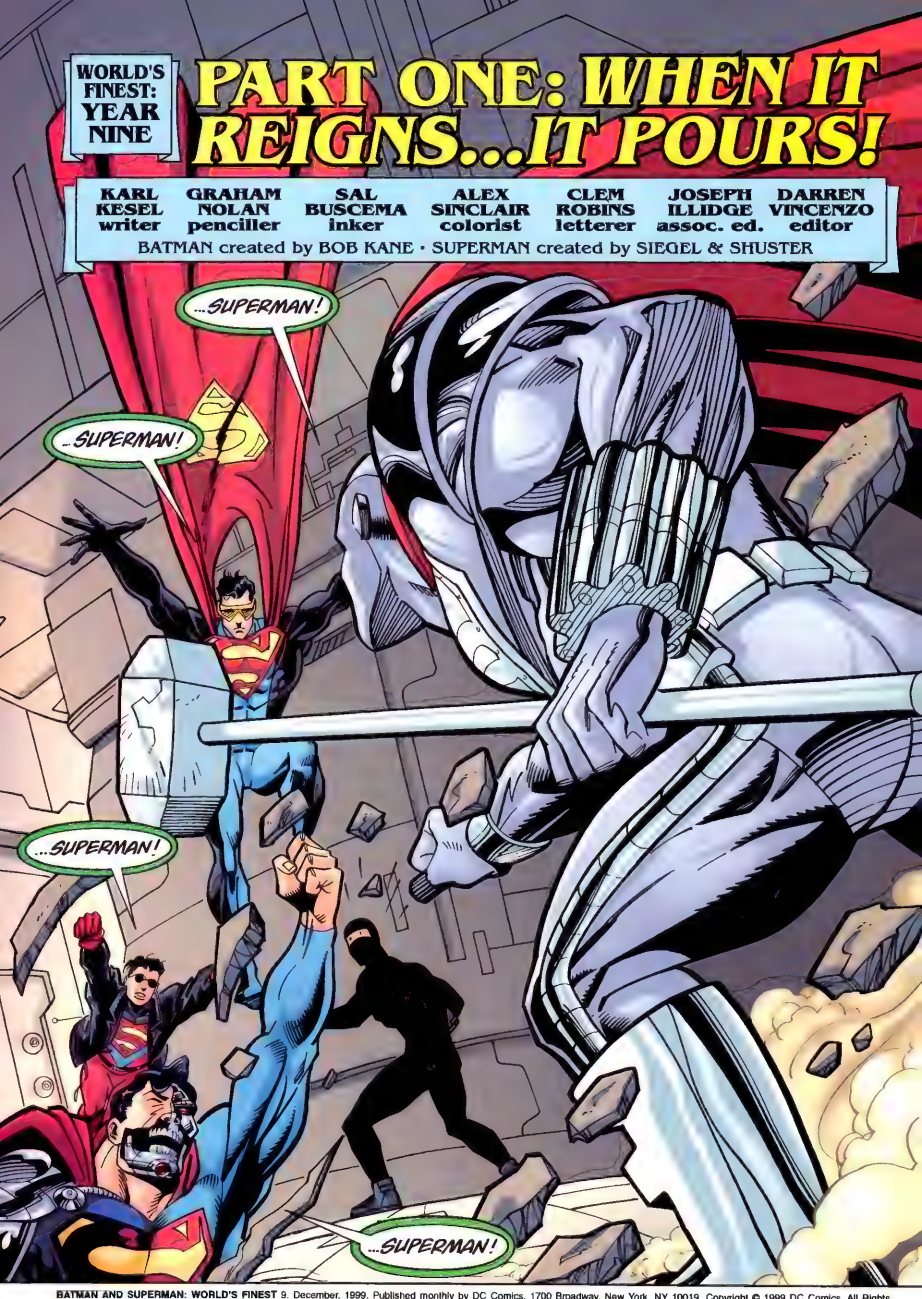
Clark Kent.

Readers of this paper, *The Daily Planet,* have been familiar with Kent's extraordinary work for years. Writing about economics, pollution, justice, crime, education, politics and the human condition, Kent's brilliance touched us all.

I marveled at Mr. Kent's clarity of vision and evidence of sound reason. I admired the man, his work, and the way he lived his life.

—story continued on page A3

S.T.A.R.
TWO YEARS AGO...
SPRING.
VREEP VREEP VREEPVREEP
TEK TEK TEK TEK
METROPOLIS.
THIS...
...LOOKS LIKE...
...A JOB...
...FOR...



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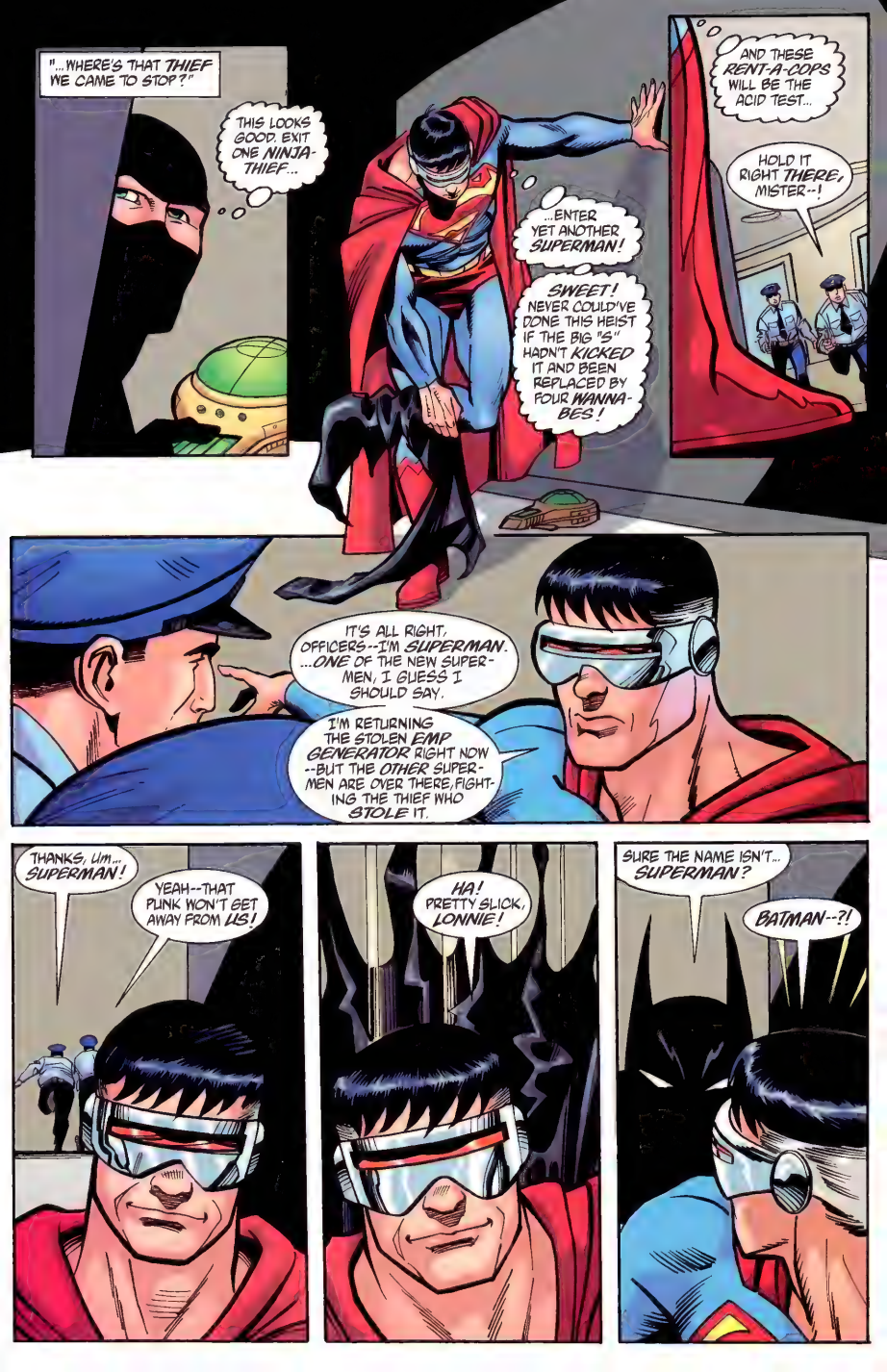
THEN IT BETTER BE THE REAL SUPERMAN--AND THAT'S ME! BACK FROM THE DEAD AND READY FOR ROUND TWO OF THE NEVER-ENDIN' BATTLE!
NAY! I AM THE LIVING MAN OF STEEL!
YOU MAY BE LIVING--BUT IT IS I WHO AM THE TRUE SPIRIT OF SUPER-MAN!
IMPOZZTORZZ! I AM ZZZUPERMAN--EVOLVED TO THE NEXT KRYPTONIAN LIFE-ZZTAGE!
MORE POSERS? LIKE IT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH THE FOUR OF US WERE EACH TRYIN' TO PROVE WE'RE THE REAL STEEL DEAL?
I NEED PROVE NOTHING, BOY I AM THE LAST SON OF KRYPTON--AND AS SUCH KNOW THAT KRYPTONIANS DO NOT "EVOLVE" THROUGH DIFFERENT "LIFE STAGES."
TZZAK
YOU ARE MIZZTAKEN, LAZZT ZZON. AND I WILL NOT ALLOW THE LIKEZZ OF YOU TO ZZTAND IN MY WAY!
HOLD IT!
NO NEED TO START A SENSELESS FIGHT! LET'S TRY TO SORT THIS OUT--!

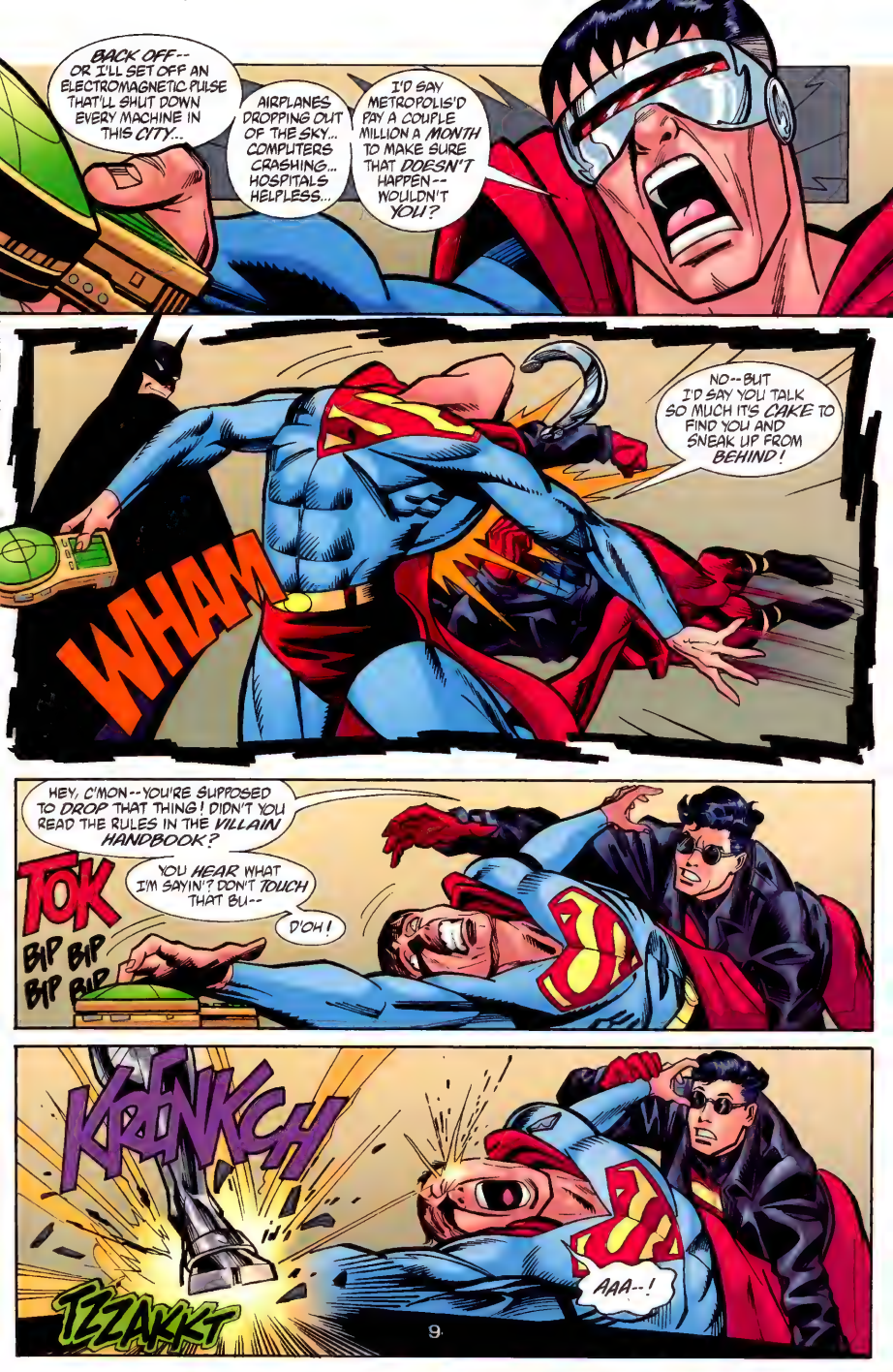
ZZOP
NOTHIN' TO SORT OUT, MY ARMORED AMIGO! SUPERMAN DON'T NEED NO STINKIN' HAMMER...
BUT HE MIGHT NEED A KRYPTO-BLASTER IF HE CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD WITH NO POWERS!
THAT'S RIGHT-- I'M SUPERMAN, AND NONE OF THE REST OF YOU COME CLOSE! 'SPECIALLY NOT THAT SUPERBOY!
HEY! DON'T CALL ME SUPER--
--BOY?
OKAY-- I'LL CALL THE EIGHT-BALL IN THE CORNER POCKET...
...AND YOU INTO THAT CAPED CREEP!
WHOA! COMIN' THROUGH--!
THAT'LL COOL YOUR JETS, KID!
Cuh-COLD! LIKE I WAS Fuh-FROZEN ...FROM THE INSIDE OUT!
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT, YOUNG ONE...

...FROM ONE WHO HAS RETURNED FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!
THIS IS RIDICULOUS. NONE OF YOU ARE SUPERMAN.
SQUABBLE AMONG YOURSELVES ALL YOU WANT, BUT I CAME HERE TO STOP A--
YOU MAY THINK THAT IMPOSTORS WEARING THE S-SHIELD ARE RIDICULOUS, CYBORG--BUT I DO NOT!
AND AS THE MAN OF STEEL--I WILL NOT ALLOW ANYONE TO TARNISH MY NAME!
KWANG
STOP.
BATMAN!
WHOA! DIDN'T THINK HE REALLY EXISTED!
SUPERMAN DIED. ONE OF YOU MAY BE HIM, RESURRECTED SOMEHOW...
...BUT I KNOW FOR A FACT SOME OF YOU AREN'T.

YOU--IN THE ARMOR.
SHATTER HIS SHIELD WITH YOUR HAMMER.
OH, NO!
OH, YES!
THRANNG
TOLD LONNIE THAT FAKE SHIELD... WOULD GIVE ME A WEAK SPOT...
OOOOOOOOOOO
AAA--!
SONICS... SCRAMBLING MY... PHASE CIRCUITS--!
KLUNK
SO, I ASSUME YOU'RE EACH MERELY HUMAN...
NO! RELEAZZE ME OR I WILL BE FORZZED TO--

FORCE? YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT FORCE!
TSZZAKK
YEAH! OKAY! YOU'RE RIGHT!
I GIVE UP!
Um... NO HARD FEELIN'S, RIGHT, SUPER...MAN?
SURE, SEE, I DON'T HOLD A GRUDGE...
I GET IT ALL OUT OF MY SYSTEM!
SKRISSHHH
OKAY--DO WE STOP NOW, OR KEEP GOIN' TILL ONLY ONE OF US IS LEFT STANDIN'?
I THINK WE HAVE BIGGER CONCERNS RIGHT NOW. THIS GUN USES TECHNOLOGY INTER-GANG HAD BEFORE THAT GROUP WAS BROKEN UP...
WHERE'D BATMAN GO?
MORE IMPORTANT...


"...WHERE'S THAT THIEF WE CAME TO STOP?"
THIS LOOKS GOOD. EXIT ONE NINJA-THIEF...
...ENTER YET ANOTHER SUPERMAN!
SWEET! NEVER COULD'VE DONE THIS HEIST IF THE BIG "S" HADN'T KICKED IT AND BEEN REPLACED BY FOUR WANNA-BES!
AND THESE RENT-A-COPS WILL BE THE ACID TEST...
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, MISTER--!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, OFFICERS--I'M SUPERMAN. ...ONE OF THE NEW SUPER-MEN, I GUESS I SHOULD SAY.
I'M RETURNING THE STOLEN EMP GENERATOR RIGHT NOW --BUT THE OTHER SUPER-MEN ARE OVER THERE, FIGHTING THE THIEF WHO STOLE IT.
THANKS, UM... SUPERMAN!
YEAH--THAT PUNK WON'T GET AWAY FROM US!
HA! PRETTY SLICK, LONNIE!
SURE THE NAME ISN'T... SUPERMAN?
BATMAN--?!


BACK OFF-- OR I'LL SET OFF AN ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE THAT'LL SHUT DOWN EVERY MACHINE IN THIS CITY...
AIRPLANES DROPPING OUT OF THE SKY... COMPUTERS CRASHING... HOSPITALS HELPLESS...
I'D SAY METROPOLIS'D PAY A COUPLE MILLION A MONTH TO MAKE SURE THAT DOESN'T HAPPEN-- WOULDN'T YOU?
NO--BUT I'D SAY YOU TALK SO MUCH IT'S CAKE TO FIND YOU AND SNEAK UP FROM BEHIND!
WHAM
HEY, C'MON--YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DROP THAT THING! DIDN'T YOU READ THE RULES IN THE VILLAIN HANDBOOK?
TOK
BIP BIP BIP BIP
YOU HEAR WHAT I'M SAYIN'? DON'T TOUCH THAT BU--
D'OH!
KRANKCH
TEZAKKT
AAA--!

YOU CALL YOURSELVES SUPERMAN? YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE FIRST THING ABOUT WHAT THAT MEANS!
WHAT--YOU THINK I WANTED THAT GUY TO TURN THAT THING ON? NOT LIKE I COULD JUST FREEZE HIM IN PLACE, Y'KNOW!
CAUTI
THAT DEVICE COULD HAVE SHUT DOWN MY CYBERNETICS--POSSIBLY KILLED ME AGAIN. I COULDN'T TAKE THAT CHANCE.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN IN THE WAY.
A LOST HAND...A SCARRED EYE ...THE SCUM GOT OFF EASY.
UGHH... UGHH...
DAMN YOU! EVERY SUPERMAN, BATMAN--DAMN ALL OF YOU!
I...REGRET WHAT HAPPENED. PERHAPS IT WOULDN'T HAVE IF I WASN'T STILL GETTING USED TO THIS ...NEW BODY.
BUT I, FOR ONE, WAS GLAD TO HAVE YOUR ASSISTANCE, BATMAN. MY SUPER-SENSES DETECTED THIS ROBBERY--BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?

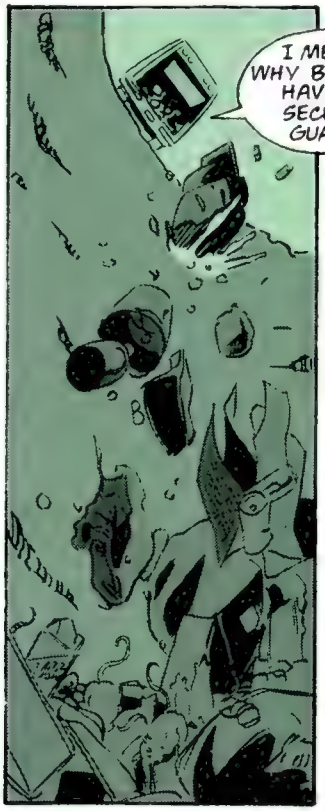
I WAS ON THE METROPOLIS WATERFRONT EARLIER. OVERHEARD LONNIE HIRING MUSCLE.
HE'D FOUND A CACHE OF INTERGANG DEVICES. WAS USING THEM TO GO FOR A BIG PAYDAY--THE EMP GENERATOR.
BUT...WHAT BROUGHT YOU TO METROPOLIS IN THE FIRST PLACE?
YOU DON'T KNOW, DO YOU?
NONE OF YOU DO.
BEST PART OF HIS PLAN WAS USING THE CONFUSION YOU FOUR HAVE CREATED TO HIS OWN ADVANTAGE.
UH...MEGA-JACKPOT IN THE METROPOLIS LOTTERY?
I CAME LOOKING FOR SUPER-MAN...
...I'LL KNOW WHEN I FIND HIM.
END PART ONE.

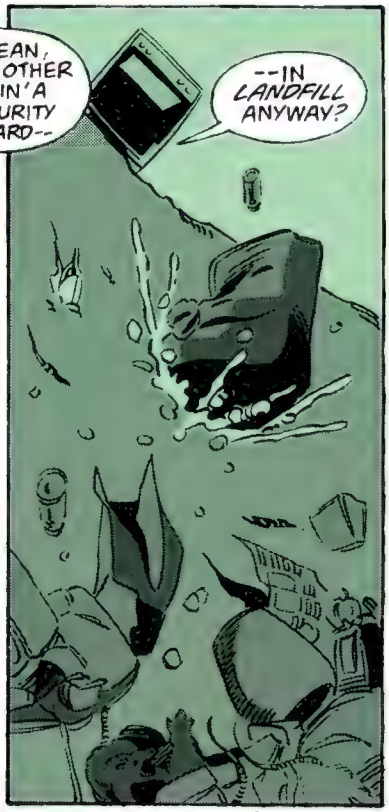
SEVERAL WEEKS AGO.
LEX-SAN
METROPOLIS SANITATION
LAST RUN OF THE NIGHT, MAN. I'M BEAT!
LONNNG DAY. LEAST WE GET OVERTIME!
YEAH, THAT'S ONE OF THE GOOD THINGS ABOUT WORKIN' FOR LEXCORP SANITATION!
THE ONLY GOOD THING!
ONLY GOOD THING ABOUT THIS WHOLE CITY!
NO LIE, METROPOLIS JUST AIN'T WORTH BRAGGIN' ABOUT NOW THAT SUPERMAN'S GONE!

I DON'T EVEN WANNA TELL THE FOLKS BACK HOME I LIVE HERE!
I HEAR YA! PEOPLE JUST REMEMBER METROPOLIS FOR SUPERMAN DYIN' HERE SAME AS THEY REMEMBER DALLAS AND JFK!
LIKE WE ACTUALLY SENT DOOMSDAY AFTER HIM OR SOMETHING!
I HEAR YOU BUMS MENTION DOOMSDAY?

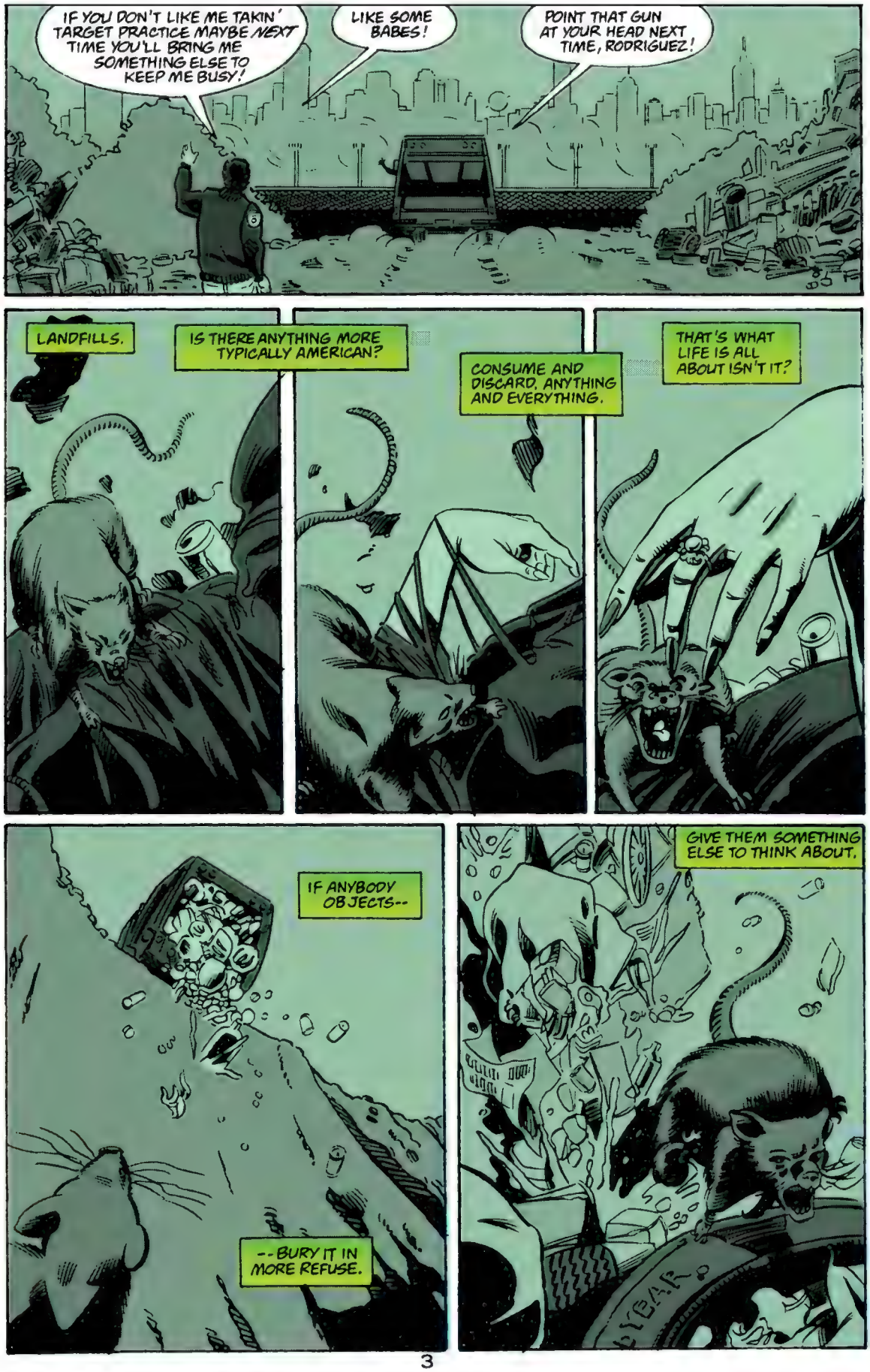
SURE DON'T KNOW WHERE THAT SUCKER CAME FROM BUT HE SHOULDA GOT THIS!
BLAM
LIKE THAT LITTLE PEA-SHOOTER WOULD ACE HIM WHEN SUPES COULDN'T!

THIS MAY BE A PEA-SHOOTER BUT IT'S STILL GOOD ENOUGH FOR SNUFFIN' THESE GARBAGE RATS!
THEY MIGHT AS WELL BE PAYIN' YOU FOR SOMETHING, RODRIGUEZ!
SECURITY

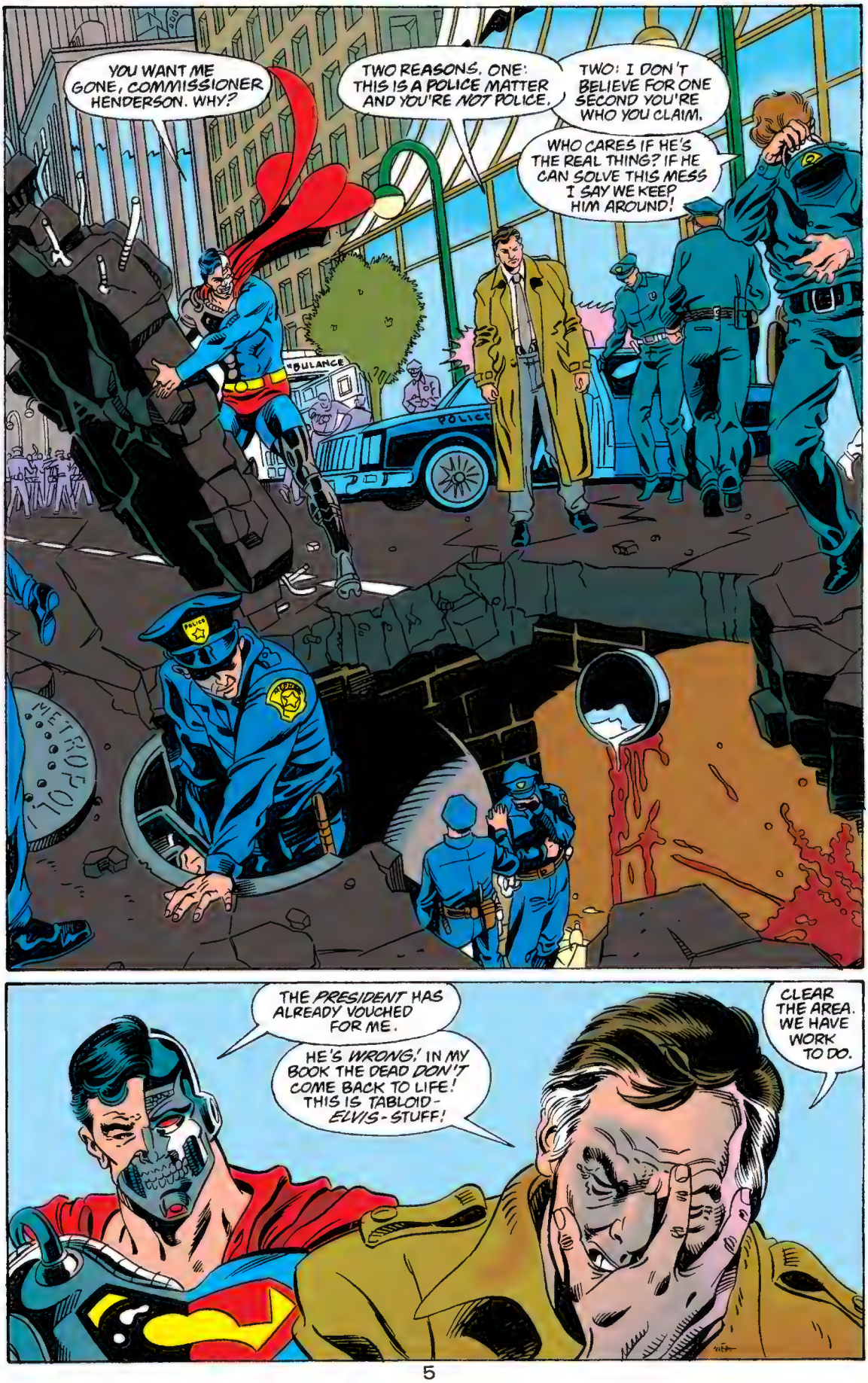

I MEAN, WHY BOTHER HAVIN' A SECURITY GUARD--


--IN LANDFILL ANYWAY?

THEY AFRAID SOMEBODY'S GONNA COME IN AND STEAL SOME BIG BELLY LEFTOVERS?


IF YOU DON'T LIKE ME TAKIN' TARGET PRACTICE MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU'LL BRING ME SOMETHING ELSE TO KEEP ME BUSY!
LIKE SOME BABES!
POINT THAT GUN AT YOUR HEAD NEXT TIME, RODRIGUEZ!
LANDFILLS.
IS THERE ANYTHING MORE TYPICALLY AMERICAN?
CONSUME AND DISCARD. ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING.
THAT'S WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT ISN'T IT?
IF ANYBODY OBJECTS--
--BURY IT IN MORE REFUSE.
GIVE THEM SOMETHING ELSE TO THINK ABOUT.

TODAY.
MYRIAD
WHO THE DEVIL LET HIM IN ON THIS ACTION?
writer DAN JURGENS • pencils DAVID LAPHAM • inks MIKE MACHLAN
letters JOHN COSTANZA • colors GLENN WHITMORE
assistant editor JENNIFER FRANK • editor MIKE CARLIN
SUPERMAN created by SIEGEL & SHUSTER
MYRIAD created by DAN JURGENS


YOU WANT ME GONE, COMMISSIONER HENDERSON. WHY?
TWO REASONS. ONE: THIS IS A POLICE MATTER AND YOU'RE NOT POLICE.
TWO: I DON'T BELIEVE FOR ONE SECOND YOU'RE WHO YOU CLAIM.
WHO CARES IF HE'S THE REAL THING? IF HE CAN SOLVE THIS MESS I SAY WE KEEP HIM AROUND!
AMBULANCE
POLICE
METROPOL
THE PRESIDENT HAS ALREADY VOUCHED FOR ME.
HE'S WRONG! IN MY BOOK THE DEAD DON'T COME BACK TO LIFE! THIS IS TABLOID-ELVIS-STUFF!
CLEAR THE AREA. WE HAVE WORK TO DO.

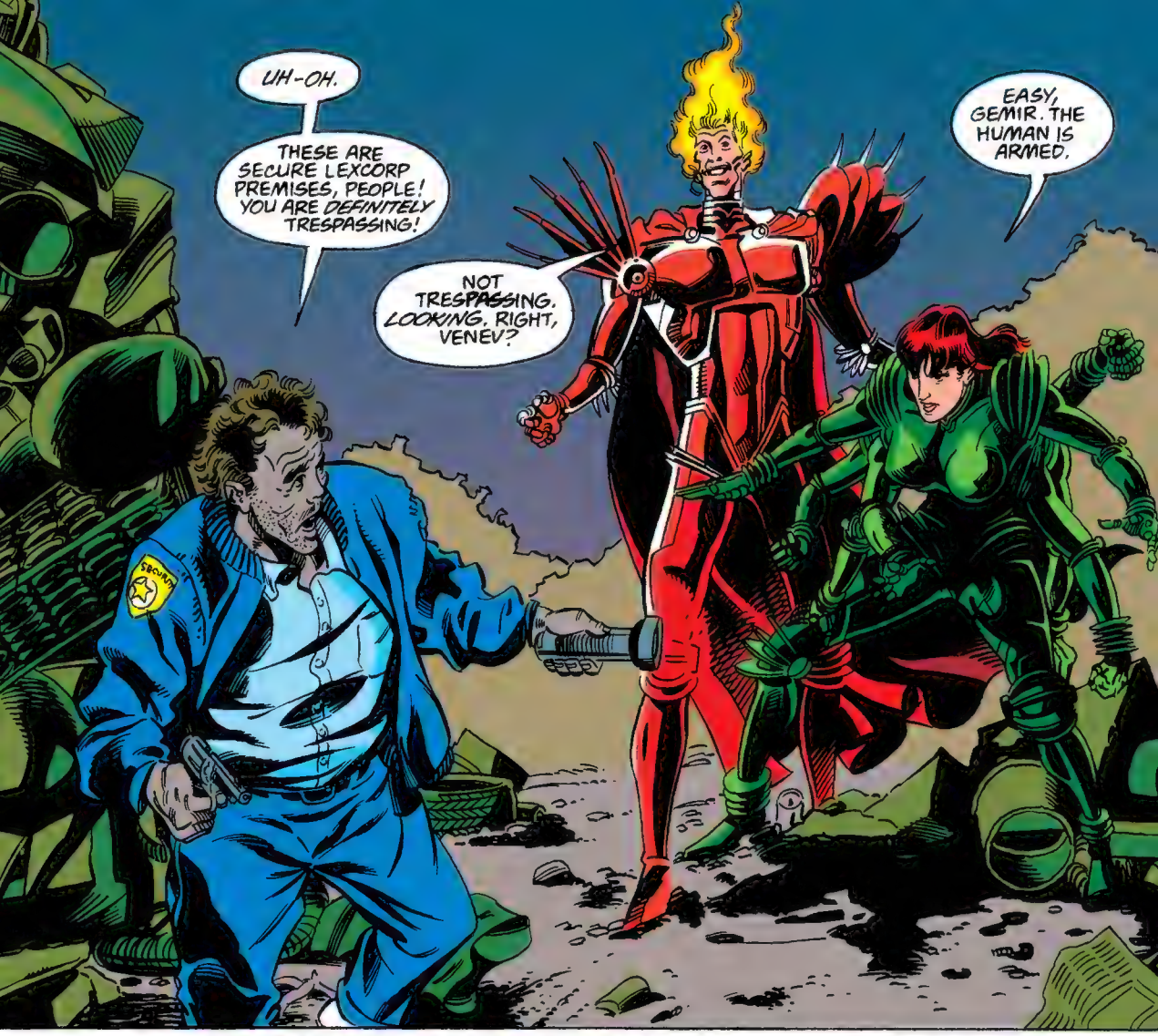
LOOK AT THOSE POOR SOULS. WHO-EVER... WHATEVER... DID THIS TO THEM--
--IS SICK BEYOND DESCRIPTION.
THEN DON'T ASK ME TO LEAVE. THIS IS THE THIRD GRAVE YOU FOUND TODAY.

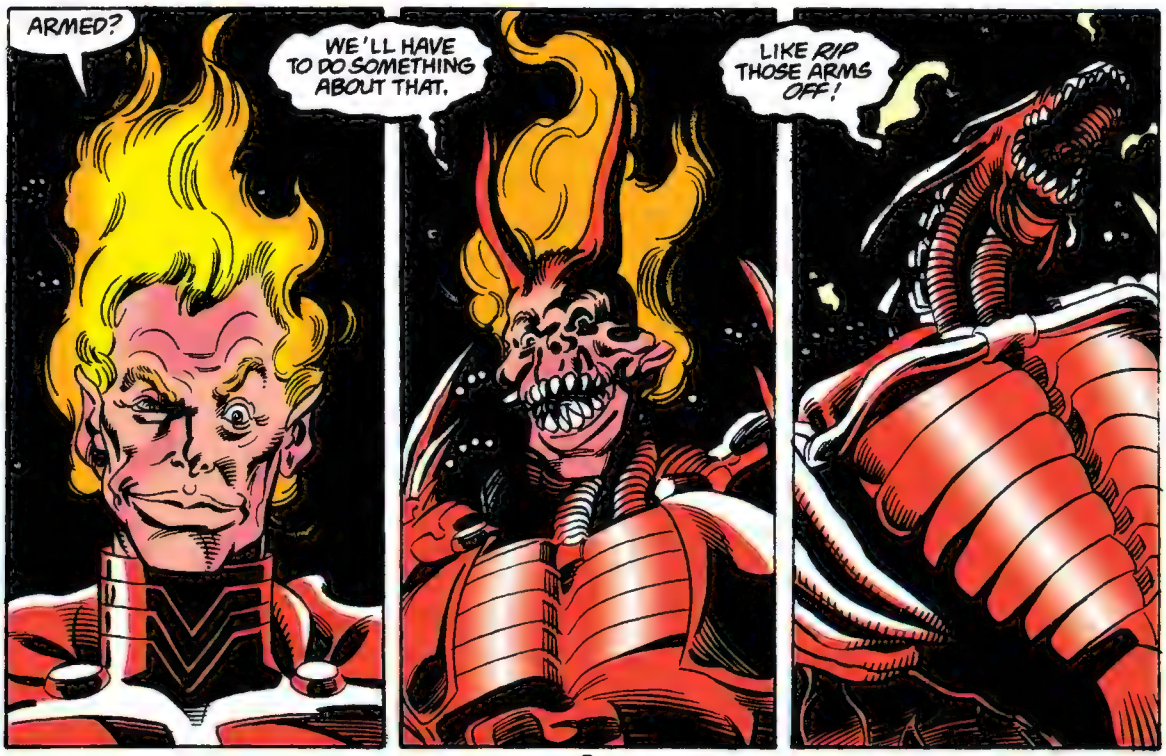
GET OVER YOUR SIMPLE-MINDED RELUCTANCE AND YOU'LL SEE I CAN HELP.
OR THIS CITY MIGHT END UP A TOXIC WASTE DUMP OF BODIES.

NOW LET'S GET STARTED. A THOROUGH ANALYSIS--
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, MISTER MACHINE! LIKE I SAID, POLICE ONLY! FOR ALL I KNOW--
--YOU'RE THE MANIAC RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS!

LOOK, HENDERSON, HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY THINK--
YOU CERTAINLY APPEAR CAPABLE OF THIS KIND OF SLAUGHTER.
BESIDES, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU COULD USE THE BODY PARTS.
JEEZ, WHAT A MESS. WHAT DO YOU HAVE FOR ME, HOPKINS?
SAME M.O. * AS THE OTHER SITES, COMMISSIONER.
ALL DEAD, ALL GRUESOME, WITH SOME DISMEMBERED.
*Method of Operations
WAIT.
WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
PUNCTURE WOUNDS IN THE SPINAL CORDS?
TELL THE HOMICIDE AND FORENSICS TEAMS I WANT THIS TO BE THE MOST ANALYZED CRIME SCENE EVER--

"--AND I DON'T CARE IF IT TAKES ALL NIGHT!"
GOT 'EM.
EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM.
ONLY RATS LEFT AROUND HERE ARE GHOSTS!
AND I AIN'T 'FRAID OF NO--
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
AHA! SAY YOUR PRAYERS, FUZZY!
OOO! SOUNDS LIKE A BIG ONE TOO!
ALWAYS MORE FUN WHEN IT TAKES MORE THAN ONE SHOT TO--TO--


UH-OH.
THESE ARE SECURE LEXCORP PREMISES, PEOPLE! YOU ARE DEFINITELY TRESPASSING!
NOT TRESPASSING. LOOKING. RIGHT, VENEV?
EASY, GEMIR. THE HUMAN IS ARMED.

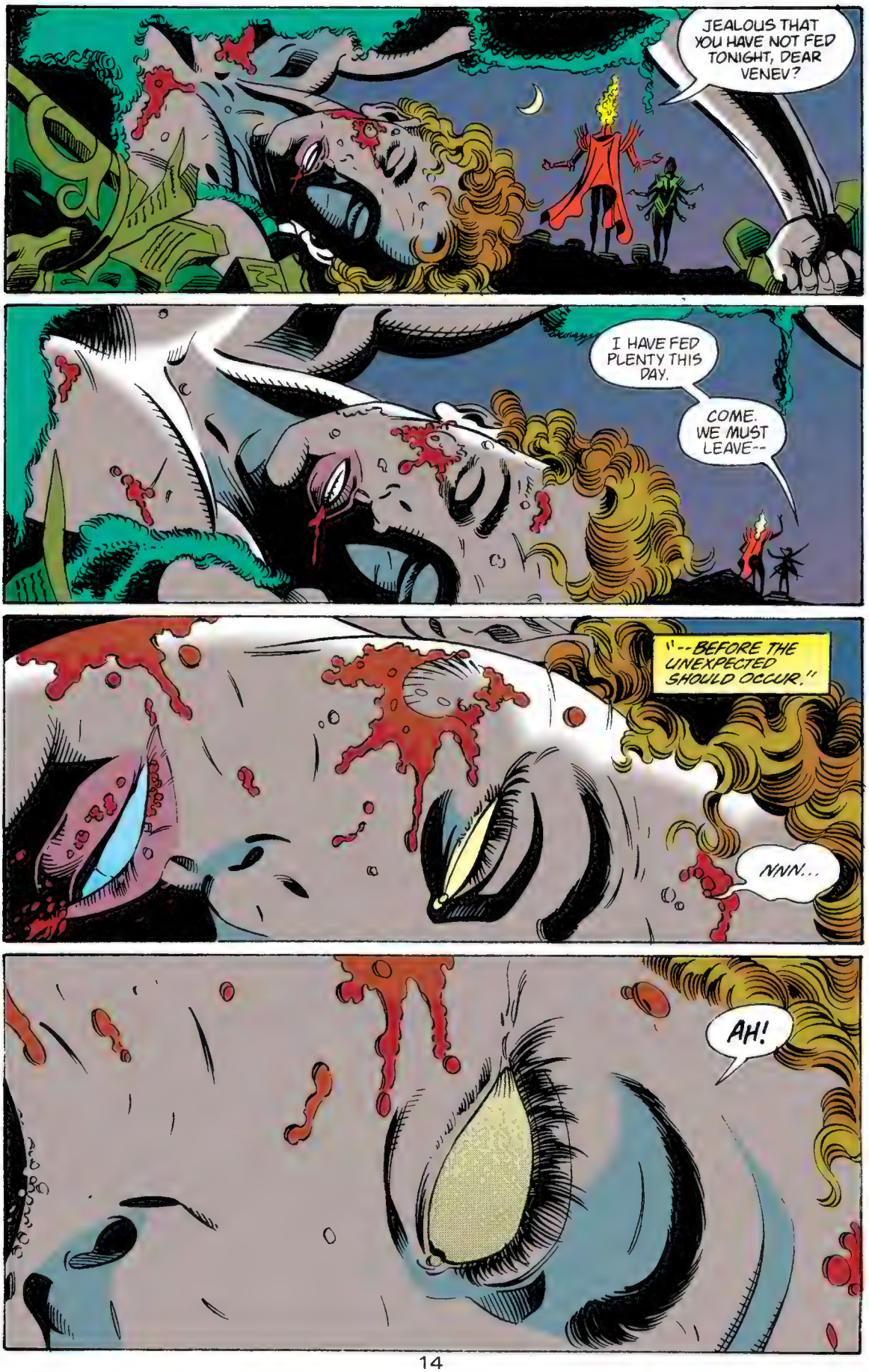

ARMED?
WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT.
LIKE RIP THOSE ARMS OFF!

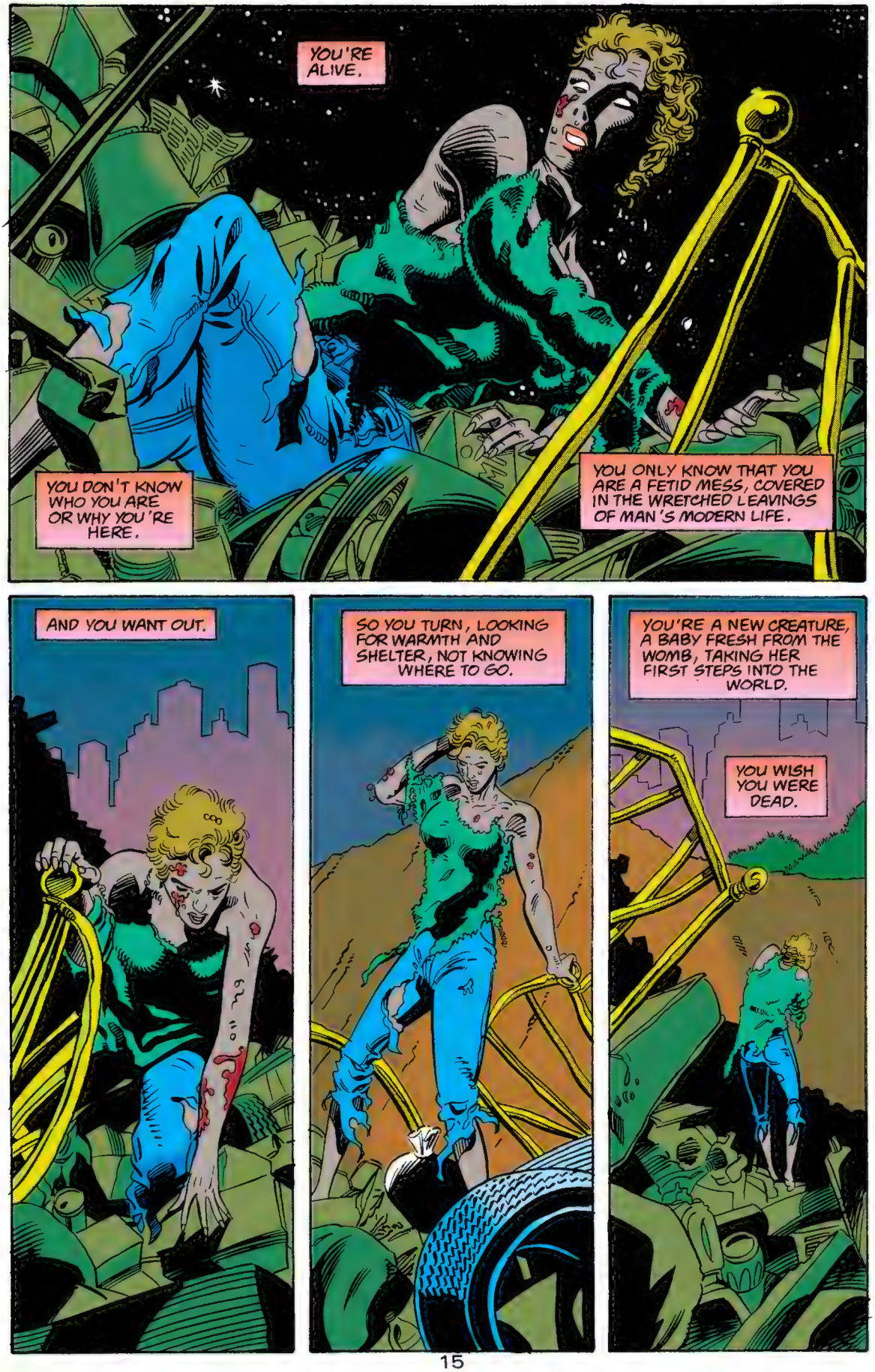
NOOOOO! PLEASE!
YOU HUMANS WHINE LIKE INFANTS. YOU SICKEN ME!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
SSHHRIP
YAHHH!

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN--
SO THE PREY CHOOSES TO PRAX HOW FITTING.
NOT THAT IT WILL BE OF ANY HELP.
HNN HNN HNN...
FEEDING TIME.
GLORTH!
SHLURPP
SIP
AHH...

HIS FLUID IS MINE. I APOLOGIZE FOR LEAVING NOTHING FOR YOU, VENEV.
MY ONLY CONCERN IS THAT YOU ASSUME YOUR HUMAN FORM BEFORE WE ARE SPOTTED ONCE AGAIN.
YOU FRET LIKE AN OLD WO--!
SNIFF SNIFF
WHAT IS IT, GEMIR? WHAT'S WRONG?
THE SCENT! THE SCENT OF ANOTHER HUMAN!
MORE FOR ME!
WHERE IS IT?
FLIP
I SHALL DIG ALL NIGHT IF--AHH!
A HUMAN! MORE FOOD!
MORE FLUID!

IS THERE NO END TO YOUR GREED?
THAT HUMAN IS DEAD! ROTTING!
ONLY YOU WOULD BE SO FILTHY AS TO FEED ON A MAGGOT-INFESTED CORPSE!
QUIET!
I WOULD FEED ON THE DECAYING BONES OF MY MOTHER IF IT WOULD SATISFY MY NEEDS!
YOU DISGUST ME.
SHLORP
CHOMP CHOMP
SLURRRRRP
AROOOOO!
PIG.
LET US LEAVE BEFORE YOUR HOWLS OF DELIGHT BRING MORE OF THESE CREATURES.


JEALOUS THAT YOU HAVE NOT FED TONIGHT, DEAR VENEV?
I HAVE FED PLENTY THIS DAY.
COME. WE MUST LEAVE--
"--BEFORE THE UNEXPECTED SHOULD OCCUR."
NNN...
AH!


YOU'RE ALIVE.
YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE OR WHY YOU'RE HERE.
YOU ONLY KNOW THAT YOU ARE A FETID MESS, COVERED IN THE WRETCHED LEAVINGS OF MAN'S MODERN LIFE.
AND YOU WANT OUT.
SO YOU TURN, LOOKING FOR WARMTH AND SHELTER, NOT KNOWING WHERE TO GO.
YOU'RE A NEW CREATURE, A BABY FRESH FROM THE WOMB, TAKING HER FIRST STEPS INTO THE WORLD.
YOU WISH YOU WERE DEAD.

I'M SORRY, COMMISSIONER HENDERSON, BUT I'M AFRAID MR. LUTHOR'S SCHEDULE IS QUITE FULL.
IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT FOR TOMORROW...
I'LL SAY THIS ONE MORE TIME. THIS IS *URGENT* POLICE BUSINESS!
MR. LUTHOR'S BUSINESS IS QUITE URGENT AS WELL! YOU MUST HAVE AN APPOINTMENT--
I DON'T HAVE *TIME* FOR AN APPOINTMENT!
PEOPLE ARE *DYING* BY THE MINUTE OUT THERE AND I NEED HELP FINDING THEIR MURDERERS!
G'DAY, MR. HENDERSON. I COULDN'T HELP BUT HEAR ALL THE SHOUTIN' OUT HERE.
TELL ME. HOW MIGHT I BE OF SERVICE?
MR. LUTHOR!
WE HAVE SOME VERY SERIOUS PROBLEMS IN METROPOLIS AND WE DESPERATELY NEED YOUR EXPERTISE.
NOT SO FAST, BUD! YOU OWE ME SOME ANSWERS!

I'M STILL LOOKIN' FOR MY DAUGHTER, COMMISSIONER! WHY AIN'T YOU FOUND HER YET?
'STEAD I FIND YOU HERE BROWN-NOSIN' THE BIG WIGS!
MR. GREEN, LOOK, I KNOW YOUR DAUGHTER DISAPPEARED WEEKS AGO AND HER CASE FILE IS STILL OPEN.
I PROMISED TO FIND HER AND I WILL. BUT A CRISIS--
SHE'S MY LI'L GIRL AN' I WANT HER BACK!
WHAT AM I GONNA TELL HER MAMA IF SHE DON'T COME HOME?
AS SOON AS I HAVE TIME...
MR. GREEN?! WOULD YOU BE SASHA'S FATHER?
SIR, I WANT YOU TO KNOW I THINK THE WORLD OF YOUR DAUGHTER! HER EXPERTISE IN THE MARTIAL ARTS WAS UNEQUALED BY ANY OTHER!
LET ME ASSURE YOU THAT I SHALL FINANCE ALL THE PRIVATE DETECTIVES YOU NEED TO SEARCH FOR HER.
REALLY?
OF COURSE. AFTER ALL, WHAT COULD POSSIBLY HAVE HAPPENED TO A SELF-SUFFICIENT WOMAN SUCH AS SASHA?

MEMORIES.
AMAZING HOW A PERIOD OF HOURS CAN BE PACKED INTO FLASHES AND IMAGES THAT CAN BE REPLAYED IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE.
IMAGES OF THE YOUNG WOMAN, SASHA GREEN, DOWNING ME WITH A KICK.
SUPERGIRL AND LOIS LANE LAUGHING, LAUGHING!
SHE SHOWED ME UP--LEX LUTHOR! --NO... WOMAN... CAN DO THAT!
LATER...
ATTACK.
REVENGE.
AND MURDER.
IT'S ALL A GAME. A GAME TO BE WON AND A CRIME TO BE GOTTEN AWAY WITH.
JUST LIKE ALWAYS.
Y'MEAN IT? YOU'LL REALLY HELP ME LOOK FOR MY GIRL?
OF COURSE I WILL! YOU HAVE MY WORD AND SOLEMN PLEDGE! WHEREVER YOUNG SASHA HAS GOTTEN OFF TOO--

"--I'M SURE SHE'S QUITE SAFE."
SPRINGTOWN
ATHLETIC CLUB
YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.
YOU'RE A MESS, FILTHY AND BROKEN BEYOND DESCRIPTION.
YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO GET CLEANED UP AND THE ATHLETIC CLUB OFFERS THAT CHANCE.
SNEAKING INSIDE IS SIMPLE.
NOT LIKE IT'S FORT KNOX OR SOMETHING.
EXIT
THIS IS THE LAST LOAD, CHARLIE!
'BOUT TIME! WHAT GOOD IS A JUICE BAR WITHOUT THE JUICE?
HEY, WHAT YOU GOT IN THIS KITCHEN ANYWAY? SMELLS LIKE A GARBAGE DUMP OR SOMETHING!

SHOWERS
SSSSSSSSS
AHH...
FEELS SO GOOD...
CLOTHES. THOSE RANCID THINGS YOU WERE WEARING JUST WON'T DO.
YOU NEED CLOTHES.
YOU DON'T WANT TO STEAL BUT THESE LOCKERS ARE FULL OF THEM. NICE, PRETTY CLOTHES.
MY GOODNESS, DEAR! I DON'T MEAN TO INTRUDE BUT YOU REALLY MUST TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE TANNING BOOTHS IN THIS CLUB!
HUH?
WELL, YOUR COMPLEXION, DEAR! YOU'RE SUCH A PALE THING!
AREN'T YOU TAKING THIS ANTI-TANNING STUFF A BIT TOO FAR?

YOU SEE YOURSELF FOR THE FIRST TIME.
YOUR FACE. YOU KNOW IT ISN'T RIGHT... BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG.
DON'T TURN AWAY, DEARY!
ALL MY FRIENDS TELL ME I'M A BUSYBODY! JUST CAN'T HELP MYSELF, I GUESS!
DEARY?
CONTACT.
GREAT...
...DAY...
...IN THE MORNING.
YOUR FACE HAS CHANGED. YOUR EYES... EVERYTHING.
YOU'RE.. ME?
AHHHNNN...
THUD!
FINALLY YOU CAN REMEMBER. YOUR NAME, WHERE YOU LIVE, YOUR HUSBAND... EVERYTHING!
YOU ARE MURIEL RABINOVITCH AND THE QUESTIONS THAT HAVE BESIEGED YOU ARE GONE.

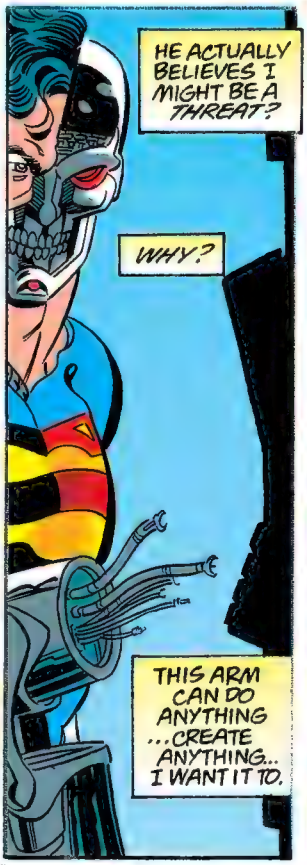
FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE YOU AWOKE YOU'RE RELAXED.
YOU KNOW JUST WHAT LOCKER TO GO TO.
THE COMBINATION... THE CLOTHES...
...THEY'RE ALL REMARKABLY FAMILIAR. AND WHY NOT?
THEY BELONG TO YOU.
YOU'RE MURIEL RABINOVITCH, AGE FIFTY-THREE AND MOTHER OF FOUR. YOU HAVE A DENTIST APPOINTMENT AT NOON--
--BRIDGE AT TWO--
--AND THEN YOU HAVE TO GET HOME TO MAKE DINNER FOR HENRY.
SUCH A DAY.

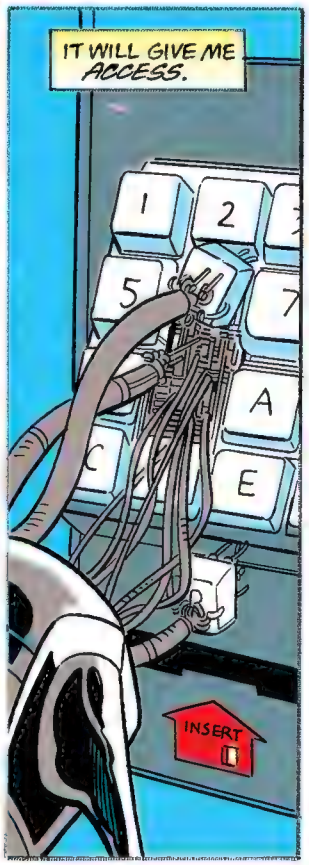
THEY DON'T TRUST ME YET.
THEY WANT PROOF. THEY WANT THE IMPOSSIBLE.
I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING AND STILL THEY WANT MORE.

I'LL GIVE THEM MORE.
I'LL FIND THE KILLERS.

AND SINCE THEY WON'T TELL ME ANYTHING, I'LL FIND IT OUT MYSELF.
YOU NEED MY ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT TO FERRET OUT THE MURDERERS, EH?

HENDERSON WILL TAKE LUTHOR'S HELP AND NOT MINE.


HE ACTUALLY BELIEVES I MIGHT BE A THREAT?
WHY?
THIS ARM CAN DO ANYTHING ...CREATE ANYTHING... I WANT IT TO.

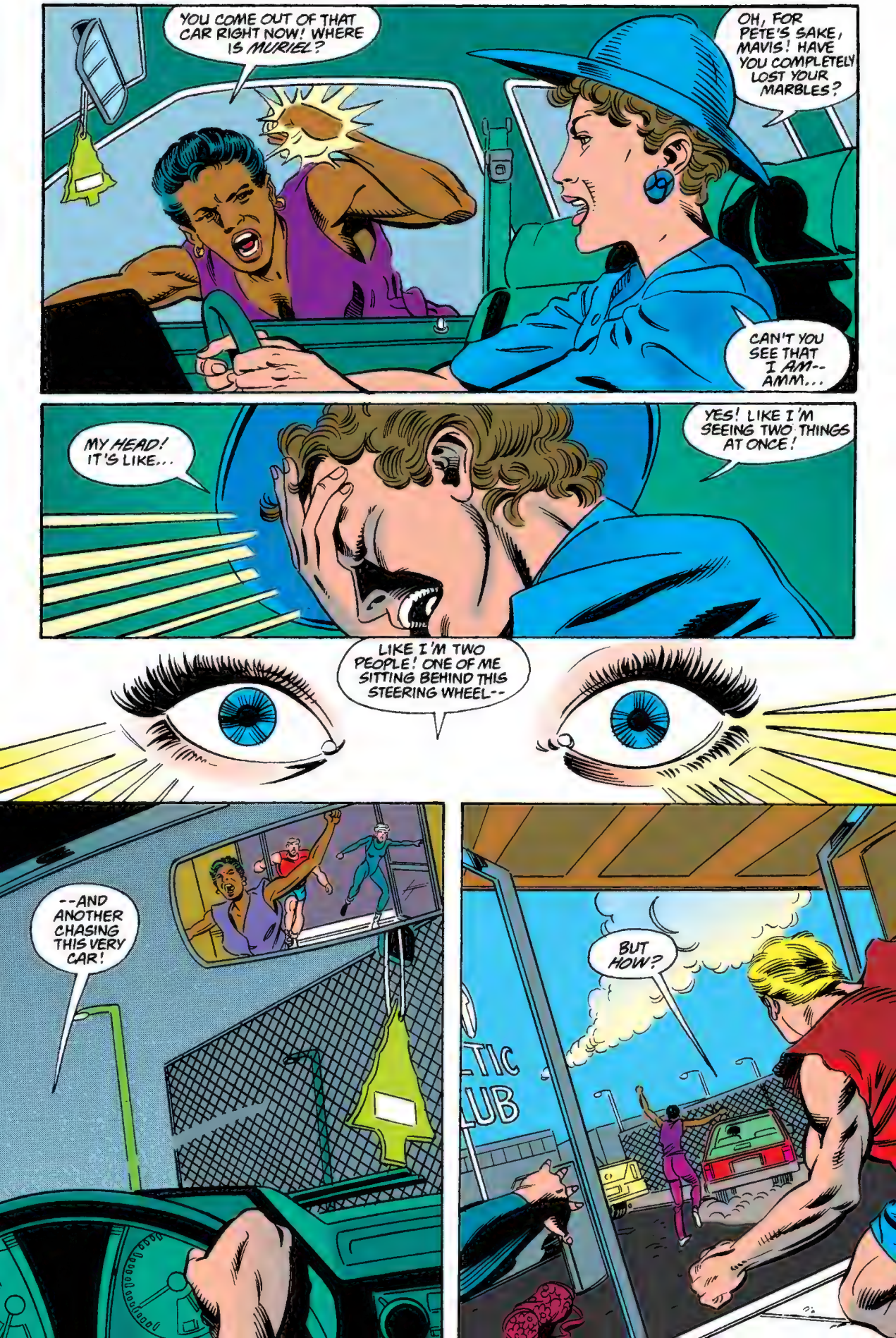

IT WILL GIVE ME ACCESS.
INSERT

IT'S ALL AT YOUR DISPOSAL, COMMISSIONER!
THANKS FOR LETTING MY TEAM IN. LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE ALREADY FAMILIARIZED THEMSELVES WITH THE EQUIPMENT.
OVERCOMING THE ENTRY-KEY PAD WAS SIMPLE.
IT WAS ADVANCED. I'LL GIVE LUTHOR CREDIT FOR THAT. BUT IT DIDN'T KEEP ME OUT OF HIS BUILDING'S BASEMENT.
WE'VE ALREADY ANALYZED ALL THE DATA YOU BROUGHT FROM THE VARIOUS CRIME SCENES.
ALL THE CABLES, ALL THE WIRING AND CIRCUITRY FOR HIS COMPUTER SYSTEMS ARE HERE
TAKE A LOOK, COMMISSIONER. I THINK YOU'LL BE SURPRISED.
MY HEAT VISION SLICES THE PROTECTIVE TUBING.
SOON I'LL KNOW AS MUCH AS THEM.

I LOOKED AT EVERY BIT OF DATA AND EVIDENCE YOU SUPPLIED ME, COMMISSIONER.
UNFORTUNATELY, THE VICTIMS WERE IN SUCH POOR CONDITION A THOROUGH ANALYSIS WAS QUITE DIFFICULT.
PILE BODIES... CHOPPED BODIES... LIKE THAT AND IT'S HARD TO TELL WHAT BELONGS TO WHO.
MY NEW CAPABILITIES DEFY DESCRIPTION.
ANY TOOL... ANY ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT I NEED... I CAN MANUFACTURE.
I CHECKED ALL THE CLOTHING, TISSUE AND FLUIDS YOU HAD SAMPLES OF.
FOUND SOMETHING QUITE INEXPLICABLE TOO.
I HAVE YOUR DATA NOW, LUTHOR.
AND I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT EITHER.
WHAT'S THAT?
A CHEMICAL I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE MIXED IN WITH THE VICTIMS. VERY STRANGE PROPERTIES.
FROM A VICTIM OR THE KILLER?
GOOD QUESTION.
BRING
THAT'S NOT ENOUGH!
I NEED GOOD ANSWERS!

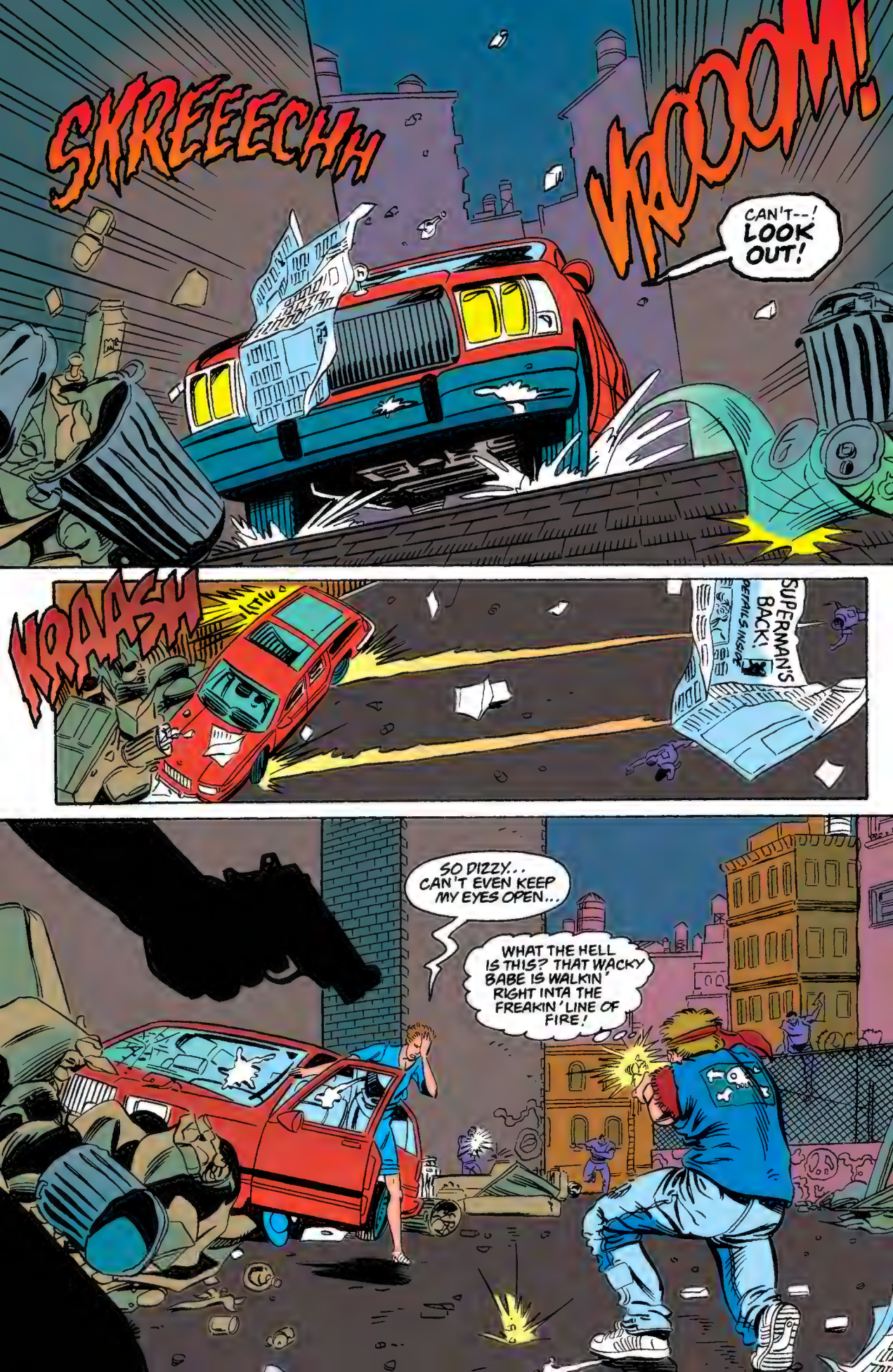
IT'S FOR YOU.
HENDERSON HERE. WHAT? I CAN'T HEAR YOU!
TOO MUCH STATIC!
MY ELECTRONIC MODULATION UNIT CAN MIMIC ANY VOICE. I CUT IN ON THE CALL.
HENDERSON HERE. WHAT'S UP?
MORE BODIES, COMMISSIONER! THIS TIME IT'S THE LANDFILL!
NOTHING. MUST'VE BEEN A WRONG NUMBER.
I APPRECIATE YOUR ASSISTANCE, MR. LUTHOR. I ASSUME I CAN TRUST IN YOUR SILENCE?
SAME M.O. AS THE OTHERS. LOTS OF BLOOD... LOTS OF DISMEMBERMENT.
OF COURSE YOU CAN, COMMISSIONER! I'D PREFER TO FORGET MY INVOLVEMENT ALTOGETHER!
LET ME ASSURE YOU THAT MURDER IS SOMETHING I JUST CAN'T RELATE TO!
SECURE THE SCENE, OFFICER. AND THIS TIME, IF THE NEW, ROBOTIC SUPERMAN SHOWS, GIVE HIM YOUR FULL COOPERATION.
YOU GOT IT, COMMISSIONER! 10-4!

MAYBE I'LL STOP BY THE MARKET AND PICK UP SOME VEAL FOR TONIGHT! IT'S ALWAYS BEEN HENRY'S FAVORITE!
IF I HAVE TIME I MIGHT EVEN WHIP UP A PUMPKIN PIE!
MURIEL, IS THAT YOU?
OH, MAVIS, DARLING! HOW ARE THINGS GOING WITH THAT NEW THERAPIST OF YOURS?
MY NEW--! WHY, YOU'RE NOT MURIEL!
YOU HAVE HER CLOTHES... AND THAT CAR IS CERTAINLY HERS!
MAVIS, DEAR, YOU'RE SPEAKING IN RIDDLES! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME?
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, YOUNG LADY, BUT YOU ARE DEFINITELY NOT MURIEL! I WANT TO KNOW WHERE SHE IS--
"--AND WHAT KIND OF GAME YOU'RE PLAYING!"
HELP ME! THAT-- WITCH-- STOLE MY CLOTHES!
HOLD ON, MRS. RABINOVITCH! WHO EXACTLY YOU TALKING ABOUT?

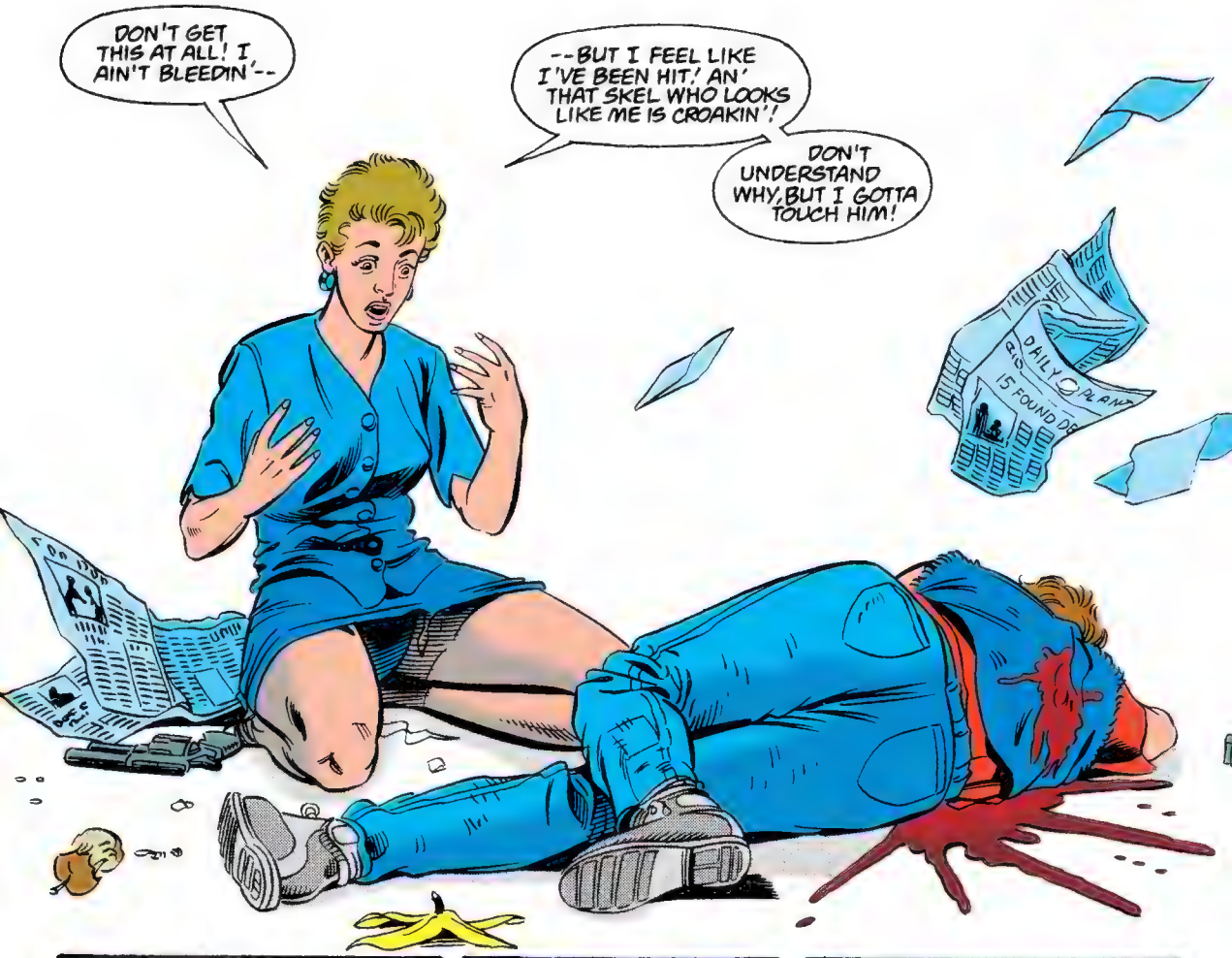

YOU COME OUT OF THAT CAR RIGHT NOW! WHERE IS MURIEL?
OH, FOR PETE'S SAKE, MAVIS! HAVE YOU COMPLETELY LOST YOUR MARBLES?
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I AM-- AMM...
MY HEAD! IT'S LIKE...
YES! LIKE I'M SEEING TWO THINGS AT ONCE!
LIKE I'M TWO PEOPLE! ONE OF ME SITTING BEHIND THIS STEERING WHEEL--
--AND ANOTHER CHASING THIS VERY CAR!
BUT HOW?

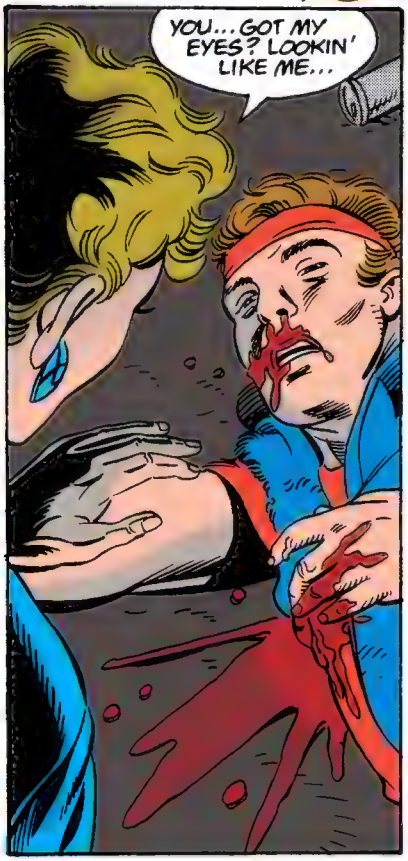
MURIEL! THERE YOU ARE! WHAT ON EARTH IS ALL THIS!
SHE'S A THIEF! SHE HAS MY CLOTHES AND PURSE! EVEN MY CAR!
I'M CALLING MY BROTHER, MAVIS! HE'S A POLICEMAN! AND I'M BETTING--
"--HE'LL KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO!"
WE GOT AN I.D. ON HIM, AH, SUPERMAN. HE'S THE NIGHT WATCHMAN HERE.
YOU SAID THERE WERE OTHER BODIES AS WELL?
SORTA. WE GOT EVIDENCE OF ONE MORE OVER HERE. LOTS OF BLOOD, TORN CLOTHES AND THE WORKS.
NO BODY, BUT SOME OF THE PERSONAL BELONGINGS MATCH UP WITH A MISSING PERSON BY THE NAME OF SASHA GREEN.
INTERESTING. LOOKS LIKE THIS KILLER HAS GOTTEN HER TOO. WONDER WHY HE TOOK THE BODY FOR THIS ONE?
THESE FLUIDS.
MAYBE I CAN BE MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN LUTHOR.

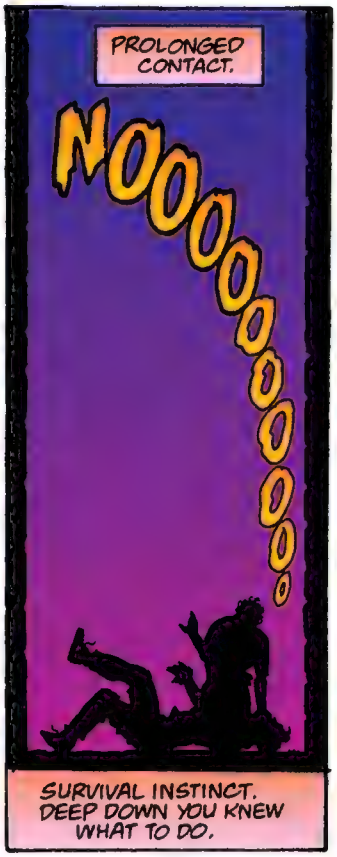
THE BODY MIGHT STILL BE HERE. LOTS OF TRASH GOT MOVED AROUND BEFORE THEY FOUND THE WATCHMAN'S BODY.
UM... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
ANALYZING THESE BODILY FLUIDS.
YOU CAN GROW WIRES AND STUFF?
THAT'S ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.
BLOOD, SALIVA, SPINAL FLUID... AND THE X-CHEMICAL LUTHOR IDENTIFIED.
RUN A COMPLETE BREAKDOWN OF THE CHEMICAL'S COMPOSITION AND...
INTERESTING.
WE HAVE A NEW LEAD, OFFICER. SOMETHING I HADN'T ANTICIPATED.
ARE YOU SAYING YOU CAN TAKE US TO JACK THE RIPPER?
NO, BUT I CAN TELL YOU THIS. I'VE IDENTIFIED ONE OF THE FLUIDS IN THIS MESS AND FOUND QUITE A SURPRISE.
WE'RE DEALING WITH AN EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL HERE.


SKREEECHH
VROOOM!
CAN'T--! LOOK OUT!
KRAASH
SUPERMAN'S BACK!
DETAILS INSIDE
SO DIZZY... CAN'T EVEN KEEP MY EYES OPEN...
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? THAT WACKY BABE IS WALKIN' RIGHT INTA THE FREAKIN' LINE OF FIRE!

AIEEE!
THIS WAY, DEAD MEAT! YOU GONNA GO WHERE YOU DON'T BELONG, YOU GONNA PAY THE PRICE!
TAKE A BEAD! WENDALL GOT HIMSELF A SHIELD!
TOO BAD YOU HERE. COULDA PUT YOU TO...TO...
CONTACT.
C'MON, WENDALL! WHATCHOO STANDIN' AROUND FOR?
YOUR CHOICE! TARGET PRACTICE IS ON!
UHF!
I'M--
--HIT!


DON'T GET THIS AT ALL! I AIN'T BLEEDIN'--
--BUT I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN HIT, AN' THAT SKEL WHO LOOKS LIKE ME IS CROAKIN'!
DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY, BUT I GOTTA TOUCH HIM!
DAILY PLANET
15 FOUND DE


YOU... GOT MY EYES? LOOKIN' LIKE ME...


PROLONGED CONTACT.
NOOOOOOOOOO.
SURVIVAL INSTINCT. DEEP DOWN YOU KNEW WHAT TO DO.

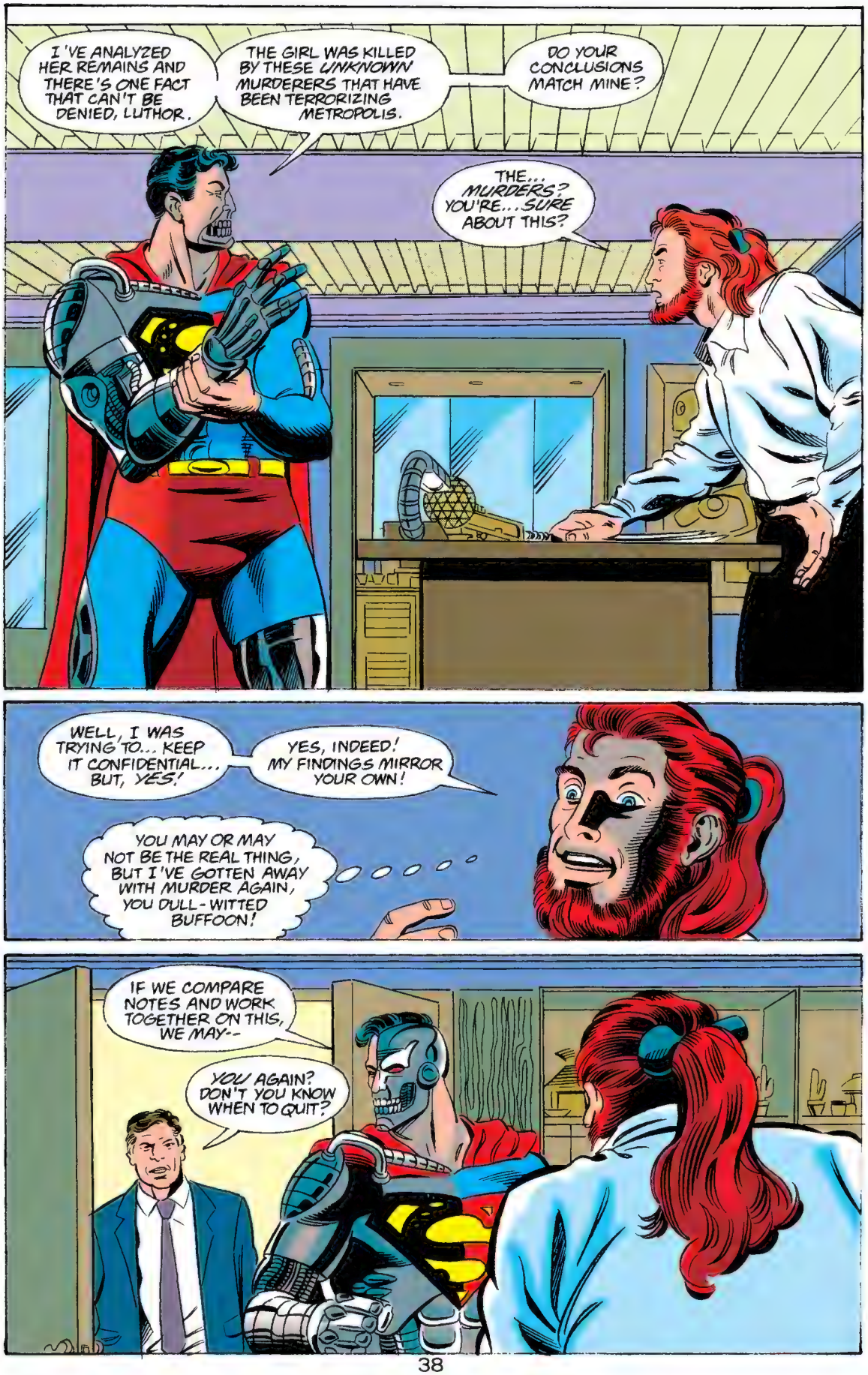
AS LONG AS THE HOST PERSONALITY EXISTED IN A DYING BODY YOU WOULD FEEL HIS PAIN.

SO YOU HAD TO STEAL EVERYTHING. HIS ENTIRE PERSONALITY... ALL HIS MEMORIES AND DREAMS.
CUT AWAY THE HOST AND YOU FEEL NO MORE PAIN.
DOMINATED BY WENDALL WILLIAMS.
SOME MURIEL RABINOVITCH TOO.
EVEN A LITTLE SASHA GREEN.
IN SHORT--
--A MYRIAD OF PERSONALITIES.
I'LL FIND YOU, ROSCOE--

--AND WHEN I DO, YOU'RE COOKED.
WHOA. HOT BABE.
YOU WANT THE BEST TIME OF YOUR LIFE, YOU FOUND THE GUY, BABE.
ALL YOUR DREAMS ANSWERED IN ONE NIGHT.
HUH?
GET AWAY FROM ME!
WHA'S WRONG? CAN'T HANDLE A REAL MAN?
ARE YOU ON DRUGS OR SOMETHING?
:UHF!:
I OUGHTA CALL THE COPS!
YO, IS YOU EVER IN DEEP--!
NO.
THAT.. AIN'T ME! I'M WENDALL!
NOT SOME FLAMIN' CHICK!

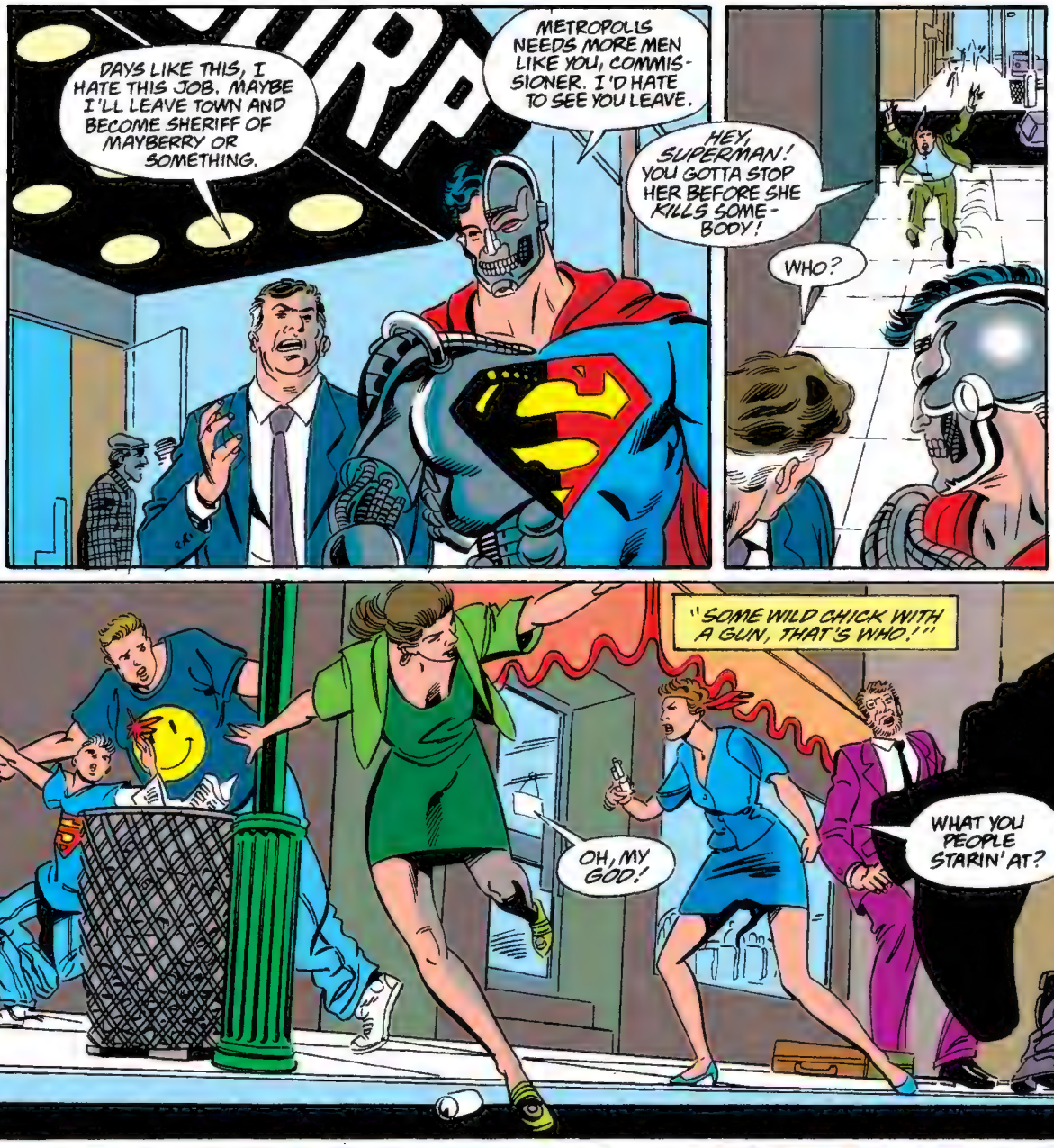
LEXCORP.
IT'S METROPOLIS'S LARGEST EMPLOYER, SPENDER, CONTRACTOR AND LIFELINE.
THE COMPANY'S ECONOMIC TENDRILS STRETCH FAR AND WIDE ENOUGH THAT IT TOUCHES EVERYONE.
THAT MEANS THE MAN BEHIND THE COMPANY CAN AFFECT EVERYBODY.
LEX LUTHOR.
BEEP BOOP BEEP BEEP BOOP
THE YOUTH HAS MORE POWER THAN ANY ONE MAN DESERVES.
BRRRRRRRIIIINNG*
LUTHOR, WHAT--?
THIS IS SUPERMAN, LUTHOR. CLEAR YOUR SCHEDULE. WE HAVE TO TALK.
JUST ONE MINUTE, SUPERMAN! YOU CAN'T CALL ME UP AND--AND--!
THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU A FEW SECONDS' NOTICE, LUTHOR.
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? COULD HE POSSIBLY HAVE SOMETHING ON ME?

I'M HERE TO ASK YOU ABOUT SASHA GREEN, LUTHOR.
SHE'S BEEN MURDERED AND I THINK YOU HAVE SOME ANSWERS.
H-HOW MAY I BE OF SERVICE?
HE KNOWS! BETTER PREPARE FOR ESCAPE CONTINGENCY!
I'VE SPENT MONTHS BUILDING THIS INSIPID "GOOD GUY" IMAGE AND THIS WALKING ERECTOR SET IS ABOUT TO DESTROY EVERY-THING!
SASHA... WAS A GOOD WOMAN, SUPERMAN. MY PERSONAL MARTIAL ARTS INSTRUCTOR. I SEE YOU'VE FOUND HER RING.
I FOUND IT IN YOUR GARBAGE DUMP, LEX. ALONG WITH THE FEW REMAINS LEFT OF THE POOR GIRL.
THE POLICE TELL ME YOU WERE ONE OF THE LAST PEOPLE TO SEE HER ALIVE. CARE TO TALK ABOUT HER LAST MINUTES?
WELLLL... THE POLICE DO HAVE MY COMPLETE STATEMENT ON THE MATTER...
YOU INTERFERING SLIME! AS SOON AS I PRESS THIS BUTTON, THE WORLD'S MOST SOPHISTI-CATED WEAPONS WILL MELT YOU TO SLAG!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DISCOVERED I MURDERED THE GIRL, BUT IF YOU TAKE ME DOWN, I'M TAKING YOU WITH ME!


I'VE ANALYZED HER REMAINS AND THERE'S ONE FACT THAT CAN'T BE DENIED, LUTHOR.
THE GIRL WAS KILLED BY THESE UNKNOWN MURDERERS THAT HAVE BEEN TERRORIZING METROPOLIS.
DO YOUR CONCLUSIONS MATCH MINE?
THE... MURDERS? YOU'RE... SURE ABOUT THIS?
WELL, I WAS TRYING TO... KEEP IT CONFIDENTIAL... BUT, YES!
YES, INDEED! MY FINDINGS MIRROR YOUR OWN!
YOU MAY OR MAY NOT BE THE REAL THING, BUT I'VE GOTTEN AWAY WITH MURDER AGAIN, YOU DULL-WITTED BUFFOON!
IF WE COMPARE NOTES AND WORK TOGETHER ON THIS, WE MAY--
YOU AGAIN? DON'T YOU KNOW WHEN TO QUIT?

GEEZ! YOU MIGHT AS WELL STAY ON THE CASE. AS BAD AS THINGS HAVE GONE TODAY, YOU CAN HARDLY MAKE THEM WORSE.
YOU SOUND QUITE DESPONDENT, COMMISSIONER.
OH, MY SISTER HAD HER CAR STOLEN TODAY. MORE WORK, Y'KNOW?
BRRRRP
BAD THING ABOUT CELLULAR PHONES IS THAT THEY FOLLOW YOU EVERYWHERE!
THIS IS REGINALD, COMMISSIONER. WE GOT ANOTHER CORPSE ON OUR HANDS.
OUR MASS MURDERERS STRIKE AGAIN?
LOOKS MORE LIKE A GANGLAND SLAYING TO ME. WANT TO--
--CHECK IT OUT?
GUESS I'D BETTER. FOR ALL WE KNOW THERE MIGHT BE A CONNECTION.
GOOD LUCK, HENDERSON.

LET ME GUESS. YOU'RE COMING TOO?
GET USED TO IT. I PLAN TO BE AROUND A LONG TIME.
THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF.
NICE TRY, SUPERMAN, BUT FOR ALL YOUR METALLIC ADDITIONS--
--YOU STILL COME UP SHORT IN THE FACE OF MY BRILLIANCE.
METROPOLIS IS STILL MINE!
I CAN DO ANYTHING! ANYTHING!
SECURITY TO MR. LUTHOR. SECURITY TO MR. LUTHOR.
WE HAVE A DERANGED, GUN-WAVING WOMAN APPROACHING THE TOWER, SIR. HOLD ON AND I'LL GIVE YOU A VISUAL.
NO! IT CAN'T POSSIBLY BE--!


DAYS LIKE THIS, I HATE THIS JOB. MAYBE I'LL LEAVE TOWN AND BECOME SHERIFF OF MAYBERRY OR SOMETHING.
METROPOLIS NEEDS MORE MEN LIKE YOU, COMMISSIONER. I'D HATE TO SEE YOU LEAVE.
HEY, SUPERMAN! YOU GOTTA STOP HER BEFORE SHE KILLS SOMEBODY!
WHO?
"SOME WILD CHICK WITH A GUN, THAT'S WHO!"
OH, MY GOD!
WHAT YOU PEOPLE STARIN' AT?
WHAT IN THE WORLD...
THERE SHE IS!
I'LL HANDLE THIS! THE POLICE ARE STILL GOOD FOR SOMETHING, YOU KNOW.
EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT, MISS. I WANT YOU TO TAKE A DEEP BREATH, CALM YOURSELF--
--AND GIVE ME THAT GUN.

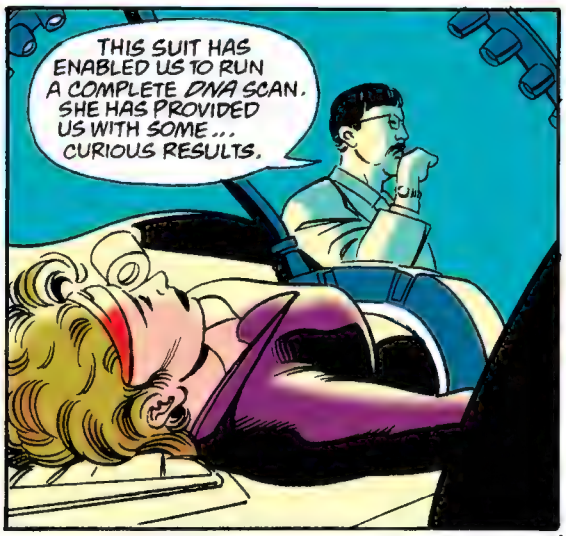
MISS?
BILL!
I...DON'T BELIEVE WE'VE...MET.
OH, DON'T BE SO SILLY!
I'M YOUR SISTER MURIEL!
MURIEL?! HEY!
YOU MUST BE THAT WACKO WHO STOLE HER CAR!
DROP YOUR WEAPON NOW!
BILL, YOU'RE SCARING ME!
THIS GAME OF YOURS IS SICK, LADY! DROP THE GUN!
I RECOGNIZE THE WOMAN'S FACE FROM THE MISSING PERSON'S FILE I ACCESSED EARLIER. NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, EITHER. THAT'S--
SASHA GREEN?! FIRST ME, THEN SUPERMAN AND NOW HER?
DOESN'T ANYBODY IN METROPOLIS STAY DEAD?

FOR THE LAST TIME!
DROP THE GUN AND PUT YOUR HANDS UP!
WHERE ON EARTH DID I GET THIS?
I MEAN, REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE A ROOKIE AND LEFT YOUR REVOLVER AT MOM AND DAD'S?
I WAS TERRIFIED OF BEING IN THE SAME HOUSE WITH IT!
HOW... DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?
WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS, MR. LUTHOR?
THE WOMAN IS OBVIOUSLY GOING TO SHOOT HENDERSON! TARGET HER WITH ALL WEAPONS--
I CAN'T LET HER TALK TO THE POLICE!
--AND FIRE!
SKEEE
MRRRR
KARATE

SPEOWW
AREN'T YOU OVERREACTING A BIT, LUTHOR?
SPZZZT
SPZZZ
NO! SHE WASN'T GOING TO SHOOT!
LAND SAKES! I'VE NEVER BEEN TREATED LIKE THIS IN MY LIFE!

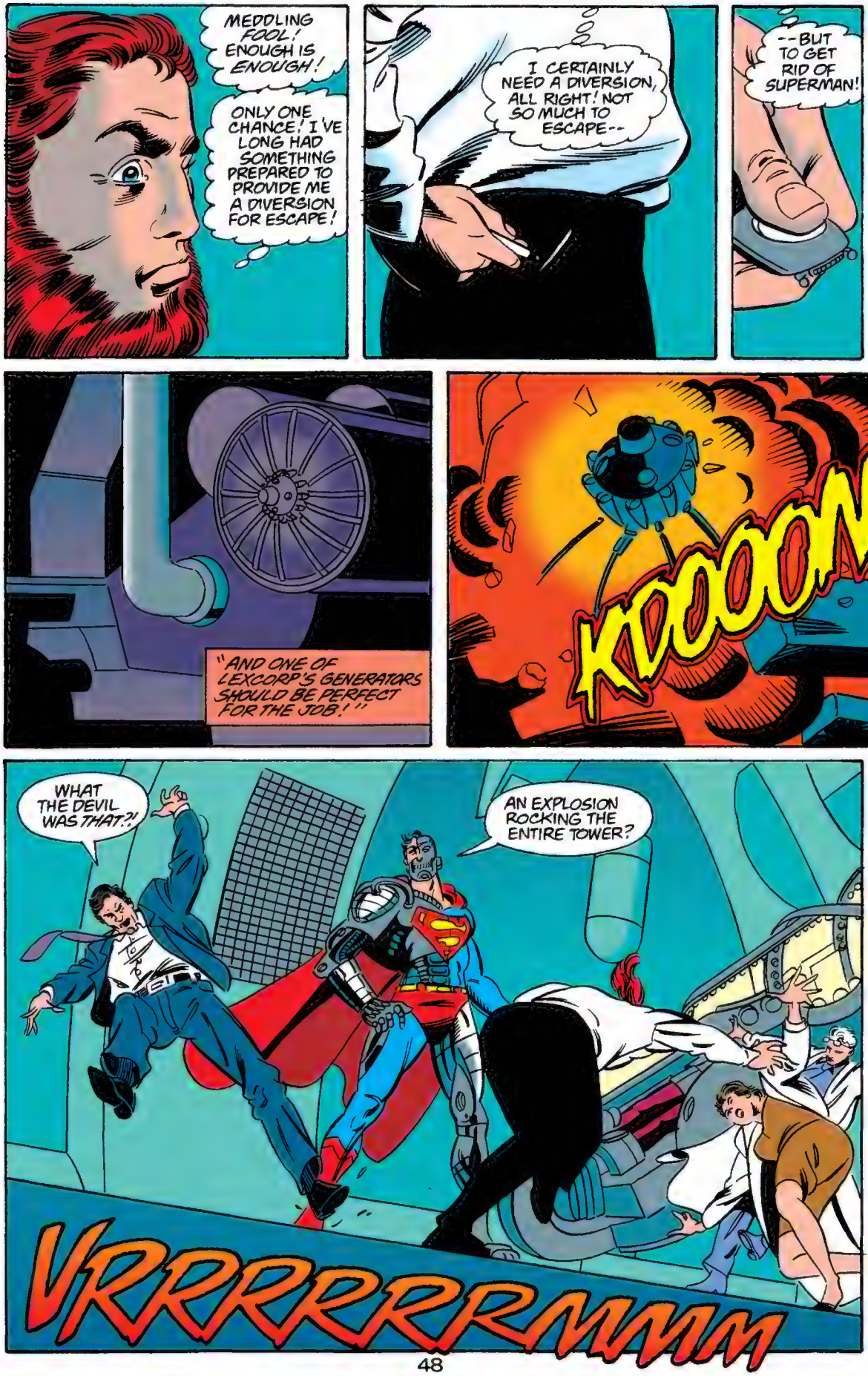
MY HEAD...
WHY DID LUTHOR ACT SO HASTILY? SHOOTING WILDLY WAS HARDLY NECESSARY!
OUCH!
DON'T KNOW WHY... CAN'T MAKE CONTACT WITH YOU... BLACKING OUT...
YOU NEED HELP, MISS. BADLY.
COME ON. I'M TAKING YOU TO THE HOSPITAL.
NOT WITHOUT ME YOU AREN'T! THAT GAL IS TIED UP WITH MY SISTER--
--AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT HOW!
NO! YOU CAN'T TAKE HER TO THE HOSPITAL!
MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE YOU SHOT AT HER, LUTHOR!
MY DEFENSE SYSTEMS ARE AUTOMATED--IT WAS OUT OF MY CONTROL!
IF THIS YOUNG LADY HAS TANGLED WITH THE MURDERERS SHE COULD PROVIDE US WITH TERRIBLY VALUABLE INFORMATION IN CATCHING THEM!
WE MUST EXAMINE HER!
OKAY, LUTHOR. I'LL GIVE YOU THIRTY MINUTES--

"-- TO SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND OUT."
AS YOU HAVE PROBABLY OBSERVED, WE HAVE OUTFITTED THE YOUNG LADY IN A SPECIAL ELECTRODE EXAMINATION SUIT.
WE CAN MONITOR VIRTUALLY EVERY DETAIL OF HER BODY THIS WAY.
OUR FINDINGS ARE MOST IMPRESSIVE.
NO SENSE KEEPING THE RESULTS TO YOURSELF, HAPPERSEN! GIVE US THE DETAILS!


THIS SUIT HAS ENABLED US TO RUN A COMPLETE DNA SCAN. SHE HAS PROVIDED US WITH SOME... CURIOUS RESULTS.

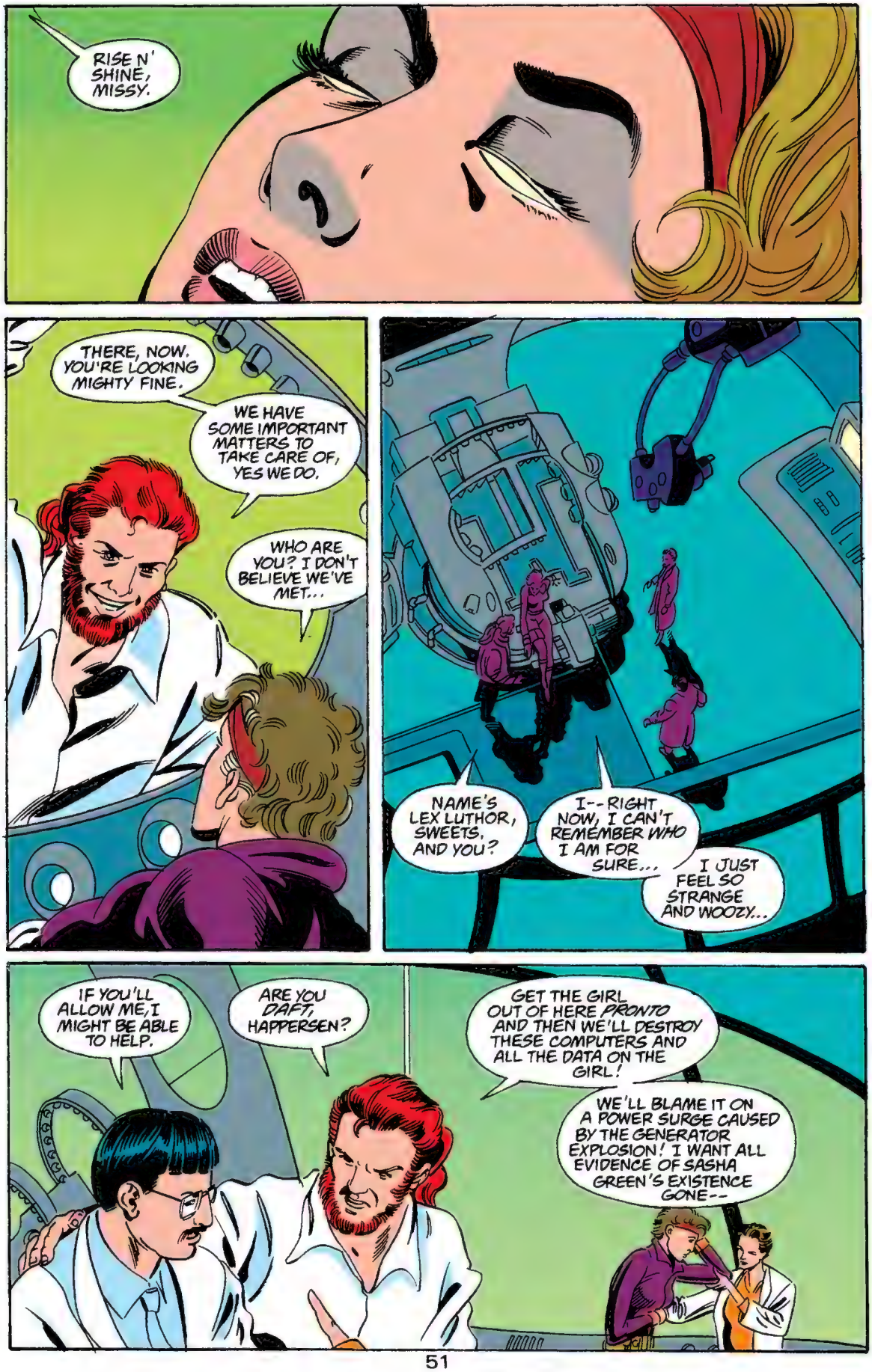
WHAT DR. HAPPERSEN IS TRYING TO SAY IS THAT SASHA GREEN IS DEFINITELY CARRYING THE METAGENE.
OUR DATA BASE ON METAGENES IS SO SMALL THAT WE'VE BEEN UNABLE TO DEFINE ITS PURPOSE.

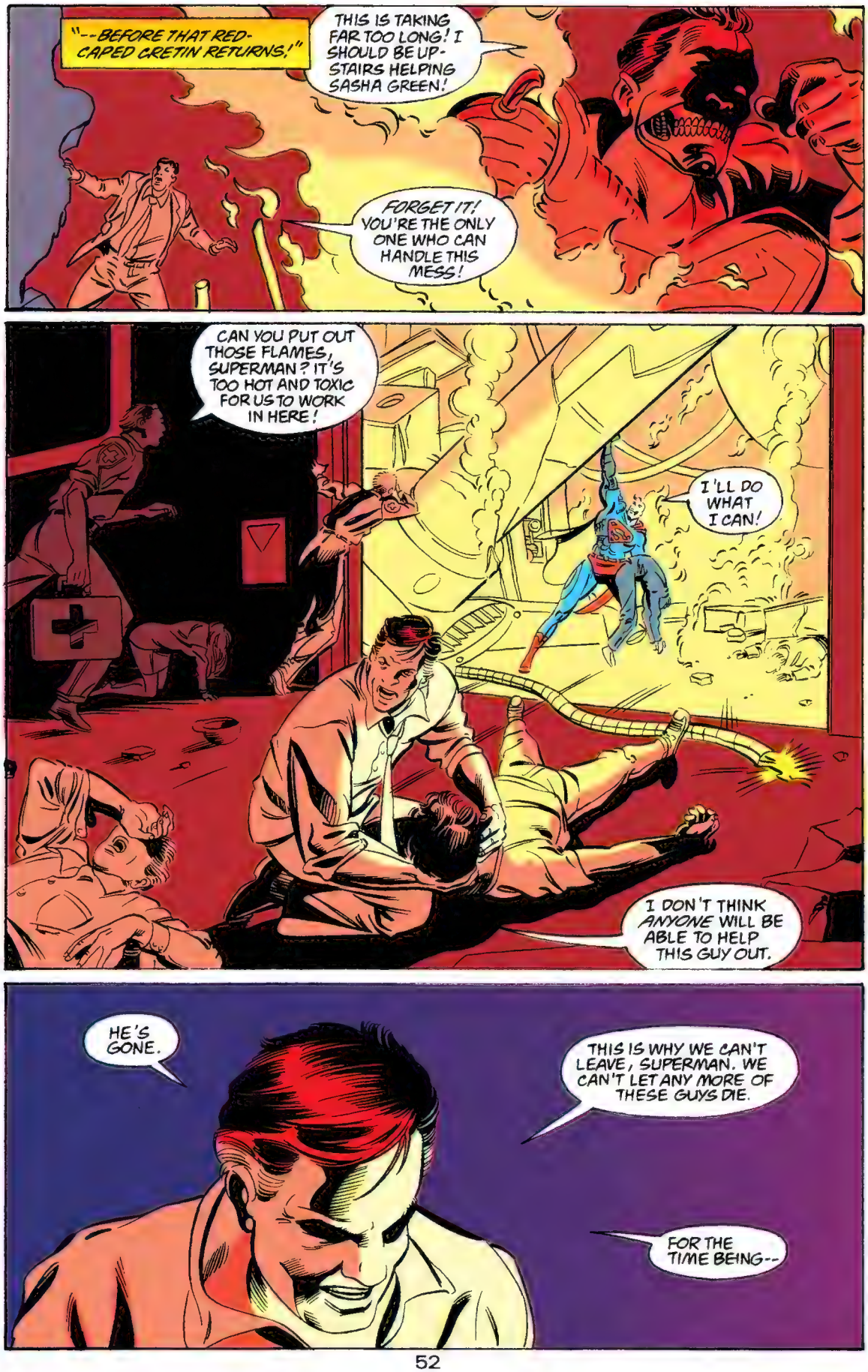
MAYBE THAT'S HOW SHE SURVIVED HER ENCOUNTER WITH THE MURDERERS.
DAMN! THINGS HAVE GONE FROM BAD TO WORSE!
IF SASHA GREEN EVER COMES OUT OF THIS WEIRD STATE SHE'S IN, SHE'LL BE ABLE TO FINGER ME FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER IN A HEARTBEAT!
HAVE TO DO SOMETHING FAST!
BASED ON HER RATHER BIZARRE BEHAVIOR WE MIGHT ASSUME THIS POOR GIRL HAS AMNESIA!
SHE MIGHT NOT EVEN BE THE REAL SASHA GREEN. DIDN'T YOU SAY SHE SEEMED TO THINK SHE WAS YOUR SISTER?
I'M HOOKING INTO YOUR COMPUTERS, LEX.
INTERESTING.
I'M READING AN ABNORMALITY ON THE BACK OF HER NECK.
IT MATCHES THE WOUNDS WE'VE SEEN ON THE MURDER VICTIMS!
THIS WOMAN HAS QUITE AN INTERESTING STORY TO TELL, PEOPLE! LET'S WAKE HER UP!

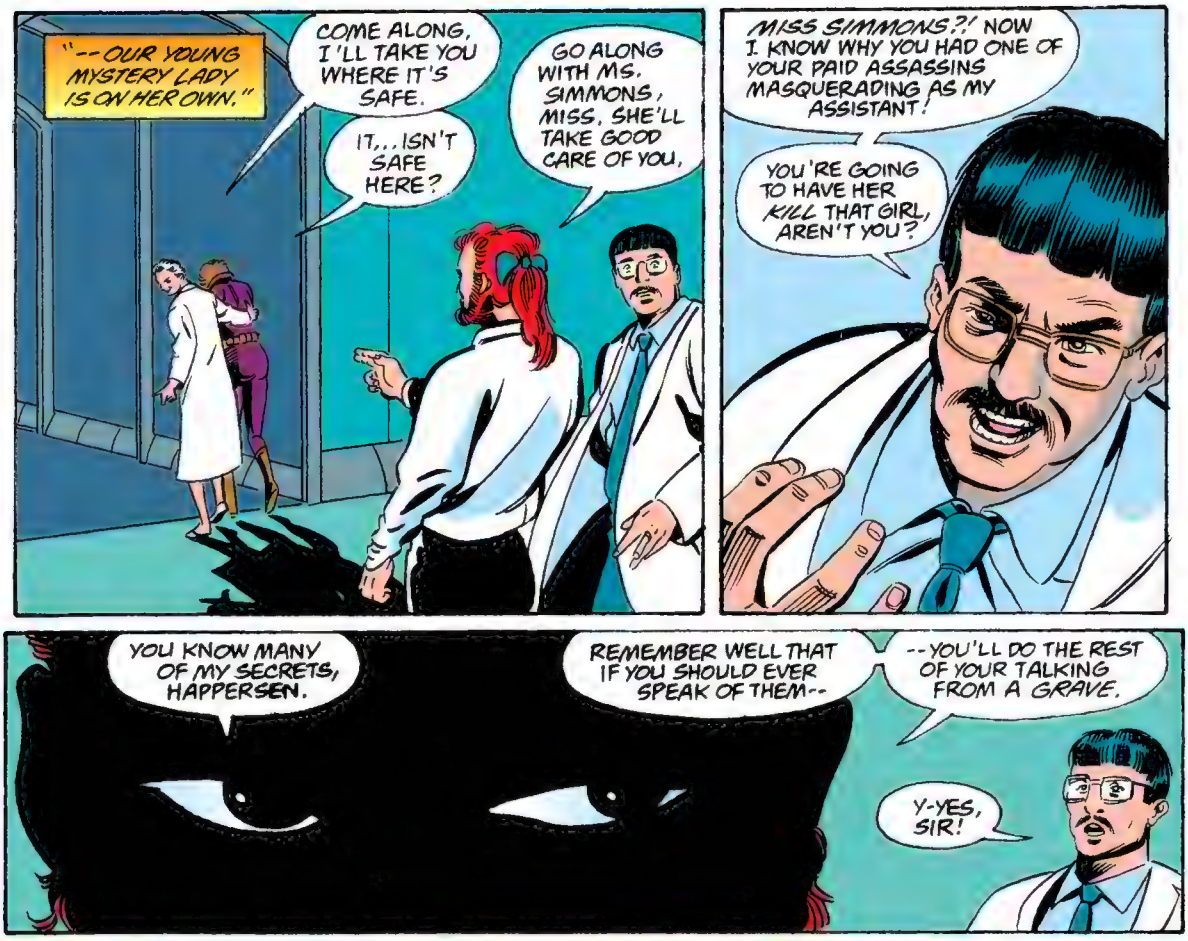

MEDDLING FOOL! ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!
ONLY ONE CHANCE! I'VE LONG HAD SOMETHING PREPARED TO PROVIDE ME A DIVERSION FOR ESCAPE!
I CERTAINLY NEED A DIVERSION, ALL RIGHT! NOT SO MUCH TO ESCAPE--
--BUT TO GET RID OF SUPERMAN!
"AND ONE OF LEXCORP'S GENERATORS SHOULD BE PERFECT FOR THE JOB!"
KOOOOM
WHAT THE DEVIL WAS THAT?!
AN EXPLOSION ROCKING THE ENTIRE TOWER?
VRRRRRRMMM

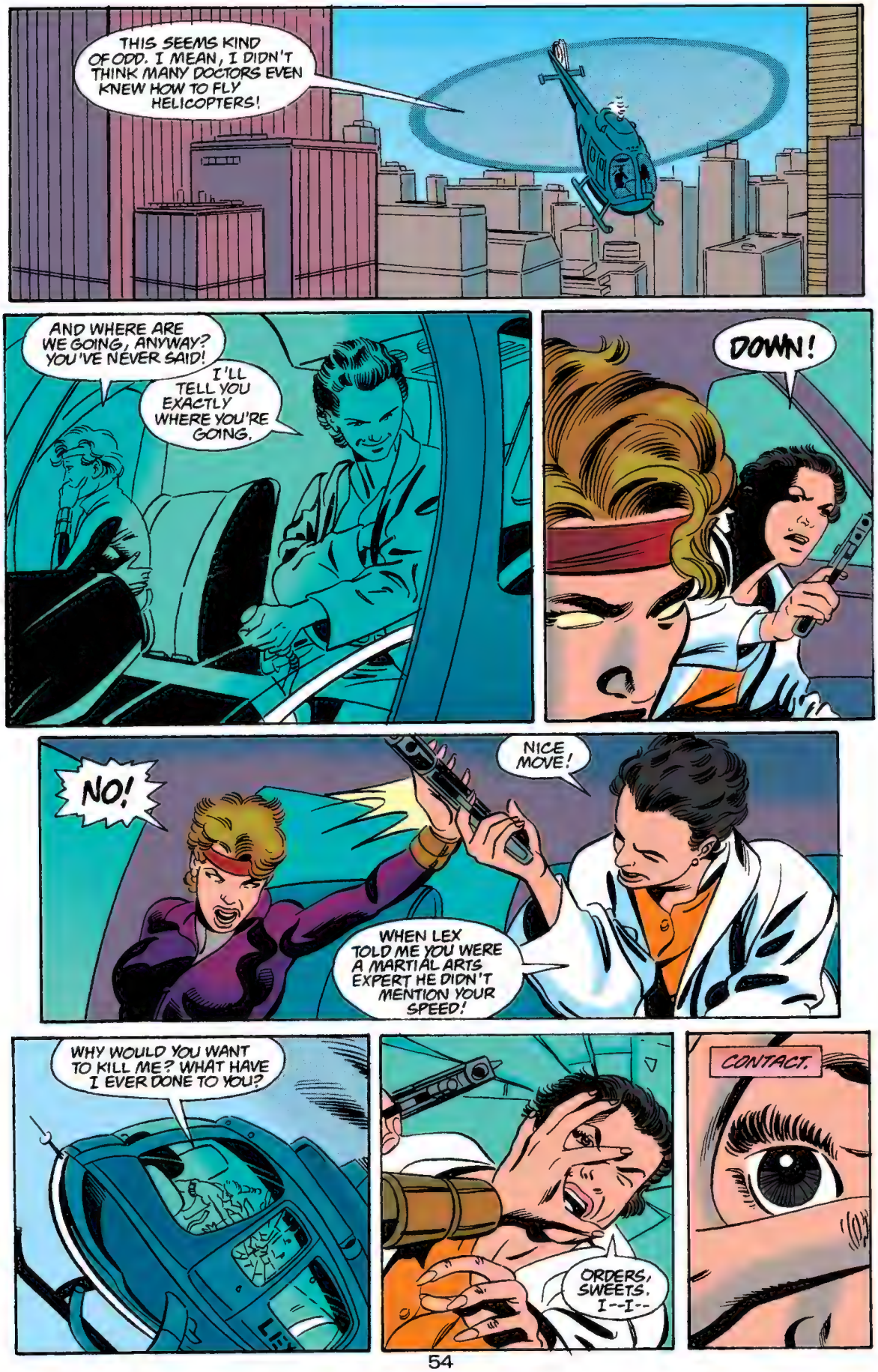
I DON'T KNOW WHO SET THE BOMB BUT I DO KNOW ONE THING.
THAT GENERATOR IS BURNING OUT OF CONTROL AND THERE ARE PEOPLE DOWN THERE IN NEED OF HELP.
I'LL BE BACK.
MAYBE I'D BETTER STAY HERE IN CASE THIS WOMAN NEEDS HELP..
SHE'S IN GOOD HANDS, HENDERSON! IF YOU'RE SCHOOLED IN FIRST-AID YOU MAY BE OF MORE USE HELPING SUPERMAN!
YOU'RE RIGHT, LUTHOR! BUT YOU TAKE GOOD CARE OF GREEN TILL I GET BACK!
I'LL WATCH HER LIKE MY LIFE DEPENDS ON IT, COMMISSIONER.
WE'RE FINALLY ALONE! HAPPERSEN -- GET THAT GIRL OUT OF HER COMA IMMEDIATELY!
O-OF COURSE, MR. LUTHOR! RIGHT AWAY, SIR!

THE BOMB THAT DID THIS MUST HAVE BEEN ENORMOUS!
IT'LL TAKE ME PRECIOUS MINUTES TO GET THROUGH ALL THIS DEBRIS!
THIS STUFF WEIGHS TONS! IF YOU CAN MOVE ALL THIS--
--YOU'LL DEFINITELY BE THE REAL SUPERMAN IN MY BOOK!
PRIORITY
7
THEN GET YOUR BOOK OUT, COMMISSIONER.
AND MARK TODAY DOWN AS THE DAY YOU AND I MET FOR THE SECOND TIME.
KRRRUNNNCH!


RISE N' SHINE, MISSY.
THERE, NOW. YOU'RE LOOKING MIGHTY FINE.
WE HAVE SOME IMPORTANT MATTERS TO TAKE CARE OF, YES WE DO.
WHO ARE YOU? I DON'T BELIEVE WE'VE MET...
NAME'S LEX LUTHOR, SWEETS, AND YOU?
I-- RIGHT NOW, I CAN'T REMEMBER WHO I AM FOR SURE...
I JUST FEEL SO STRANGE AND WOOZY...
IF YOU'LL ALLOW ME, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP.
ARE YOU DAFT, HAPPERSEN?
GET THE GIRL OUT OF HERE PRONTO AND THEN WE'LL DESTROY THESE COMPUTERS AND ALL THE DATA ON THE GIRL!
WE'LL BLAME IT ON A POWER SURGE CAUSED BY THE GENERATOR EXPLOSION! I WANT ALL EVIDENCE OF SASHA GREEN'S EXISTENCE GONE--


"--BEFORE THAT RED-CAPED CRETIN RETURNS!"
THIS IS TAKING FAR TOO LONG! I SHOULD BE UP-STAIRS HELPING SASHA GREEN!
FORGET IT! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HANDLE THIS MESS!
CAN YOU PUT OUT THOSE FLAMES, SUPERMAN? IT'S TOO HOT AND TOXIC FOR US TO WORK IN HERE!
I'LL DO WHAT I CAN!
I DON'T THINK ANYONE WILL BE ABLE TO HELP THIS GUY OUT.
HE'S GONE.
THIS IS WHY WE CAN'T LEAVE, SUPERMAN. WE CAN'T LET ANY MORE OF THESE GUYS DIE.
FOR THE TIME BEING--


"--OUR YOUNG MYSTERY LADY IS ON HER OWN."
COME ALONG, I'LL TAKE YOU WHERE IT'S SAFE.
IT,..ISN'T SAFE HERE?
GO ALONG WITH MS. SIMMONS, MISS. SHE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU.
MISS SIMMONS?! NOW I KNOW WHY YOU HAD ONE OF YOUR PAID ASSASSINS MASQUERADING AS MY ASSISTANT!
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE HER KILL THAT GIRL, AREN'T YOU?
YOU KNOW MANY OF MY SECRETS, HAPPERSEN.
REMEMBER WELL THAT IF YOU SHOULD EVER SPEAK OF THEM--
--YOU'LL DO THE REST OF YOUR TALKING FROM A GRAVE.
Y-YES, SIR!
THE CHOPPER'S ALL FUELED AND READY FOR FLIGHT!
LEX 1
LEXCOR
WE'RE GOING FOR A HELICOPTER RIDE, DR. SIMMONS?
IT'S THE EASIEST WAY TO TAKE YOU TO YOUR DESTINATION.


THIS SEEMS KIND OF ODD. I MEAN, I DIDN'T THINK MANY DOCTORS EVEN KNEW HOW TO FLY HELICOPTERS!
AND WHERE ARE WE GOING, ANYWAY? YOU'VE NEVER SAID!
I'LL TELL YOU EXACTLY WHERE YOU'RE GOING.
DOWN!
NO!
NICE MOVE!
WHEN LEX TOLD ME YOU WERE A MARTIAL ARTS EXPERT HE DIDN'T MENTION YOUR SPEED!
WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO KILL ME? WHAT HAVE I EVER DONE TO YOU?
ORDERS, SWEETS. I--I--
CONTACT.

YOU ARE JILLIAN SIMMONS, PAID ASSASSIN.
YOU'VE PRACTICED YOUR TRADE WELL THESE PAST FEW YEARS--
--FOR THE AUTHORITIES HAVE NO INKLING YOU EVEN EXIST. FOR SOME REASON THEY JUST DON'T EXPECT A WOMAN TO BE A "HIT MAN".
--WHICH EXPLAINS, PERHAPS, YOUR YEARS OF SUCCESS IN THIS FIELD.
THAT AND YOUR WILL TO SURVIVE.
I KNOW YOU'LL DO WHAT I SAY. WE'RE LINKED.
TAKE THIS GUN AND SHOOT YOURSELF.
TAKE THIS GUN...
...SHOOT MYSELF...
BLAMM!

LUTHOR! WHERE IS SHE? WHAT HAPPENED TO SASHA GREEN?
WHEN SHE HEARD THE SIRENS SHE FLED IN TERROR! DESPITE OUR BEST EFFORTS WE COULDN'T KEEP HER HERE!
I'LL FIND HER! WHICH WAY DID SHE HEAD?
THAT'S THE BAD NEWS, I'M AFRAID.
SHE STOLE ONE OF MY CORPORATE HELICOPTERS.
BUT SHE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO FLY.
NO! MAYBE SHE'S STILL--
I GUESS NOT.
HER BODY IS IN THE PILOT'S SEAT, BURNED BEYOND RECOGNITION.
"WE LOST HER, LUTHOR. WE SHOULDN'T HAVE...BUT WE LOST HER."
AS AN ASSASSIN YOU COME PREPARED. A GUN TO DO THE JOB AND A FLOATER BELT TO CARRY YOU TO SAFETY.
THE PLAN WAS TO MAKE IT LOOK AS THOUGH SASHA GREEN DIED IN A HELICOPTER CRASH AND YOU'VE DONE THAT.
SUCCESS FOR JILLIAN SIMMONS.
LIFE FOR... MYRIAD.
NOT... THE END.

...TANA MOON REPORTING FROM THE METROPOLIS BRIDGE WHERE LIVES LITERALLY HANG IN THE BALANCE!

LIVE

LUCKILY METROPOLIS CAN FEEL CONFIDENT AGAIN WHEN THEY SAY "THIS IS A JOB FOR..."

TANA-- IS MY... UNGN!... HEADSET MIKE WORKING? CAN YOU... READ ME...?

AAAAA!

REEENK

"...SUPERMAN!"

LOUD AND CLEAR, SUPERMAN! WHAT--?

LEVERAGE IS... LOUSY! CAN'T... CAN'T HOLD ON! IT'S... SLIPPING...

...SLIPPING...

SH-07

...NOT!

HEY, METROPOLIS-- MADE YA LOOK!

BUMP!

GUESS THIS SHOWS THOSE OTHER THREE POSERS!

I MEAN, ONLY THE REAL SUPERMAN COULD DO--

--THIS--?

MAYBE, BUT...

...ONLY THE REAL SUPER GIRL COULD DO THIS!

BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE ADVENTUROUS SUPER-TEAM OF-- KESEL! GRUMMETT! HAZLEWOOD! DE GUZMAN! WHITMORE! FRANK! CARLIN!

SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

BOY MEETS GIRL

THE STORY YOU WOULD'VE DEMANDED IF WE HADN'T THOUGHT OF IT FIRST!

ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN 502 July, 1993. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1325 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN, DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0528, Baldwin, NY 11510. Annual subscription rate $18.00. Canadian subscribers must add $8.00 for postage and GST. GST # is R125921072. All other foreign countries must add $12.00 for postage. U.S. funds only. Copyright © 1993 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. For advertising space contact: Tom Ballou, (212) 636-5520. Printed on recyclable paper. Printed in Canada.
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SUPERGIRL? HEY--I BEEN WANTING TO MEET YOU!

LET ME JUST PUT THIS DOWN...

WE'RE DYIN'! DYIN'!

OH, PLEASE!

GET A GRIP! THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING!

SEE? I'M GENTLE ON CARS-- TOUGH ON CRIME!

NO NEED TO THANK ME-- IT'S WHAT ANY RED-BLOODED CLONE OF THE LAST KRYPTONIAN WOULD DO!

S-SURE... ANYTHING YOU SAY!

WELL, YOU COULD THANK ME A LITTLE-- I WOULDN'T STOP YOU.

WAS THAT HIGH SCHOOL STUNT REALLY NECESSARY, SUPERMAN...

...OR WERE YOU TRYING TO IMPRESS ME?

AW, I WAS CHEST CHOKING...

...AB, AH, I MEAN--I WAS JUST JOKING!

GET TO IT, LUV-- BEFORE THE BOY FOGS OVER THE GBS CAMERAS!

WE'VE GOT TO ADD VIDEO TO YOUR HEADGEAR SOON, DEAR.

YES, LEX.

UM... LEX LUTHOR WOULD LIKE YOU TO JOIN US FOR *DINNER*, SUPERMAN, AROUND *SEVEN*? THE LEXCORP *PENTHOUSE*?

UNLESS YOU HAVE *OTHER PLANS*...?

HMMM? UH... NO... NO, I *NEVER* PLAN AHEAD...

SUPERGIRL!

SUPERGIRL-- TANA MOON, GBS.

ARE YOU ENDORSING THIS SUPERMAN OVER THE OTHER THREE? AND IF SO...

TANA... WHO?

EXCUSE ME, BUT I'M SORRY-- I GET ALL MY NEWS ON WLEX!

S-GIRL'S SOUND-BITES DIDN'T GO OVER THE AIRWAVES, TANA. "TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES" Y'KNOW.

GOTTA GO! SEE YOU *TONIGHT*, SUPERMAN!

YEAH... LATER...

THANKS, GORDON. GO BACK TO THE *LIVE FEED* ON MY CUE...

EYES LEVEL, FLYBOY-- WE GOT A *SHOW* TO DO!

PARDON MOI, TANA-- IS THAT A HINT OF *JEALOUSY* IN YOUR VOICE?

YOU WISH!

...SAW THE SUPERMAN FLY BY AN' WANTED TO MEET HIM, SO WE JUST KINDA THOUGHT WE'D DRIVE OFF THE BRIDGE, Y'KNOW?

LOIS LANE DOES IT ALL THE TIME, RIGHT?

ANYTHING TO... ADD SUPERMAN?

IT JUST SHOWS THE DANGERS OF THINKING AND DRIVING IF YOU ASK ME, TA--

BA-KEEGH

THE BOY IS MY TARGET?

YEAH-- THE BOY! THE BOY!

NOT THE TV SET!

I COULD'A GOT FIVE SMALL FOR THAT--EASY! IT COMES OUTTA YOUR FEE!

I DON'T THINK SO.

IT'S JUST THE COST OF DOING BUSINESS WITH THE STINGER!

UNLESS YOU HAVE PROBLEMS WITH THAT?

PROBLEMS?! I GOT NO PROBLEMS! DID I SAY I HAD PROBLEMS?

GOOD.

THE BOY WILL BE FLYING DOWN BESSOLO BLVD?

YEAH. TOMORROW-- 'ROUND NOON.

FRAGILE

STEREO SYSTEMS

SHWUTP!

THEN THE MONEY SHOULD BE IN MY SWISS BANK ACCOUNT BY MIDNIGHT.

ALL THE MONEY-- OR I'LL BE BACK FOR A VERY UNPLEASANT KILL FEE.

WACKO MERC! BETTER BE AS GOOD AS THEY SAY...

BIP-BIP!

BOOP! BEEP!

...WHILE PRESIDENT CLINTON MET THE "CYBORG" SUPERMAN...

FRAGILE

VCR

LEXTEK

HELLO? YEAH, IT'S DONE.

JUST REMEMBER-- THE KID'S ALL MINE!

...IN OTHER NEWS...

"KRYPTO"?

"KRYPTO"!?

KRYPTO

I TOL' JA HIS NAME IS KRYPTON!

LIKE THE PLACE SOOPERMAN WUZ FROM? MEBBE YA HEARD A' IT?

YER TEARIN' ME UP. I'M CRYIN' INSIDE, I TELL YA.

YRRRR!

DOG TAGS $3.00 6 LETTERS MAXIMUM

ENGRAVING · KE SHARPENIN

BUT THE SIGN SAYS SIX LETTERS-- I DO SIX LETTERS.

'COURSE, FER MR. "LOTTERY WINNER" BIBBOWSKI, MEBBE I COULD SQUEEZE ON NUMBER SEVEN...

DOG TAGS $3.00 6 LETTERS MAXIMUM

...FER A MODEST FEE.

BIBBO DON'T DEAL WITH NO CHIS'LERS, YOU... YOU CHIS'LER!

BOK!

LET'S GO HOME... KRYPTO!

...NOT MUCH, BUT I CALL IT HOME.

REALLY GLAD YOU COULD JOIN US, MATE! WE'VE GOT MORE IN COMMON THAN YOU MIGHT THINK.

WHAT? YOU A CLONE, TOO?

HA.

I MEANT-- METROPOLIS IS OUR TOWN, ISN'T IT? WE BOTH LOOK AFTER HER, IN OUR WAY.

WE'RE BOTH DAZZLED BY HER POWER...

...AND HER BEAUTY.

I'LL SAY!

LEX! SUPERMAN! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!

THE SUNSET SHOULD BE STUNNING!

PALE PASTELS COMPARED TO YOU, LUV.

TOMMY, I BELIEVE WE'LL START WITH A CELEBRATORY CHATEAU D'JANKE '62--

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME, LEX!

--AND A SODER COLA FOR OUR YOUNG GUEST.

RIGHT AWAY, SIR.

I'LL GET RIGHT TO IT... I WANT YOU TO WORK FOR ME... WORK WITH ME.

THINK OF WHAT WE COULD DO TO THIS TOWN!

OF COURSE, I'M NOT BLIND TO PRACTICAL MATTERS...

...WLEX WOULD TAKE CARE OF YOU-- AND YOUR LITTLE FRIEND, TANA, TOO.

PLUS, LEXCORP HAS HOLDINGS IN PUBLISHING, FILM, VIDEO...

FRESH! BUT--

--I DUNNO. GBS TREATS ME GOOD.

I MEAN, ALL I GOTTA DO IS FLY AROUND, ACT SUPER, STUFF LIKE THAT...

BUT LEXCORP COVERS THE WORLD, SUPERMAN!

NOTHING HAPPENS THAT LEX DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT ALMOST INSTANTLY! THINK HOW THAT COULD HELP YOU!

PLUS--WE COULD WORK TOGETHER EVERY DAY!

WOULDN'T THAT BE FUN?

WHAT CAN I SAY? I LOVE A GIRL IN A UNIFORM!

YOU WANT ME...

...YOU GOT ME!

HOOK, LINE...

...AND SINKER!

I'LL HAVE THE CONTRACTS DRAWN UP *FIRST THING* TOMORROW, THEN!

I, UH, ASSUME I WON'T HAVE TO NOTIFY *CADMUS*?

C-CADMUS...? UM, I, AH...

DON'T WORRY, LAD-- I KNOW *ALL ABOUT* UNCLE SAM'S TOP-SECRET D.N.A. RESEARCH PROJECT.

HARD TO BE A MAN OF MY POSITION AND *NOT* KNOW, REALLY.

WHERE *ELSE* WOULD A CLONE OF SUPERMAN POP UP FROM?

OH, I SUPPOSE *EMIL HAMILTON* COULD'VE COBBLED SOMETHING FROM KITCHEN APPLIANCES AND GROWN YOU IN HIS *APARTMENT*. BUT...

EMIL *WHO*? NEVER MET THE MAN, LEX, OR BEEN TO HIS...

...APARTMENT...

GOTTA *BAIL*, FOLKS! I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET TANA... TONIGHT! NOW! *BEFORE* NOW!

SHE'LL *KILL* ME!

SHE BETTER NOT, SON.

THAT'S A PRIVILEGE RESERVED FOR YOUR *NEW* EMPLOYER!

OH, LEX!

SEE YOU *TOMORROW*, SUPERMAN-- AFTER YOU SETTLE THINGS AT *GBS*.

MAYBE WE CAN GO ON *PATROL* TOGETHER!

HEY-- *KRYPTONITE* COULDN'T KEEP ME AWAY!

IF ONLY *JOHN HENRY IRONS* WOULD BE THIS CO-OPERATIVE.

... HOUSING SHORTAGE SINCE DOOMSDAY'S RAMPAGE, SO WHEN I READ CLARK KENT WAS PRESUMED DEAD--

--MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS "HIS APARTMENT'S AVAILABLE!"

344

WHAT? THIS IS, LIKE, MY PLACE NOW? TOO COOL!

I MEAN, IT'S NOT EXACTLY WHAT I WOULD'A PICKED... BUT IT FEELS RIGHT! THANKS, VINNIE!

DON'T THANK ME-- GBS ISN'T PICKING UP THIS TAB.

SEE, OUR CLOSE WORKING RELATIONSHIP COULD POSSIBLY BE MISCONSTRUED AS A SMALL CONFLICT OF INTERESTS.

SO I THINK AN IMPARTIAL THIRD PARTY SHOULD MANAGE YOUR AFFAIRS...

... WHICH IS WHERE MY CLOSE PERSONAL FRIEND REX LEECH COMES IN.

SUPERMAN! MY MAN! THE MAN!

TWO WORDS-- ROCKE FELLER! THAT'S WHO I'M GONNA MAKE YOU AS RICH AS!

WHY? 'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME!

JUST A JOKE!

UM... WELL, BUT YOU SEE, I TOLD LEX--

REX! THE NAME'S REX! AND THIS IS MY LOVELY DAUGHTER ROXY!

IT'S HIM! IT'S REALLY HIM!

OH, HE'S CUTER THAN BON JOVI, LUKE PERRY AND ROBIN PUT TOGETHER!!

BEFORE YOU GET... TOO WELL ACQUAINTED, I'LL NEED YOUR JOHN HANCOCK, SON.

CONTRACT

SORRY, REX-- HE'S JUST SUCH THE STUD-MUFFIN.!

OKAY-- WHERE DO I SIGN?

MY MAN!

NOW, FIRST WE GET YOU TRADEMARKED, NO PROBLEM THERE-- I GOT FAVORS OWED ME.

THEN WE ISSUE CEASE-AND-DESIST ORDERS ON THOSE OTHER SUPER-PHONEYS...

WHAT!? THIS FARCE HAS GONE ON LONG ENOU--

DROP IT, TANA. NO ONE'S GOING TO HURT THE KID.

NO ONE'S LOOKING OUT FOR HIM, EITHER! YOU'RE USING HIM, VINNIE!

SIMPLY FOLLOWING YOUR LEAD, MY DEAR.

OR CAN HE ONLY BE TWISTED AROUND YOUR FINGER TO FURTHER YOUR CAREER?

WHICH REMINDS ME-- TAKE TWO 'COPTERS WITH YOU TOMORROW. I THINK IT'LL BE A BIG NEWS DAY.

"BIG NEWS...?"

YOU'VE ARRANGED FOR SOMEONE TO ATTACK SUPERMAN, HAVEN'T YOU? LIKE YOU SAID THE OTHER NIGHT?

THAT'S GOING TOO FAR, MR. EDGE! I WON'T DO IT!

PERHAPS I MISJUDGED YOU, TANA-- BUT YOU STILL HAVE A LOT TO LEARN.

THE KID BRINGS IN THE RATINGS.

YOU ARE REPLACEABLE--

"--SO YOU BETTER DO WHATEVER I WANT."

TANA MOON, HIGH ABOVE BESSOLO BOULEVARD IN METROPOLIS...

Rodier's FINE DINING

...WHERE SUPERMAN IS TRANSPORTING AN ENGINE FROM THE LEGENDARY MET-GO RAILROAD!

HIS DESTINATION--THE METROPOLIS MUSEUM OF SCIENCE, WHERE THE NEW EXHIBIT "MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE" OPENS TODAY!

LOOK--UP IN THE SKY! IT'S... A BIRD?

IT'S A TRAIN?!

NAW, IT'S SUPERMAN... ONE OF 'EM, ANYWAY.

CAREFUL, SUPERMAN--NO TELLING WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN.

YOU'VE GOT LOTS OF ENEMIES...

...AND MAKING MORE EACH DAY, TANA.

LEX ISN'T GONNA BE HAPPY ABOUT THAT EXCLUSIVE CONTRACT I SIGNED. WASN'T USING MY HEAD...

...SOMEONE SHOULD JUST SHOOT ME AND GET IT OVER WITH!

THERE'S BEEN A... SURPRISE ATTACK ON SUPERMAN. EXPLOSIONS HAVE SHATTERED THE SAFETY CABLES BETWEEN HIM AND THE ENGINE...

BUM! BUM! BUM! BUM!

BA-DOOM!!

SUPERMAN--!

GOOD LORD! THOSE PEOPLE--!

NO TIME TO TALK, TANA...

"...I GOT A TRAIN TO CATCH!

KAAAAG!

NO PARKING

NO

VEEEEEEEEEEE

Whitmore DELIVERY

PARK CLOSED FOR RENOVATIONS

KEEP ON HIM--OR VINNIE EDGE WILL HAVE BOTH OUR JOBS!

CHOOOM!

LAST STOP... ALL OUT...

CHEE! YER LUCKY THIS PARK'S CLOSED FER RENERVATION, SUPERMAN!

HOW'JA KNOW? SUPER HEARING? TEL-O-SCOPIX X-RAY VISION? SOME SORT'A SIXTH SENSE?

WOULD YOU BELIEVE DUMB LUCK?

HAW! HAW! YOU GUYS CRACK ME UP!

SAVE YER PEEPERS THIS TIME-- THERE'S THE SLIMEBALL THAT CROSSED YA!

THANKS! HE CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE *BEFORE*, BUT THAT WON'T HAPPEN A--

--GAAKK!

DID YOU SEE THAT, GORDON? HE ALMOST TOOK SUPERMAN'S HEAD OFF!

TANA, YOU'RE ON THE AIR!

SPLOOM!

DON'T WORRY, TANA. I'M OKAY.

AND LOOK WHO'S HERE--OUR MYSTERY SUPER-VILLAIN GUEST-STAR! SIGN IN, PLEASE!

CALL ME... THE STINGER.

NEVER HEARD OF YOU!

THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT, SUPERMAN.

OF COURSE, I'VE HEARD OF YOU...

SHWIP!

...HEARD YOU WERE DEAD--AND HEARD YOU WERE TOUGH.

GUESS I HEARD WRONG.

THE BATTLE'S MOVING NORTH, TOWARD HOB'S RIVER...

...SUPERMAN'S RECOVERED... HE'S LAUNCHING A NEW ATTACK...

ACE O' CLUBS

HEY! DIS IS BETTER 'N MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL!

DRINK TO THAT. CRYIN' SHAME IT AIN'T THE REAL SUPES.

10-4, BUDDY! DAT CYBORG-- NOW DAT'S SUPERMAN!

CLINTON'S PAL? C'MON-- EVERYONE KNOWS SUPES IS A HUNNERT PERCENT REPUBLICAN. WOTTA MAROO--

--NNGH!

WHY, I OUGHTTA--!

I BEG TO DIFFER--!

THE VISOR GUY!

THE MAN O'STEEL ACTS LIKE SUPERMAN!

MY MUDDER LIKES TH' KID!

IT'S DA CYBORG!

SEZ YOU!

FLOOOF

LISSEN UP, YA YAHOOS, AN' LISSEN GOOD!

I KNEW SOOPERMAN... SOOPERMAN WAS A PAL O'MINE. AN' NONE O' THESE FANCY-PANTS IS SOOPERMAN IN MY BOOK!

S-SURE, BIBBO. WHATEVER YOU SAY.

YEAH! I MEAN--DIS IS YOUR PLACE!

DRINK TO THAT!

YIP! YIP!

"HEY--LOOKIT THE TUBE! THEY'S WAY OUT IN BAKERLINE NOW!"

OH, NOW. HERE'S AN ORIGINAL IDEA! LIKE I CAN'T SNAP THIS CABLE BY BREATHING HARD!

I DUNNO... I EXPECTED MORE FROM YOU, STINKER.

SHWIPT!

DON'T WORRY...

...YOU'LL GET MORE.

SWIPT!

ZZZZAAAKK!

AND THE NAME'S STINGER...

...SUPERBOY.

D-DON'T... C-C-CALL ME... SU-SU--

--SUPERMAN! CAN YOU HEAR ME?

WE'VE LOST AUDIO, BUT I SEE SUPERMAN STRUGGLING TO HIS FEET...

...IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!

NO--IT'S UNBELIEVABLE HE'S STILL ON GBS!

MAKE YOURSELF VISIBLE, LUV, AND END THIS FARCE...

STINGER!

YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD AT BEATING UP YOUNGSTERS--CARE TO GO A FEW ROUNDS WITH A WOMAN?

N-NO...

...I CAN TAKE HIM...

...I CAN FIGHT MY OWN FIGHTS...

WHOKK!

...I'M SUPERMAN!

WELL! GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!

WOULDN'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO THE NEWEST MEMBER OF TEAM LUTHOR.

UH, YEAH, WELL--WE GOTTA TALK ABOUT THAT...

...AFTER WE FINISH WITH STINKER, HERE.

SHOT! SHOT! SHOT! SHOT! SHOT!

TALK ALL YOU WANT, CHUMPS!

I WASN'T HIRED TO TAKE ON THE GIRL, TOO!

CHNK! CHNK! CHNK! CHNK! CHNK! CHNK!

GOOD LORD! GET OUT OF THERE, LUV!

WHAT? LEX, I CAN'T--

YO, SURESHOT-- MAYBE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE BUT YOU MISSED US!

I WASN'T AIMING AT YOU, YOU MORON..

"...THOSE ARE EXPLOSIVE CHARGES!"

WHOA! GOOD ANSWER!

MOVE FAST!

DISABLE THE BOMBS BEFORE THEY--

MY GOD!

I... I'VE LOST SIGHT OF SUPERMAN AND SUPERGIRL! CARS... BUSES ARE FALLING INTO THE RIVER!

KRAK-KAAAAAM!!

THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING! PEOPLE ARE DYING!

VINNIE EDGE ARRANGED IT ALL...

...AND I PLAYED ALONG...

NEAR SATURN, AN ALIEN SHIP COMES OUT OF HYPERSPACE.

ITS COMPUTERS RUN A ROUTINE SYSTEMS CHECK.

ALL SYSTEMS: GO!

ALL WEAPONS: PRIMED AND FULLY FUNCTIONAL!

THE SHIP WILL REACH ITS TARGET IN LESS THAN THREE DAYS.

AND THEN IT'S WAR!

NEXT WEEK:

SUPERGIRL AND THE YOUNG SUPERMAN CRAWL FROM THE WRECKAGE...OR DO THEY? FIND OUT IN ACTION #689

IN FOUR WEEKS:

THE CYBORG SUPERMAN--AND A SURPRISE VILLAIN--GUEST-STAR WHEN THINGS REALLY HEAT UP IN ADVENTURES #503

"LINE OF FIRE!"

Superman Post-Crisis Chronology
Volume 064 Reign of the Supermen

"Life After Death", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #500, released April, 1993
Jerry Ordway (writer), Tom Grummett (penciller), Doug Hazlewood (inker), Tom Grummett (inker)

"Born Again", first appeared in Action Comics issue #687, released April, 1993
Roger Stern (writer), Denis Rodier (penciller), Jackson Butch Guice (penciller), Denis Rodier (inker)

"Spilled Blood", first appeared in Steel Annual issue #2, released June, 1995
Louise Jones Simonson (writer), Jesse D'Orozco (penciller), Joe St. Pierre (penciller), Kevin Sharpe (penciller), Tim Hamilton (penciller), Dave Bednar (inker), Jon Babcock (inker), Rob Leigh (inker), Wayne Faucher (inker)

"Steel", first appeared in Superman: The Man of Steel issue #22, released April, 1993
Louise Jones Simonson (writer), Dennis Janke (penciller), Jon Bogdanove (penciller), Jon Bogdanove (penciller), Dennis Janke (inker), Dennis Janke (inker), Jon Bogdanove (inker)

"Cutting Edge!", first appeared in Superman: The Man of Steel Annual issue #2, released January, 1993
Louise Jones Simonson (writer), Eddy Newell (penciller), Mike Barreiro (inker)

"Alive", first appeared in Superman issue #78, released April, 1993
Dan Jurgens (writer), (penciller), Brett Breeding (inker)

"The Adventures of Superman....When He Was A Boy!", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #501, released April, 1993
Karl Kesel (writer), Tom Grummett (penciller), Doug Hazlewood (inker)

"An Eye For An Eye", first appeared in Action Comics issue #688, released May, 1993
Roger Stern (writer), Jackson Butch Guice (penciller), Denis Rodier (inker), Glenn Whitmore (inker)

"Ambush!", first appeared in Superman: The Man of Steel issue #23, released May, 1993
Louise Jones Simonson (writer), Jon Bogdanove (penciller), Dennis Janke (inker)

"Prove It", first appeared in Superman issue #79, released May, 1993
Dan Jurgens (writer), Brett Breeding (penciller), Dan Jurgens (penciller), Dan Jurgens (penciller), Brett Breeding (inker), Brett Breeding (inker), Dan Jurgens (inker)

"When It Reigns... It Pours!", first appeared in Batman and Superman: World's Finest issue #9, released October, 1999
Karl Kesel (writer), Graham Nolan (penciller), Sal Buscema (inker)

"Myriad", first appeared in Superman Annual issue #5, released July, 1993
Dan Jurgens (writer), David Lapham (penciller), Dan Jurgens (inker), Mike Machlan (inker)

"Boy Meets Girl", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #502, released May, 1993
Karl Kesel (writer), Tom Grummett (penciller), Doug Hazlewood (inker)

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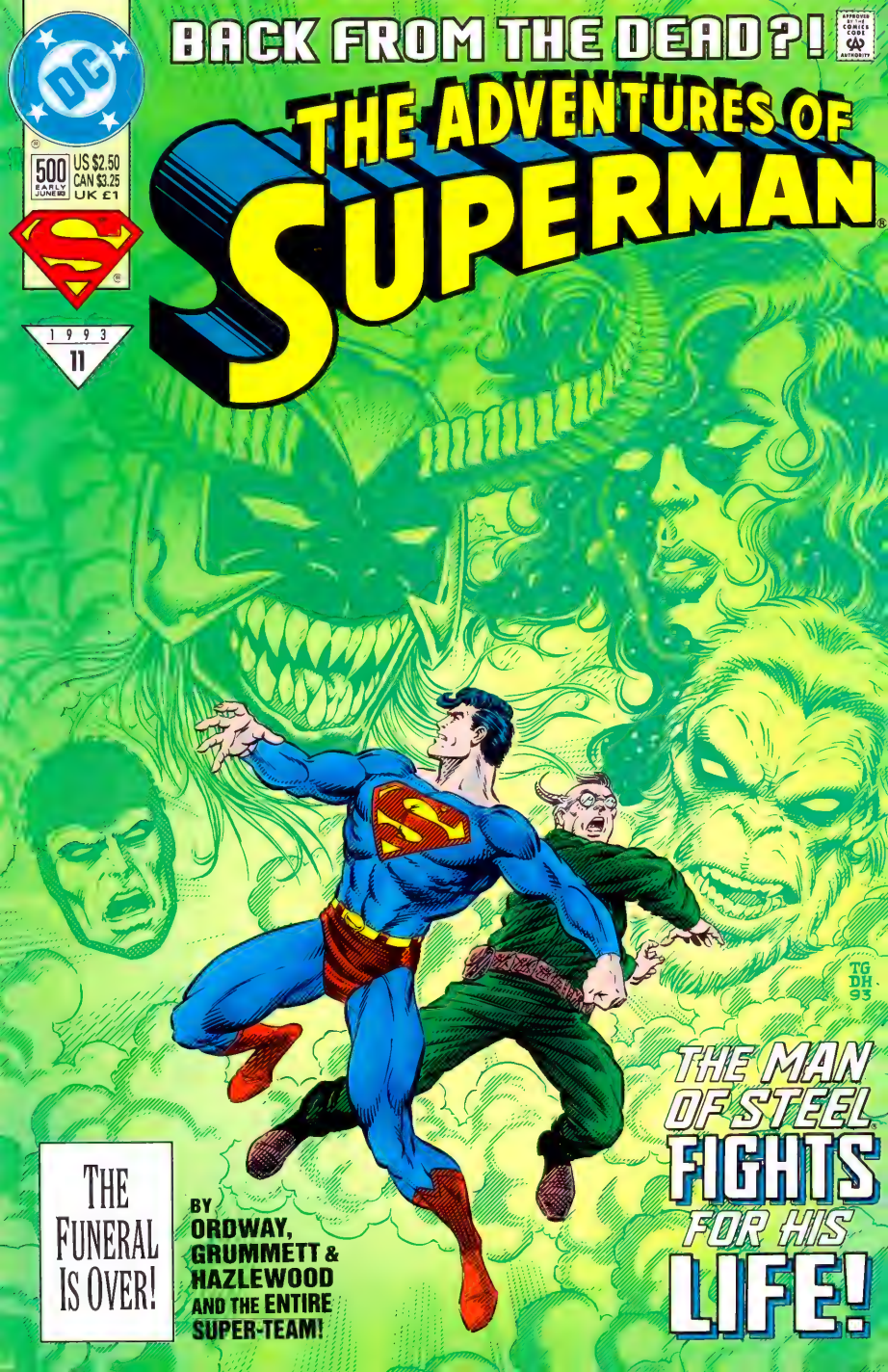
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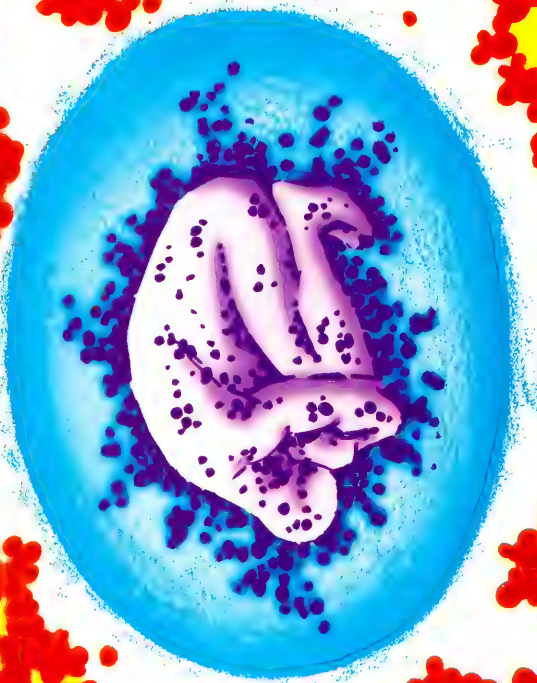

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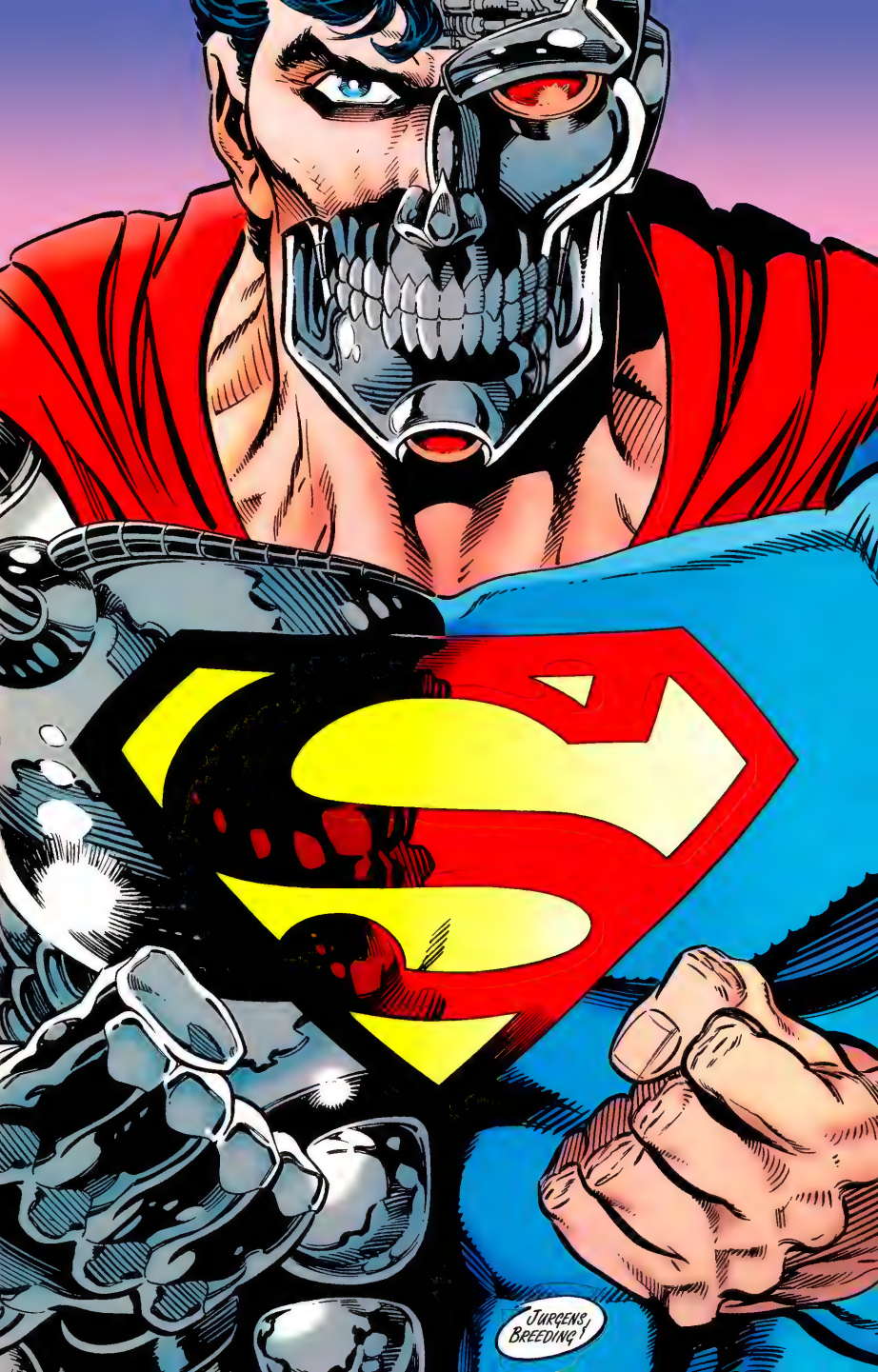
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